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THE *Countryside* GUIDE

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FEBRUARY 1944

Beginning
this Issue:

and **THE TOWN TALKED**

by

MARTHA OSTENSO



DIRECTING FROM A TURRET

This member of the Fort Garry Horse at Camp Shilo, Manitoba, is directing a column to "right wheel" from the turret of the armoured car. This car carries four men and two machine guns and four days' provisions.

Signals

THE SIGNALS OF 1944 are the herald of tremendous events on land, sea, and in the air. The armed forces of the United Nations are poised to strike decisive blows for the Good Cause under the experienced and proven guidance of leaders who have earned and will receive the trust and confidence of the fighting men, who know that their lives will not be needlessly sacrificed but that every precaution of preparation will have been taken to ensure Victory at the lowest possible cost in human lives.

O N T H E F A R M F R O N T

our farmers are girded and ready to begin what may well prove to be Farm Production's most significantly important contribution to the world made in the entire history of agriculture, the most ancient vocation of Man. . . . FOOD in all its varying forms will be a principal requirement of both the battle line and the civilian battle front.

This great and important munition of Victory — FOOD — will continuously be needed to equip and sustain our gallant sailors, soldiers and airmen for their decisive hour when Right and Might will clash to settle the destiny of the men, women

and children of this generation and of generations to come.

The contribution of Farm and Field to the winning of final Victory can hardly be over-estimated. The influence and work of the western farmer will this year be felt in the armed camps, on ships at sea, on landing barges, gun turrets, air armadas and in the infantry lines. Soon, also, please God, it will be felt in the lands of Europe, once free, but now enslaved by Nazi tyranny and might. Perhaps nowhere will food from Canada's farms be so regarded as a heaven-sent blessing (which it is).

In these thoughts there will be inspiration and a satisfying sense of accomplishment felt in many a farmer's heart as he bends to his task and directs the operations of his farm; for it is literally true that the Canadian Farmer by his contribution of food is *helping to make Victory doubly sure*, just as his contribution must continue to play a primary part in post-war rehabilitation, both from the standpoint of human need and the free interchange of commodities upon which the restoration of world trade will depend.

FOOD is in the world picture — to stay.

UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LTD

WINNIPEG CALGARY EDMONTON SASKATOON

Another in the series of announcements explaining the western farmer's contribution to Canada's war effort.

Wintertime in British Columbia

There are plenty of questions to occupy the farmers' minds in the slack season

By CHAS. L. SHAW

FEBRUARY rains are drenching the Fraser Valley country, winds sweep across the farm lands of Vancouver Island's fertile Saanich and Gordon Head, and winter's mantle lies upon the Okanagan fruit country and other interior regions of Canada's west coast province. For the farmer there is little to do

in these winter days except the usual cold-weather chores, and plan for the coming season.

Judging from all the conferences that have been held in British Columbia during the past few weeks, planning has become one of the farmer's major concerns. But, as might be expected, the farmer has found that he can plan only so far; that government assistance is in most instances necessary to make the dream come true.

Farmers, however, are not the only British Columbians who are working on blueprints for the future. Although it is obvious that the war is far from won and that many months of hard fighting lie ahead, the British Columbia legislature now in session will be devoting a great deal of its time to such matters as rehabilitation of service men and women and the launching of public works projects calculated to take up the labor slack when curtailment of wartime industry throws thousands out of work.

That there will be some unemployment during the period of transition from war to peace economy is inevitable, especially in British Columbia where so much of the production for war has been in the form of building ships and airplanes—exotic industries that have started from scratch since the war began. In the east, much of the industrial expansion has been reflected merely in the enlargement of peacetime plants which will be able to swing back into normal operation when peace returns. The situation is different on the coast, for there is small prospect of the steel shipyards continuing to be active on a large scale, and it is doubtful whether the after-war market will justify the Boeing plant near Vancouver continuing to turn out huge planes at the rate of 22 a month, which was the record for December.

Will They Go Back to the Prairies?

Thousands of people have entered British Columbia from the prairie provinces during the past two years to take employment in coast industries that passed their peak of employment last summer. Where will all these people find work tomorrow? Will they return to the prairies, or will they clog the west coast's labor markets? The answer to these questions may tell whether or not disruption will follow in the wake of British Columbia's war boom. Yet it is certain that regardless of what becomes of the province's new residents there will be thousands more after the war, when Johnny comes marching home and people from across the seas seek a peaceful haven in a favored land.

Meanwhile, British Columbia farmers are somewhat disturbed over some residents already in the province, notably the Japanese and Doukhobors. The Farmers' Institutes in annual meeting urged expulsion and exclusion of Japanese from the province and criticized the Doukhobors who, although naturalized citizens, refuse to do their part in the war effort. Doukhobors are exempted from military service on religious grounds, but they have shown an eagerness to take jobs vacated by others who have joined the armed forces, and this rankles with farmers who live near the Doukhobors. The suggestion has been made that Doukhobors should be conscripted for essential work in mines and logging camps, and the Farmers' Institutes have also

urged the government to prohibit the sale of any more land to Doukhobors, Mennonites and Hutterites. It is claimed that people of these sects have been so zealously buying up desirable farm land that there will be a shortage for returning soldiers.

Fruit growers are hopeful that action will soon be taken by the federal government to make application of compulsory co-operative marketing nationwide. In the Okanagan orchard country, this form of marketing has led the industry from threatened ruin to reasonable prosperity, but growers believe that the future should be guaranteed by provision at Ottawa for postwar price maintenance and marketing control such as they have experienced during the past three years.

Growers of jam fruits are hopeful that the government will relax its regulations affecting jam rationing; otherwise there will be small incentive to grow for that market this year. Stores throughout western Canada are over-stocked with jam goods and it's all because of too severe rationing. The amount of fruit pulp for jam purposes in British Columbia now is more than double what it was a year ago.

Feed Grains, Fruit and Tobacco

There is also a heavy carryover in potatoes, and the Coast Vegetable Marketing Board reports a surplus of 14,000 tons from the 1943 crop still awaiting buyers. This is about 10,000 tons more than a year ago, when the shortage of potatoes was first becoming apparent. Last winter's situation encouraged the growing of more potatoes on the farms and, of course, Victory gardens have been a factor too, with the result that the west coast has been able to maintain steady shipments outside the province.

Grain growers west of the Rockies are asking for freight rate concessions to stimulate their business within their home province. They recall that in order to encourage importation of feeds and grain into British Columbia for the feeding of specific classes of livestock, the Canadian government paid the whole cost of the freight either from Calgary or Edmonton to any point in B.C. Growers in B.C. claim this arrangement is discriminatory against them by eliminating or curtailing their home market. They would like to see a free freight policy applied to their own produce.

Meanwhile it is apparent that Pacific ports will see the movement of large quantities of Canadian grain to export markets during the coming months. A considerable volume has already passed through Vancouver to the Northwest states and California, and it is expected that a large proportion of the 100,000 tons of wheat offered by Canada as a gift to India will be routed this way.

When the fruit growers meet in Kelowna for their annual pow-wow the supply of labor will again be foremost among the subjects for discussion. Last year's crops were largely gathered by volunteers—school children and housewives, for the transient labor such as used to be available for farmers in the old days has disappeared with the rise of war industry.

If this war activity slows up during the coming months, the employment situation may have fewer fears for the farmer than last year; but that is too uncertain to be depended on, and in most quarters it is realized that the provision of adequate labor for cultivation, thinning and harvesting will require thoughtful planning, and energetic and intelligent organization.

Just before Christmas the Sumas valley's 1943 tobacco crop rolled out of Abbotsford in nine freight cars. This is a relatively small amount compared with production elsewhere, but it was important from the trade's standpoint and no one would be surprised if the acreage planted to tobacco this season showed a substantial increase. That will depend a good deal on the price offered; at 30 cents a pound a considerable increase in production would be justified.



BORNE TO BETTER LIVING .. ON ARMS OF POWER

TO THIS little lad, held man-high in big, firm hands, his father's arms are the symbol and source of power that protects and provides. The father is flattered but not fooled. He knows that no nation can be protected by the strength of human arms, nor any people provided with good living from the power of human muscles.

From oars to sail to steam... from pushcart to wagon to motor-truck... from hand-hoe to horse-team to tractor, the path from slavery to freedom, from privation to plenty, always has been a path of POWER. Because his brain is greater than his brawn, his mind stronger than his muscle, man has learned to multiply his strength with Power, first from the sinews of beasts, then from the forces of fire.

For sixty centuries that farming was done by hand, food always was scarce and famine frequent. Today the farmer who is master of power can produce more food and provide his family a better living than could the master of a hundred hand laborers.

Throughout the century which is the measure of the machine age in farming, Case has furnished ways for farmers to use more and more Power

—first from horses, then from steam, now from internal-combustion engines in tractors, combines and hay balers. For a hundred years it has been a Case habit to make machines strong, simple, easy to operate, and long-lived.

Now that extra endurance in Case tractors is helping countless farmers to push their work along faster, to get things done with less help, to see things through with little time taken for attention, little expense for upkeep.

In every job where Power has replaced muscle, children have been set free from farm toil. There is no child-labor problem in farming except in operations still done by hand because machines have not yet been devised or adopted.

Granted the freedoms of unfettered enterprise and unhampered employment, industry and ingenuity will set Power to work on more farm jobs, set more farm children free to enjoy better education, and give them more material blessings.

In the future, as in the century past, Case will play a worthy part in the further advance of Power in farming. J. I. Case Co., Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Winnipeg.



Earmarks of Case farm power are Endurance and Economy. It is endurance that enables Case tractors to hold their swift, steady stride without faltering or favoring through heat and cold, soft footing and hard pulling. It is endurance that enables them to give extra years of use with little upkeep. From this endurance comes low cost to own, low investment per year of use or acre of work. Fuel economy comes both from ability to get eager power out of low-cost fuels and from power-saving transmission between engine and traction wheels. . . For practical ways to speed your farming with present machines and limited help, send for free 32-page, fully illustrated book "Shortcuts."

CASE



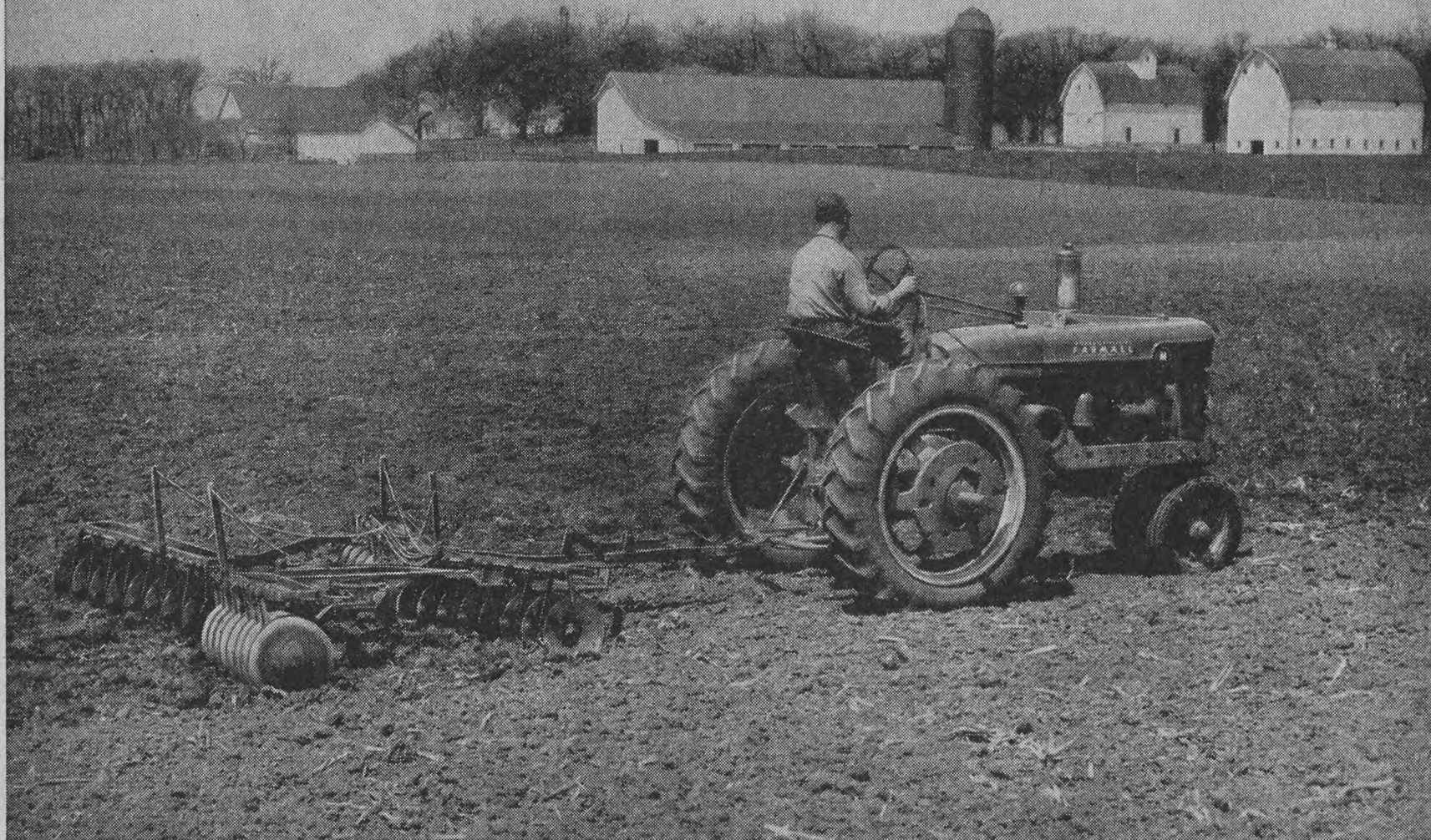
GROW MORE FOOD
BUY MORE BONDS
SAVE MORE SCRAP

FARMALL and HARVESTER

ARE PLEDGED TO SERVE

The Family Farm

...and so are the International Harvester Dealers as they celebrate
FARMALL'S 20TH BIRTHDAY



THE FAMILY FARM is *Home Sweet Home*. It is home ground where every corner in the house, every turn in the lanes, every rise and fall in the fields, is part of the family's heart and soul.

The writer of this Harvester message grew up on the farm. His mother is nearly 80 and she has left the farm for a cottage in town, but her heart refused to come along. The farm is her home, and will be. Her youngest son is operating the homestead now. He is running it alone—with his Farmall tractor. In September he filled his silo, alone—a tough job, but he did it. In the house is Gladys, his wife, and the little daughter, Janet. There will be a new baby in the spring. "Maybe it will be a boy," they are saying.

Isn't the story much the same on thousands of farms today? Maybe it is like that on *your* farm.

Everywhere you go, FARMALL Power and hydraulic control of implements makes all the difference. The true all-purpose tractor, that can do so much for a man, is a blessing in times like these. Food is fighting for Freedom—and the Farmalls, with their many direct-attachable, pull-behind and belt machines, are fighting for food.

This Is Farmall's 20th Year—the tractor that started from the implement end—the power that is dedicated to the prosperity of the family farm. When the boys come home, the FARMALL SYSTEM will lead the way to the Future!

When war struck our nation, a Farmall army, with an infinite number of working tools, went into battle. The food crisis was at every farm gate—and the FARMALL SYSTEM was ready.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
HAMILTON OF CANADA, LTD. ONTARIO

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES—TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

FARMALL'S 20th Anniversary

TIME

Marches Past

THE Country GUIDE

A Kick on the Shin

ON July 10 the invasion of Europe began. The second front was opened. In the dead hours of a moonlit night the Allies landed in Sicily. The Battle of Europe was on.

On September 5, four years to the day after Britain and France declared war on Germany, the battle-hardened veterans of the Eighth Army crossed the Straits of Messina. For the first time since the evacuation of Greece, the war was being carried to the mainland by the Western nations.

On January 22, American, British and French troops swarmed ashore behind the German line, just below Rome. The landing came as a complete surprise to the Germans, and was unopposed. The news of it was a tonic to the Allied world. The going in Italy has been tough and slow. The fighting was over mountainous terrain. Every acre provided rocky shelter for the defenders. Deep ravines and tumultuous rivers had to be crossed. Tank warfare was practically out. Unprecedented rains turned what soil there was into a gooey mess through which the men waded ankle-deep, when they didn't have to half swim, from rock to rock. Motor vehicles slithered hub-deep where they could be used at all.

The Nettuno landing was a strategic move. It was like a kick on the shin of the Italian boot. The column drove across the Apennine Way. It curled southward behind the German line and northward toward Rome. As the month closes the indications are that the Germans are moving to a new line north of Rome. What they will do to that centre of ancient civilization before they leave it is worrying a lot of people. Nobody except these modern barbarians, who know how to apply science to their vandalism, wants to see the monuments of past glory pulverized into piles of ugly rubble.

Leningrad Liberated

JUST one year ago the siege of Leningrad was described in these comments. The Nazis had given up trying to take the city. For 17 ghastly months the capital of the czars, built by Peter the Great to form a window looking toward the west, had stood off the invaders at a cost of a million dead, one in every three. The northern front had quieted down. Most of the fighting since then has been south of a line on the latitude of Moscow. But from huge siege guns shells have been pouring into the city. Routine shelling is not news, and so we didn't hear much of Leningrad.

Then, about the middle of January, the Leningrad front exploded. The Nazis still held a salient which cut the main line from Leningrad to Moscow. Access to the old northern capital had been by a line hugging the shores of Lake Ladoga. Again the Russians showed the force to develop a new and unexpected offensive. They lurched into action to deliver two smashing blows. Gen. Govorov hurled one force across the historic Neva and another from a bridgehead on

the shore opposite the island fortress of Kronstadt. Vast booty was taken, including 85 of the great siege guns that had never ceased hurling shells into the city. At last Leningrad has been liberated.

Near Lake Ilmen, 100 miles south, Gen. Meretskov took the ancient city of Novgorod, the first Russian capital. As the month closes the tide of battle has rolled to the west where the retreating Germans are being forced through the 27-mile gap between Lake Peipus and the Gulf of Finland. Across this neck of land runs the old border between Russia and Estonia. As January closes the battle is raging on the Estonian border.

In the south, things have quieted down. Gen. Vatutin, after defeating the German counter attack toward Kiev and thrusting a spearhead into Poland as far as Sarny, is regrouping his armies for a thrust toward the Dniester. The German High Command had wanted to shorten the front by retreating to a line running from Riga to Odessa. Schicklgruber's intuition forbade it. Now the Russians have bulged it so far in so many places that it is 600 miles longer than it was last August.

Down Argentina Way

LAST June Argentina changed governments. There were no formalities about it. No voters list was prepared, no campaign speeches made, no votes cast nor counted, no demands made for a recount. In fact it was all over before most of the people knew about it. General Pedro P. Ramirez moved into Casa Rosada (Pink House) on the heels of his predecessor, Ramon S. Castillo, who suddenly discovered that a sea trip would be good preventive medicine.

It was the seventh revolution in Argentina since 1810, when the country won its independence and the right to revolute. It all passed off quietly. No corner grocery stores were looted, no motion picture houses closed, no public buildings razed. The beautiful city of Buenos Aires (Good Air) remained beautiful. The Argentinians know how to build beautiful cities and conduct revolutions without barricading the streets.

Some thought that Ramirez would be more pro-Ally than Castillo had been. Others thought differently. The others were right. Argentina remained a Nazi spy paradise. The press was brought under stricter control. Democratic leaders were jailed. Anti-semitic measures were introduced. All political parties, including the socialists who are quite numerous down there, were banned. Ramirez acted very like a Hitler gauleiter.

These things were not overlooked by the Allies. They

lodged protests against enemy activities in the country. The activities continued. At last Hull and Eden figuratively shook a warning finger at Ramirez' nose and told him that unless this kind of business was stopped, pronto, economic sanctions would be turned on. That would be serious, for Argentina is in the throes of hectic wartime prosperity, with no war bills to meet and no Victory Bonds to sell. And so, on January 26, Ramirez' foreign minister, also a general, announced to the world that Argentina had broken off relations with Germany and Japan. The government had discovered what everybody knew, that Nazi and Nipponese agents were busy in Argentina, plotting against the Allies. The ambassadors were handed their passports and at last the Axis powers are officially insulated from the American half of the world.

Why It Goes On

THE boys who ride the wind don't need clear skies and a full moon to drop bombs where they will do the most good. Not any more. Nor does a bomber load up with ice. Come rain, sleet, snow, fog, cloud, mist or what has the weatherman, bombing goes right on, day and night, full moon or new.

Think of it! Those young fellows up there, in the starlight above the clouds over enemy territory, travelling 300 miles an hour or more, making astronomical observations and working out mathematical calculations, weaving to right and to left and up and down to throw ground defenses off in their range, but eventually arriving over their target. Lighter planes swoop down through the clouds and drop their flares. The light from burning chemical compounds pierces through the clouds. But more wonderful still, the instruments on the bombers throw down infra red rays which reflect back from the target. The observer can look at an image of the target and the bombs are started on their long curving descent with just as much accuracy as if Berlin or Kiel lay there under the full glare of a cloudless noonday sky.

A couple of winters ago the number of planes grounded in enemy territory in some raids, from being weighted down with ice, or with the controls stuck, was greater than from enemy action. In temperatures from 34° above, to zero, a coating of ice formed on the plane. But engineers got busy. By a heat exchanger the heat from the exhaust is transferred to air in circulating coils and these provide a heating system inside the skin

of the plane. The air finally comes into the cockpit where it warms the crew. It's a modern heating system, that's all.

And so the bombing goes on. Goering started it. Now he's getting his capacious belly full of it.

Lord Curzon's Line

IF Russia is determined to take 40 per cent of Poland it's pretty hard to name anyone who can do anything about it. They have stated their claim to the Curzon line and have several million soldiers who even the Germans admit are pretty good.

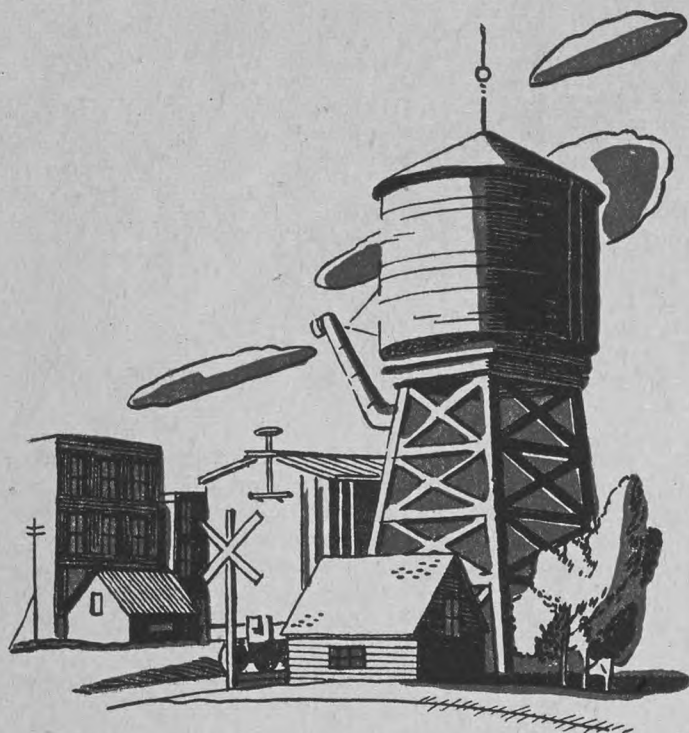
When Trotsky made peace with Germany at Brest-Litovsk, a chalk line on the map from near Leningrad to Rostov marked the border marches between the ex-belligerents. Lenin and Trotsky expected to foment a communist revolution in Germany and Germany expected to win the war. Both had their homework wrong and Versailles put Poland back in business again. When the Allies barged in against the Bolsheviks, and got licked, Poland had dreams of regaining her ancient empire. She got as far as Kiev in May, 1920, but the Bolsheviks under Tukhachevsky counteroffensive their way to within 15 miles of Warsaw.

It was then that the Allies tried to settle the matter by sweet reasonableness. A committee, headed by Lord Curzon, proposed the Curzon Line, which at this distance doesn't look so far from the Molotov-Ribbentrop line of 1939. At a conference at Minsk, in August, 1920, the Russians agreed to it. Their idea was that they were going to Bolshevize Poland. But the fighting was still going on and the French sent Weygand, with a brainy military staff, to reorganize the Polish defense. The Bolsheviks were routed and eventually the boundary was settled in 1921 by the conference of Riga.

There it stood till 1939. The Panzer divisions were pulverizing Poland when the world was astounded by the news that the Russians were marching. They hadn't forgotten what had happened in 1920. The armies met and fraternized and Molotov and Ribbentrop met and drew the 1939 boundary on the map. In 1941 all historical boundary lines between the Russians and western Europe were obliterated when that part of the world again became news. The Nazis got as far as Stalingrad. Now they are half way back to Berlin. They will get there and then they will retire to the Curzon Line. After all, they will say, it was Curzon's idea.



WAIT, BOYS, THE FÜHRER IS HAVING A SWELL INTUITION (Copyright in All Countries.)



and

The

WHEREAS most small towns in this country—towns of less than five thousand souls—have their right and wrong side of the railroad track, their right and wrong side of the water tower, of the roundhouse, the bridge, or the grain elevator—Bloomhill's caste division was determined by a matter of color. Of red and green.

From the steps of the neutral courthouse—a courthouse must be neutral—on the nicely parked square with its perennials and clam shells spelling out the name of the town like a brave sampler, you could look south to the vista of deceptively slumbrous red which stamped the quarries, the gravel pits, the brickyard of the Flats, of so-called "Patchtown," and you could look north to green, to the amiably treed hills from which peered forth the gracious houses of the best families, houses like dainty old ladies in lace shawls. But the north vista, in green, was likewise deceptively slumbrous. For although the best families, secure in tradition, property, culture, might from the courthouse steps in the valley appear to sleep, they did not sleep. There was an invisible bridge across the town from the green heights to the red lowlands, and over this bridge, late and early, hied the watchful spirits whose riches drew out of the labor in kiln and quarry.

On North Hill lived, at spacious, oak-spread intervals, the Paysons, the Stowells, the Messengers, and one or two other families admittedly almost as good. North Hill owned Patchtown, at the other end of the invisible bridge, but North Hill, being at least five generations old, preferred it to be understood that its income came mostly from the professions it represented: the law, education, the retired life.

Young Doctor Frederick Stowell, grandson of Judge Stowell, suffered no delusions concerning the aristocracy of Bloomhill. He knew it for what it was in its Victorian smugness—intolerant, dour, priding itself upon its rigorous church attendance, its unflagging efforts to stamp out what it considered the flagrant vices of the valley below. These vices included practically every human pleasure, no matter how innocuous. North Hill was, in short, an incredible anachronism. Fred had often wondered how it had managed to survive its own fanatical bitterness against the encroachment of a modern world. The answer was that its spirit was as hard as the granite by which, at a proper and dignified distance, it subsisted. Now that he was twenty-seven, with a year's general practice in Bloomhill behind him, he knew that answer. He would have had to be rather stupid not to know it, living as he did in his grandfather's house, with his grandmother's gardens merging clannishly right and left into the gardens of the Paysons and the Messengers.

ON this July morning, young Doctor Fred was concerned with his own ineradicable vein in that granite of his family and the other North Hill families, as he drove through his grandfather's pillared gate on his way to the valley and his office. He was a stiff, sanctimonious prig like the rest of them! He knew it now, if he hadn't before, because only last night that girl from Patchtown had come to him in tears, and he, a doctor—God save the mark!—had been frostily censorious of her.

If, he had asked, she declined to tell him anything of the circumstances that had led to her fall, how could she look for sympathy from Doctor Frederick

Stowell? In such cases, the town frequently was obliged to bear the responsibility of rearing the unfortunate offspring, and he felt it his duty to learn the name of the man. But Sadie Miller had left abruptly, her nostrils fine and contemptuous as any on North Hill. He had honestly tried to detain her, but it was too late.

Doctor Fred heard someone call him a pleasant, thin good morning. His black, heavy lashes, brooding over miserable grey eyes, lifted. It was Miss Felicia Payson, the less formidable of the two elderly Payson spinsters, at work on the rambler roses that covered the Payson wall. Her canvas-gloved hands held a spray gun; on her head was a shapeless leg-horn hat. Their affluence did not persuade the Paysons to believe that employing a gardener was anything short of immoral. She gave him a puckered, windfall smile.

"Off early, Doctor?"

"Yes," he replied a little curtly. "I have some early calls to make in the Flats."

"In Patchtown?" Miss Felicia looked distressed. "Oh, dear! The Judge was saying only yesterday that he hoped you would be able to confine yourself to more—" Her long nose reddened in confusion.

"The poor have an odd way of getting sick, too, Miss Felicia," said Doctor Frederick.

"Oh, yes, of course. I didn't mean—" Her sister, Miss Kate Payson hove into view within the gates. Fred hastily shifted into low gear. "You'll probably meet Elsbeth on the drive, Frederick," Felicia added. "She went out riding at seven."

But he did not meet young Elsbeth astride her spirited black horse, on the gravel drive down into the valley. He thought of this niece of the Payson spinsters, his brow knitting in perturbation. Since her mother's death a year ago, Elsbeth Payson had been an unfathomable enigma. He was alone in recognizing the fact, North Hill would never countenance anything so heathenish, so offensive, as an enigma. Especially would her two maiden aunts, the sisters of her dead father, Professor Wordsworth Payson, never do so. An enigma, since it was something unforthright, was something faintly indecent.

He had not tried to break through the wall of curiously scornful reserve the girl had built about herself since the loss of her mother. Not but what he might have granted himself the privilege of doing so. Although there was no blood relationship between himself and Elsbeth, their families had been interlocked by marriage in several instances and he had grown up with a protective, older-brother sentiment toward her. But he chose to believe that Elsbeth's aloofness toward her surroundings now was a manifestation of her grief over her mother's passing, and in that belief he felt it more delicate to leave her alone.

HE stopped at his office in the Oddfellows' Hall Building only long enough to exchange a few words with the white-starched, reedy Miranda Guest, his assistant, then drove south along the River Pike past the small truck farms into the untidy, patternless, but somehow vigorously romantic sprawl of Patchtown. The place, with its jauntily unperpendicular tin stovepipes for chimneys, its oddly assembled shacks and staggering picket fences, its gardens companionably knocking knees, had always humorously reminded Doctor Fred of the Toonerville Trolley cartoons. The unguarded happiness of the poor lay like a bright, tattered veil over Patchtown. The reflected blush of the gravel pits and quarries and the brick—with its trestle and redly-laden trucks, gave the settlement a constantly excited look, even in slack times. It was no great wonder, he thought uncomfortably, that out of this should have come Sadie Miller's "trouble."

Doctor Frederick Stowell made two visits, for which he would probably be paid a year from now, if at all. Then he turned down a willow-hung, dirt road that

was known as Toadflax Lane. He himself had never seen any toadflax growing there. He was thinking of this odd name and trying not to think of Sadie Miller, when he was startled to see Elsbeth Payson's black horse Ajax tethered to a willow tree in front of a tiny frame cottage.

Dumfounded, Doctor Fred stopped his car, got out and strode up the scrubbed wooden steps.

The round, yellow-haired woman hurried in alarm from the front room window into the kitchen. The woman's name was not Lou, nor Floss, nor Frankie, but—disconcertingly—Priscilla Van der Water. That, moreover, was her real name. She was still remembered in show business as one of the most spectacular acrobatic dancers of twenty years ago when, at the close of the war, tunes were composed to match the daring hieroglyphic grace of her body. By what devilous routes she came to be growing vegetables in Patchtown as the wife of Henry Van der Water, brickyard foreman, is irrelevant. With the bandy-legged, devoted Henry she was the happiest woman in the world.

"Elsbeth!" she cried now in a panic of haste. "You'd best beat it out the back door. And take your clothes with you. Fred Stowell's coming in!"

Elsbeth Payson brought her beautiful bare leg swiftly down from the home-made stretching bar Priscilla had rigged up at one side of the kitchen. Her wide-lidded, hazel-green eyes grew dark with defiant anger. She tossed back her long, thick, amber bob and laughed recklessly, her round, still childish chin out-thrust below a full red mouth drawn straight across her teeth.

"Let him come!" she said. "I'm sick and tired of all this sneaking around. You'd think I was doing something criminal—"

"But your aunts will blame me! They might even fire Henry from the—"

"Oh, no, they won't!" Elsbeth jeered. "That wouldn't be ethical. Bloomhill might criticize them for it."

"Well, I'd better get this out of the way anyhow!" Priscilla whisked her gold and white accordion off a chair, hid it in the pantry and went to answer the second peremptory knock on the front front.

A MOMENT later Doctor Frederick Stowell stalked into the kitchen, halted abruptly and glared at Elsbeth from head to soft-slippered toe.

"Exactly what does this mean, Beth?" he demanded.

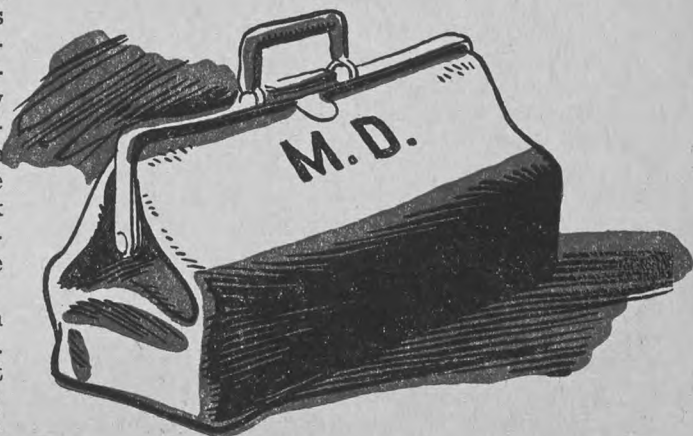
"Another good line," she returned sweetly, "is—'how long has this been going on?' Did you know, Freddie, that even for classical or professional ballroom dancing you should be able to do what's known as a 'split'?"

Before Doctor Fred's outraged stare she glided smoothly to the floor, her arms crossed over her pouting young bosom, her bright head thrown back from the dryad curve of her throat. Fred's brow mantled darkly.

"Get up and get your clothes on! What do you suppose your family would think of this exhibition?"

"Clothes? I have on a brassiere and shorts—"

"Priscilla—" Fred turned about frostily "—where



Down Talked

By MARTHA OSTENSO

are her clothes? You ought to know that the Paysons would never stand for this!"

Priscilla bridled. "Don't talk to me as if I was leading her astray! She's got the makings of a fine dancer. If I didn't know that, I wouldn't have been wasting my time all summer teaching her what I know about it. Besides, she's old enough to know what she's doing."

"Old enough!" Fred snorted. "She's nothing but a brat. Elsbeth—get your clothes and come with me!"

Elsbeth, in the small space between Priscilla's kitchen stove and the door, was executing two perfect cartwheels. She stood up suddenly, straight and cool.

"Priscilla, do you mind going outside for a minute? I want to talk to this person who thinks I'm a brat."

When the outer door had closed on Priscilla, Elsbeth turned upon Frederick in exquisite, low-voiced fury.

"Go and tell my aunts what I've been doing. And see whether that will stop me doing what I want to do, Frederick Stowell."

"I have no intention of telling them," Fred said evenly. "But this is no place for you, and I'll see to it that you don't come here again."

"Oh—you'll see to it, will you?" Elsbeth's derisive laughter rang out. "Well, let me tell you something. You may have treated me like a kid sister all my life, but you're not going to do it any longer. Next week I'll be eighteen years old!"

"What of it?" Frederick retorted. "This is still no place for you."

"You almost said 'for a Payson,' didn't you?" Elsbeth mocked. "Just as you might say 'for a Stowell or a Messenger.' Well, I'll tell you something else, in case you've forgotten it. On my next birthday I receive the three thousand dollars my father left me. And then I intend to leave Bloomhill for good!"

The angry, buoyant grace of her body was like that of a young tree in a sudden storm as she whirled away from him and picked up her clothes from a chair behind a door.

"You've spoiled my lesson for today," she told him, "so I may as well go home."

He watched her in silence while she drew on her white linen riding breeches, boots and green silk shirt waist. During this procedure she did not stop talking.

"The Paysons killed my mother with their narrowmindedness. The Paysons and the Stowells and the Messengers did that together! But they aren't going to kill me, Frederick. She loved fun and dancing and singing—" Tears dilated her eyes suddenly, made them more brilliant; her voice shook. "And they wouldn't stand for any of that. They thought she should spend the rest of her life mourning for my father, even though he died when I was only eight. And because she had to bring me up, without any money, she had to live in that house in—in misery, for years. My father was so jealous of her that he turned his property over to his bigoted sister even before he died! All except my three thousand dollars. You know all about that, of course. Mother had only one pleasure—and that was teaching me to dance. And she had to do that in secret. She brought me down here to Priscilla herself, if you want to know—two years ago!"

ELSBETH strode over to him and stood, vibrant and accusing, her hands clenched in her breeches pockets.

"Now, look here, Beth!" Frederick struggled to maintain the admonishing and yet reasonable attitude of an elder. "That's all beside the point—"

"If you had eyes in your head," the girl broke in

vehemently, "you must have seen what those blue-stockings on North Hill did to my mother! You came home for vacations—while she was dying simply of unhappiness?"

"The Paysons and all the rest of them on the Hill hated her, because she was an outsider. They couldn't forgive her for having come from the city. Well, I'm an outsider. And as soon as I'm free, I'm going!"

"Where?" Frederick's voice, for some obscure reason, tightened on the question. He suddenly saw Bloomhill as something drab and devitalized without this Elsbeth whom he had known most of his life—and yet strangely had not known at all until today.

"To New York, of course," said Elsbeth. "Priscilla says it would only be a waste of time for me to study anywhere else."

"You're a headstrong young idiot!" he informed her. "I've always known it, but this is even worse than I expected of you. You'll come a cropper and be a disgrace to your name!"

"Will you stop talking about names!" She flew straight into his face with the riding gauntlets she held in her hand. Frederick grasped her wrist and gave a sharp backward filip.

"Coward!" Elsbeth whispered savagely. "Coward and stuffed shirt—like the rest of them. Let me go!"

Doctor Frederick Stowell released her in confusion and chagrin at his own unaccountable impulse. He

going places, Priscilla!" She laughed. "That's only one of the expressions my aunts abominate." She pulled up a carrot, dusted it off, and nipped it with her strong white teeth.

"That reminds me," Priscilla said with a slight hesitation. "Henry's sister had a letter from her son Cecil yesterday. You remember Cecil Andrews—Henry's nephew."

"Of course. He was a couple of grades ahead of me in public school. Where is his band now?"

"That's what I was going to tell you," said Priscilla. "He's coming here next week. He's going to bring his band to the Rendezvous on the Pike, for a week or so. The Andrews are all excited about it—specially Cecil's mother. She hasn't seen the boy since he left high school and went down to New York. That must be four years ago. Guess he's close to twenty-three now. And with his own orchestra! He's the only one of the Andrews that amounted to a bean. It'll be in the paper tomorrow—about his coming here, I mean. They're calling it a 'short engagement,' like Cecil told them to. Of course, he isn't exactly famous or anything like that—not yet. But he has played on the radio, and I guess he's got the stuff it takes."

Elsbeth had sat back on her slender haunches, and was pensively looking into space. Her eyes, Priscilla noted with a ripple of disquietude, were green-gold slits of reminiscence, of excitement.

"During those two years they let me go to the Bloomhill public school," said Elsbeth, "he was one of the bigger boys. He never even saw me, I guess. I must have been about ten, and I always had on a starched white pinafore, with a handkerchief safety-pinned in the pocket. Pinafores were something my aunts remembered from eighteen-ninety. I had to wear them. It was agony. Cecil Andrews was probably fourteen. He used to wear the filthiest corduroy pants, and a slouch cap that hid one eye. He was fascinating. I adored him."

Priscilla tried to laugh. But when she was in show business, someone had started the legend that she was psychic, and recalling this, Priscilla found it hard to summon even a smile. Cecil Andrews and Payson—

"I don't know about 'fascinating,'" Priscilla replied. "He was a pretty tough young egg. But he did have music in him. He was no more'n six when he used to come over here and listen with his mouth open when I pulled on the accordion. It was Henry and me that saved up to get that second-hand piano for him."

"He'd never play for marches or anything in school," Elsbeth said radiantly. "But I remember once he was almost expelled for sneaking into the auditorium when classes were on and playing 'Frankie and Johnny'! I heard it and knew right away who it was."

"The rascal," Priscilla chuckled, then remembering Elsbeth she straightened her face. "If he hasn't changed plenty, he's a good sort to keep away from, anyhow, even if he is my nephew, as you might say. He never had a thought for anybody but himself. I hope he'll behave while he stays with his mother. Edna thinks the sun rises and sets on him, just because once in a while he remembers to send her a telegram on her birthday or a pair of stockings now and then. Hmph! I'm glad he's only my nephew by marriage!"

Elsbeth laughed and stood up. "When he's the greatest orchestra leader in the country, I'll bet you won't say that, Priscilla. I'm going to the Rendezvous to hear him—and I don't care who sees me there!"

Priscilla hastily changed the subject. "If I were you, I'd stop in and make up with Doctor Fred. Before you go home, I mean."

"I think not," Elsbeth said easily, stretching on her toes. "Let him simmer. I'm going to ride over to Sadie

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Introducing a new three-part serial
by a writer well known to Canadian
readers.---A moving love story of
a young girl set against the drama
of life in a small town

hesitated only for any instant, then turned on his heel and marched off without another word. The flippantly gay voice of Elsbeth calling to Priscilla in the back yard smote painfully on his ears.

ELSBETH lingered beside Priscilla, helping her weed the carrot bed in her garden, and heard the reassuring drone of Doctor Fred's car starting away. She felt jaunty, refreshed, after her tilt with him.

Priscilla was shaking her head dubiously. "You oughtn't to have riled him, honey," she said. "Maybe the judge will fix it now so you can't get your money and escape."

"Oh, no. Mother told me I'd be sure to get it. And in a couple of weeks I'll be in New York, Priscilla. I have it figured out that I can live on a thousand dollars a year—in a hall bedroom, of course. I can cook my own meals. And that dancing school you told me about—"

Priscilla glanced up at her uneasily. "It's a pretty cheap one, Beth. All right to start with, but you ought really to go to Ferenz, or somebody like that. High class."

"High class!" Elsbeth scoffed. "That's exactly what I want to get away from. I want to see something different, Priscilla. Oh, don't worry about me! I'm



Alex. McKinney (centre), youthful president of the Ontario Federation of Agriculture, presiding at the annual convention. Leonard Harmon, who edits the *Rural Co-operator*, is on the left.

THE United Farmers of Ontario is dead. That once potent organization, with which are associated the name of J. J. Morrison and E. C. Drury, has passed into history. But the grand old U.F.O. did not die intestate. Its heirs and executors are the Ontario Federation of Agriculture, and the United Farmers Co-operative Company, to which it willed its functions before withdrawing from this mortal sphere.

There is a marked tendency for farmers' educational associations, as they are called to distinguish them from farmers' business organizations, to follow a definite life cycle. It is not universally, but generally true that like individuals, they are born, they grow up, they flourish for a while and then they decline and die. Furthermore, there are few, if any, cases on record of the resurrection of a decadent farmers' educational association. The usual course is that another organization, erected on other foundations, arises to take its place. This was so of The Grange, of the Patrons of Industry and of the old Grain Growers' movement which inspired the U.F.O. It does not apply to co-operative enterprises; in them the members have an equity to protect. There is no such equity in a purely educational association.

The present national association, through which the voice of the Canadian farmer is heard, is the Canadian Federation of Agriculture. It has provincial units, stretching right across the country, except that N.B., N.S., and P.E.I. (which should be joined in a single province, but never will be) have a single unit called the Maritime Federation of Agriculture. In this nation-wide organization an attempt has been made to secure permanency by building on a solid basis of farmers' business organizations such as co-operatives and commodity bargaining groups. These form the core of the provincial federations, but they are further buttressed by non-commercial associations and groups. Included in the national Federation, with separate memberships, are three interprovincial or national organizations, the United Grain Growers, the Dairy Farmers of Canada and the Canadian Horticultural Council.

No greater canard was ever uttered than that the farmers are not good at organizing. Across this country, from one ocean to the other, is a mat of local, provincial and interprovincial farmers' organizations. They represent almost every phase and facet of agricultural opinion and interest in this country. The federation idea is to gather them up and focus them through provincial and national organizations.

By far the most diverse of the provincial units is the Ontario Federation of Agriculture. The list I have before me, which is far from complete, contains the names of eighteen or twenty distinct provincial groups. The diversity of Ontario agriculture is clearly reflected in this list; the vegetable growers, the beekeepers, sugar beet growers, the asparagus growers, several fruit associations, and several dairy associations are included among the commodity groups. But that does not exhaust the list. The Ontario

Union de Cultivateurs Franco Ontariens, are included. Add to the list 36 officially organized county federations and the picture is about complete.

An important factor in the general setup of the Ontario federation is, therefore, the provincial commodity groups. In fact, it was with these commodity groups that the Federation started. They do not, however, cover the whole field of farmer interest. The groups, most of them bargaining organizations, are primarily interested in the marketing of their particular products. All the varied products of Ontario are not so organized. Furthermore, though these groups can handle their own detailed problems, they soon recognized that they were but segments of a common problem. Another and broader based unit was necessary.

A SOLUTION was found in the county unit idea and the Federation stepped into that field. The county federation takes in local organizations of all kinds. Some are local commodity groups like the Georgian Bay Fruit Growers Co-operative. Farmers' clubs, some of them old U.F.O. locals; study groups—any farmers' group formed for almost any purpose can be linked up with the country federation. The local agricultural

THE HEIR OF THE U.F.O.

The Ontario Federation of Agriculture, a virile young organization, has taken up the torch

by

R. D. COLQUETTE

Plowmen's Association, the Ontario Brotherhood of Threshermen, The Women's Institutes, the Catholic

representative comes into the picture, he is a handy man who can help out in various ways.

To understand the county federation, it is necessary to know something about local government in Ontario. The smallest unit of the countryside is the school section; next is the township, averaging say six or eight miles square, or less, which is the unit with taxing powers. The reeves and deputy reeves of the townships form the county council, which has no taxing powers. Its members strike the rate for county purposes and the township collects the money from the taxpayers.

That is where a new plan for collecting membership fees in the tax bill comes in. If, in any township, 25 or more taxpayers sign requisition cards asking the township council to add their membership fees to the tax bill, it is done and the township is authorized to collect one-fifth of a mill on the member's assessment and to hand the money to the county federation. This includes a subscription, 25 cents, to the Rural Co-operator, the official organ of the Federation. The county federation forwards 25 per cent of the money collected to the provincial Federation. The balance is used locally. The 1943 statement of the provincial Federation shows contributions from 34 county federations ranging from \$20 from Muskoka to \$300 each from most of the counties. The total revenue from this source was \$8,420.00.

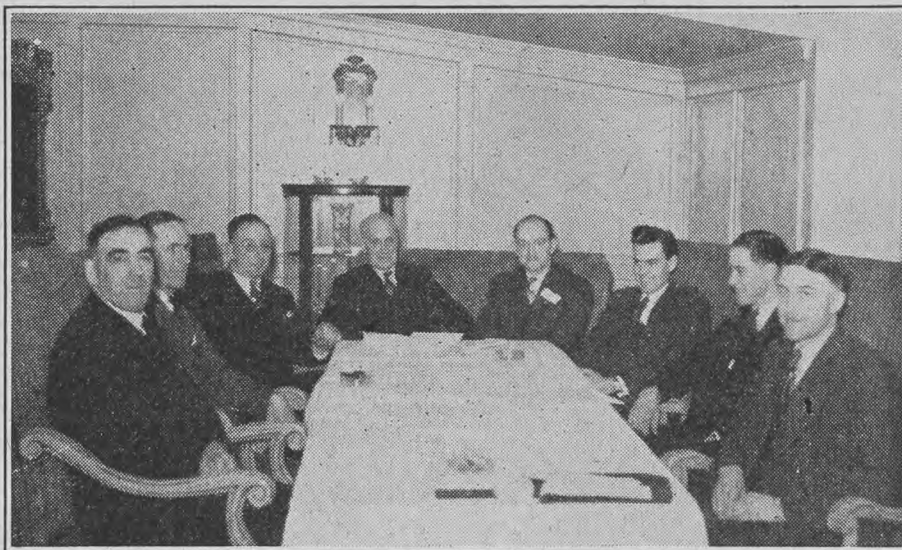
The other chief source of revenue is the commodity groups. For example, the Whole Milk Producers League whacked up \$500 and the Concentrated Milk Producers Association \$350. The United Farmers Co-operative Company, which has developed into one of the great merchandising institutions of Ontario, came across with a donation of \$480 and two earmarked contributions, one of \$1,000 for Farm Radio Forum, and the other of \$1,500 for assistance in the distribution of western grain. The Ontario government put up \$500 toward the expenses of promoting the hog producers' section of the Federation. The Dairy Farmers of Canada contributed \$2,351 for secretarial and office services. V. S. Milburn, serves as Secretary for both the Dairy Farmers organization and the Federation.

The Federation had from all sources, a revenue of \$16,020 last year. Its total disbursements were \$14,600.80 and it entered the new year with a comfortable credit balance of \$3,830.94, with no liabilities.

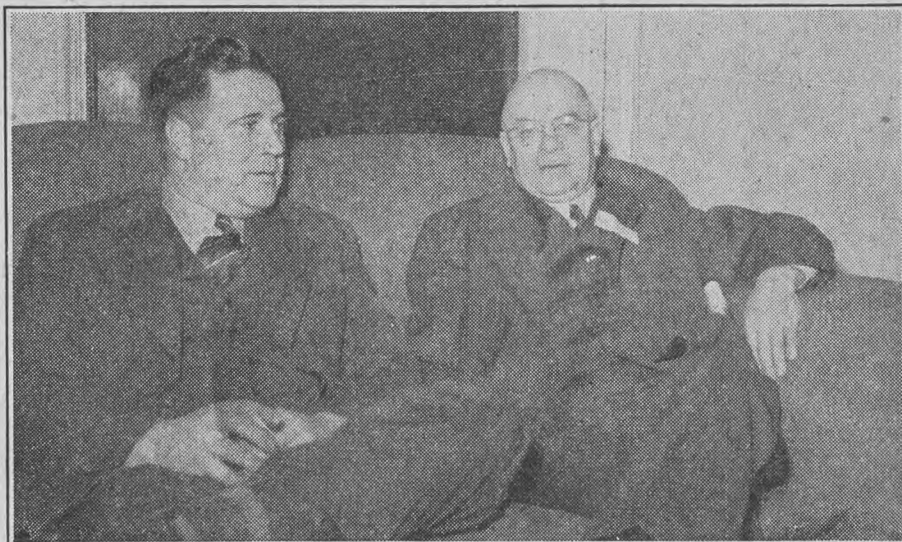
ONE of the chief subjects of debate at the convention in January was the compulsory membership fee for commodity groups. Some of these groups already have such an arrangement. The Toronto Milk Producers Association is one of them. Its president, Dr. J. B. Reynolds, one-time president of the Manitoba Agricultural College, now for many years retired from academic work, is still active and influential in farmers organization work in Ontario. He explained to the Convention that at first the deduction was 2½ cents per hundred-weight of milk, but that this had been reduced to two cents, which had been found to produce ample revenue. Over all the years, in which scores of thousands of dollars had been deducted, only one complaint had been received, and that was over a matter of seventeen cents.

A move is on to extend this "check off" system, as it is called, to all the commodity organizations. They are coming at it by a rather roundabout

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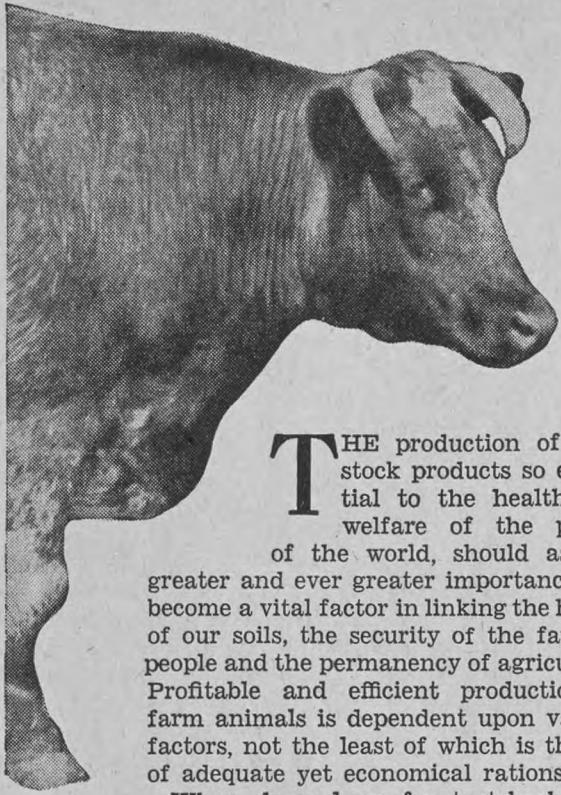


A Commodity Group Committee in session. In this case the Maple Products Committee.



Vice-president Kenneth Betzner (left) and Howard Craise chatting during a recess.

WASTE FEED---WASTE MONEY



More feeding of higher priced grains in times of labor scarcity and high prices for market stock is a challenge to better feeding. Sound advice is contained in this article

by

Prof. J. W. G. MacEWAN
University of Saskatchewan

whose production is limited by inadequate rations.

The Basis of Good Feeding

GOOD feeding consists of providing an animal with feed materials needed to do its job. It is a double-barrelled requirement and presupposes the provision of a certain bulk as well as a certain variety or quality. Bulk or quality is important, because no matter how complete the ration may be in other respects, the stomach and intestines will not function normally without it; and the person who suggests that man or beast will one day subsist on concentrated food in the form of vest-pocket pills, instead of regular meals, simply does not know physiology.

It is one thing then to supply quantity and quite another to provide the necessary quality. It is unquestionably the case in some quarters that animals with full stomachs are literally starving. There are lots of ways of starving a pig—even a pig with a full stomach. Otherwise, why would pigs eating from full troughs want to root in mother earth? Why would cows with full stomachs lick the hide of a sweaty horse? Why would goitred lambs and hairless pigs occur? When cows chew bones and pigs chew each others tails, it is not because their stomachs are empty. It is because some element or substance needed is not supplied.

Of course, energy or fuel is a consideration. The animal engine, like the mechanical engine, is warmer than its surroundings and fuel is needed to maintain body temperature as well as furnish energy with which to accomplish work. Most rations, however,

even those made up of the lowly cereal straws, will furnish enough heat to maintain body temperature; but the same cereal straws would not furnish much surplus energy to be used for some other purpose; and working horses, for example, must be supported with feeds supplying larger amounts of readily available energy.

Feeds rich in carbohydrates and fats will furnish abundant fuel or energy as measured in calories; they are also the fattening feeds. Protein, too, can be burned in the body to yield energy, but only protein will furnish material for muscle construction or repair.

Insufficient calories or insufficient bulk is not the most common fault in Canadian rations. The most common short-comings revolve around protein shortage, deficiencies of certain minerals and deficiencies of certain vitamins. A common weakness in pig rations is a high content of fibre; too often it is overlooked that pigs, unlike horses, sheep and cattle, cannot digest fibre. Nobody makes the mistake of trying to ration pigs with a fibrous roughage, but too often it is overlooked that oats with 28 per cent of hull and 10 per cent of fibre, carry too much indigestible material to be a good grain for general pig feeding. Commercial oat hulls can be a useful feed for cattle, sheep and horses, but such a feed has no place in pig rearing. It is for the same reason that wheat and barley, both low-fibred grains, have come to be considered as highly suited to pigs.

The Need for Protein

WHICH animals on the farm are most likely to suffer from insufficient protein material and how can this be corrected? The heavy milking females and the quick growing young animals require the highest percentages of protein. The dairyman knows full well that rations composed entirely of cereal grains and non-legume roughages will not stimulate or support a high level of milk production; and his method of achieving the proper level is to feed alfalfa, or sweet clover hay, or invest in a high-protein concentrate such as linseed oil meal. In other words, where the legume hay comprises one half or more of the roughage in a milking ration, the grain or concentrate parts demands a protein level of about

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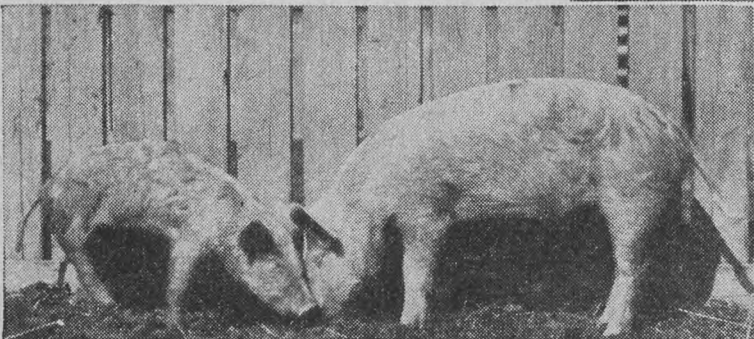
When dressed up for text-book purposes, they call it an "adequate ration," but otherwise it is just good feed or good food depending upon who eats it. When it is consumed by humans we call it food, but if eaten by a cow or other farm animal, it is feed. The distinction is quite unimportant, but that the nutritional principles in man and beast are so very similar and challenging, may be most important.

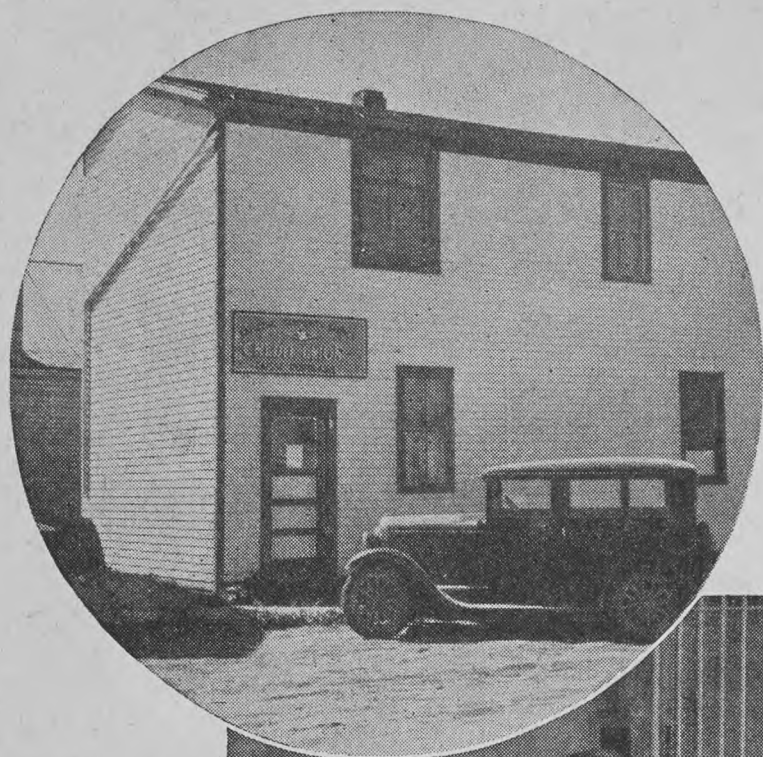
Better nutrition can mean superior individuals, better health and more efficient work and production. Now it seems that Canadians are really becoming nutrition conscious. That is hopeful; it will be better for our people and good for our flocks and herds if nutrition is given a bigger place in our thinking. Indeed, the agricultural people might well be the first to ask that Canada follow Britain's lead for a Ministry of Food. But that is another matter.

The problem of good rations in farm animals becomes bigger with passing years. Perhaps the continuous cropping of farm lands has resulted in a degree of soil depletion which is reflected in feed quality.

Certainly the increased rate of production of many farm animals demands more careful attention to feeding. When the common species of farm animals lived in the wild state, nutrition must have been a comparatively simple matter. With unrestricted freedom and low rates of growth or production, malnutrition was not likely to occur. Domestication brought the first restrictions; man placed a fence around the cow, then a roof over her head and a chain about her neck, thereby limiting her range for food and exposure to sun. Then on the restricted feeds of man's choosing which were placed before the domestic cow, Bossy was invited to increase her production many times. Instead of the 2,000 or 3,000 pounds of milk which she once gave in a year, a self-respecting matron of modern dairy type is expected to produce 10,000 or 20,000 pounds; and if she is to establish a world's record she must extend herself to something over 40,000 pounds in 365 days. Similarly, ton or ton-and-a-half litters of pigs at six months of age and 900 or 1,000 pound steers at one year of age represent modern achievements. Any increase in the burden of production increases the importance of meeting feed needs accurately in point of quantity and kind. The high producer is more vulnerable to nutritional "crack-up," and it is not surprising that there have been increasing evidences of malnutrition. At the same time, be it noted that there are many potentially big producers among farm animals,

Right: Professor MacEwan discusses with exhibitors a class of market cattle at a local show. Circle: When cows chew bones, a mineral deficiency rather than hunger, is the cause. Below: Winter feeding of pregnant ewes can influence the size and quality of the lamb crop. Lower left: Feeding made the difference between these two pigs. The little fellow never had a chance.





Above: The modest approach to the La Fleche Credit Union office. Right: Mr. Biladeau interviews a member in the outer office beside the teller's cage.



A CREDIT UNION GOES TO TOWN

The La Fleche Credit Union has flourished since 1938, but has not hesitated to experiment

which such organizations can meet the peculiar credit needs of agriculture. Much to my surprise, I discovered that of the 544 members of the La Fleche credit union as at July, 1943, farmers numbered 383, while there were 58 members engaged in commercial enterprises, and 103 from other occupations. In April, 1938, the assets of the La Fleche union were \$52,500; by July 31 last year, they were \$65,502.45, or \$23,000 more than at the same date in 1942. These consisted of nearly \$50,000 in loans, \$6,000 in bonds, nearly \$5,000 in shares and deposits with the Saskatchewan Co-operative Credit Society Limited (a sort of central credit society, and not to be confused with the Credit Union Federation of Saskatchewan). The balance was largely cash on hand and in the bank. Liabilities to members consisted of shares to the value of \$36,484 and deposits with the Credit Union by 120 of the members, to the amount of \$27,604. Shares, incidentally, bear interest at the rate of 3½ per cent, and deposits at the rate of 2 per cent. Loans in force July 31, 1943, were \$49,585; loans repaid during the first seven months of the year amounted to \$32,041; and total loans made since April, 1938, had amounted to \$218,294.

Mr. Biladeau kindly gave me some comparative figures for each year since the formation of the La Fleche Credit Union. These show that loans made, both as to number and amount, have increased steadily and consistently throughout the five-year period, beginning with 58 loans totalling \$2,998 in the first year, and rising to 527 loans totalling \$71,821 in 1942.

In some respects, the La Fleche Credit Union has been a pioneer among rural credit unions in western Canada. There have been a few unorthodox moves made under the benevolent but watchful eye of the Co-operation and Markets Branch of the provincial government. The standard and orthodox rate of interest among nearly all urban credit unions is one per cent per month on all unpaid balances. In this regard, the La Fleche Union has made a sharp distinction between small and large loans. All loans under \$100 carry interest at the orthodox rate, but loans of \$100 to \$500 bear an interest rate of eight

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TO the vast majority of Canadian farmers, the Credit Union is a new and comparatively untried type of farm credit organization. They number about 1,700 from coast to coast. Although it has been in existence in the province of Quebec for approximately forty years, the development of the credit union idea in other parts of Canada was very slow for a long time. During the last five or six years organization has been rapid in the prairie provinces, until today there are more than three hundred. In all of North America, there are now approximately four million members who are co-operating in about twelve thousand local credit unions.

Local credit unions are rapidly becoming organized into provincial or state organizations, and while Canada has not yet formed a Dominion organization, steps have been taken leading up to it. In the United States, however, the Credit Union National Association (Cuna) has become a strong educational force, with which some Canadian provincial organizations have affiliated. One of the affiliated Canadian provincial organizations is the Credit Union Federation of Saskatchewan, and not long ago the Registrar of Co-operative Societies for Saskatchewan listed the following supplementary services as arising out of affiliation with the Credit Union National Association in the United States: (a) loan insurance whereby the borrower is automatically insured to the extent of the balance unpaid upon his loan; (b) a life savings plan whereby a member's savings in his credit union are matched dollar for dollar; (c) a mortgage loan policy whereby a member having a mortgage loan with his credit union upon his home, may insure such a loan, thereby leaving his home unencumbered in case of death; (d) a special low-cost life insurance plan which can be developed along with a regular credit union savings plans; (e) additional educational services.

Of all the credit unions so far organized in western Canada, it is not likely that any has contributed more to the experience so far accumulated by the movement here than the credit union at La Fleche, Saskatchewan, which is registered under the name of The La Fleche Community Savings and Credit Union, Limited. This organization was formed in April, 1938, with twelve members. The membership as at August 5, when I visited La Fleche and talked with Mr. E. H. Biladeau, Secretary-Treasurer, stood at 544. The growth in membership has been steady and consistent. By the end of 1938, there were 124 members, and annual increases have been from 60 to 120 new members every year since.

Urban dwellers, especially office workers and laborers, have organized many successful credit unions in towns and cities. Farm credit needs, however, are dif-

ferent, and the test of any co-operative credit organization for the use of farmers, depends on the way in

Ho, Every One That Thirsteth

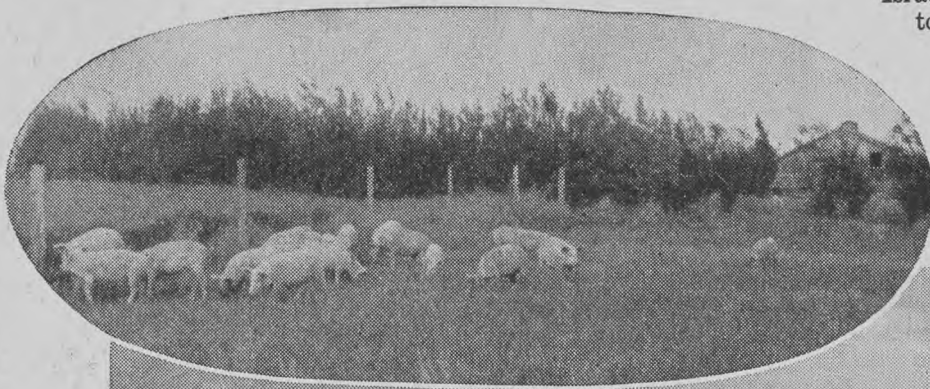
The promise of better times is being fulfilled at Rolling Hills, Alberta, where irrigation has brought new hope to families from dried-out Saskatchewan districts

IT would be appropriate if priest or pastor—Catholic, Lutheran or United Church—in the little village of Rollings Hills, in south-eastern Alberta, were to preach a sermon on some suitable occa-

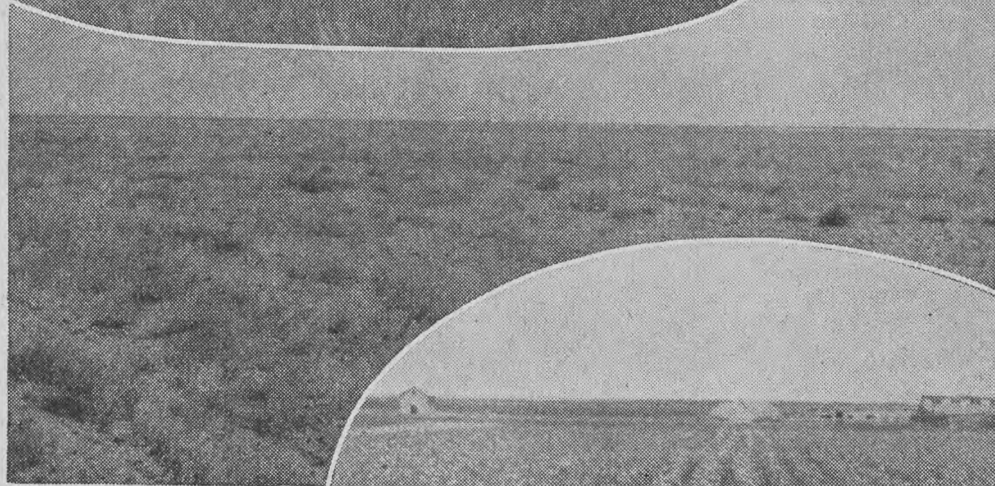
"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree . . ."

It is not to be supposed that the prophet of ancient Israel, as he exhorted his people to forsake the wickedness of the desert places and to

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Left: Part of the 150 purebred Yorkshires on the A. W. Larsen farm at Rolling Hills, with part of an alfalfa field at the left.



Above: This farmer refused to learn and his oat crop above is principally weeds and bare ground. Right: This onion seed crop represents possibilities for an important development of vegetable seeds as a cash crop in the district.

sion, from the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. This is the chapter that begins, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, . . ." and the last verse of which begins,

The LAST SHOT

by

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

Illustrated by Leonard Watson



PART IV.—END

JIM drove the buckboard. His father and Win, armed with rifles as well as revolvers, rode as close to the rig as possible. There was always a chance that they might meet some of the denizens of the Hole, in which case a melee might flare up in an instant. Sometimes the riders were in front, sometimes behind, but whenever possible they flanked the buckboard to minimize the likelihood of a shot from the chaparral. Stewart had been given a .45 for use in an emergency.

"You're takin' a heap of trouble to keep me from being a casualty," Stewart said derisively to the ranchman.

"I'm not worryin' about you. It's myself I'm lookin' after. You were brought to my house as a guest by a member of my family. I'll not have it said I let anything happen to you till I was shet of you."

"Sure enough. Don't let the family hospitality of the Wylies be attacked."

"Have you any complaint to make, sir, about the way you were treated while in my house?" asked Cliff sternly.

"Not any," the young man answered promptly. "I was treated fine. You didn't owe me a thing, and you paid it a hundred times. I may not get a chance to tell you so again if Fallon delivers on his threats against me. So I'll say now that you an' yore family saved my life an' kept on savin' it. By yore way of it I'm a right worthless proposition, but I'm peculiar that way. I'd rather be alive than dead even if I am no-count."

Cliff made no comment. The road narrowed as it circled the shoulder of a hill and he dropped behind the buckboard. At the same time two horsemen rounded the curve and came into view. One of them was Scarnecked Mike.

The horsethief took one look at the young man sitting beside Jim in the buckboard. His horse appeared suddenly to grow restive. When the animal's dancing had subsided the other rider was between Mike and Stewart.

"How's every li'l thing, Cliff?" asked the man from the Hole with obvious and hurried heartiness.

"Why everything is all right with me, Mike," the owner of the CW answered quietly. "How about you?"

"Fine! Fine! Ain't seen much of you lately. Where you been holed up?"

"Been around the ranch most o' the time, Mike, reckon. Thought I'd seen you there once or twice, kinda inconspicuous in the distance."

"Musta been someone else, Cliff." Mike was already on his way and called back over his shoulder. He shifted the subject, to give an air of casual goodwill to a situation he felt to be strained, "Cattle going up, I notice by the paper."

A moment later he was out of sight around the turn in the road.

Jim laughed. "Mike would be a smooth proposition if his work wasn't so coarse," he said to his passenger.

"Notice how he edged round to get Burt between him an' you? Played it was his horse got scary. He figured since you hadn't declared yore intentions he wasn't gonna be in the line of fire if he could help it. Never lifted his eyes from you till he was outa sight. Mike, he relies on strategy more than guts, you might say."

"I'm wonderin' how long it will be till the news reaches, Fallon."

"Not long. I'd bet my favorite hawss against a dollar Mex that he an' Burt duck into the cutoff back there an' beat us to town."

"My notion, too," Stewart called to Cliff Wylie, "Don't you reckon this calls for a change of plan, Mr. Wylie?"

Wylie turned his head. "What you mean?"

"Fallon will be waitin' at the gate for us likely. There's liable to be ructions. What's the matter with me driving in alone?"

"We're stayin' on this job till you're delivered at the hotel in Mesa," replied Cliff curtly.

Stewart was relieved. The chances would be against him even if he reached the shelter of the hotel, but if he were to drive in alone he would not have a dead man's chance to get inside it. He could play a bluff by means of an insouciant manner, but he did not want to be murdered in cold blood any more than any other man.

THE small cavalcade drew into the village and down the dusty street, Win and his father flanking the buckboard. It was apparent that the news of their coming had been spread, for men's faces could be seen peering at them from the windows of buildings. The streets were singularly deserted. Some saddled horses stood in front of the hitching rack at Park's Place. A yellow dog hunted leisurely for fleas on its anatomy. But no human beings were in evidence except behind cover.

A shot shattered the stillness as the buckboard passed Pete's Place. Jim leaned forward and cracked his whip sharply over the backs of the horses. They broke into a gallop, the two riders keeping their place beside the rig.

A fusillade of shots followed, a crackling and scattered volley. One bullet struck the saddle upon which Cliff Wylie was riding. Another hit at an oblique angle the iron rim of a wheel and ricocheted into space. But none of the men was hit.

Jim dragged the horses to a halt in front of the hotel and at the same moment Stewart jumped from the wagon. Win thrust his rifle into the young man's hand.

"You'll need this," he said quickly. "Here's hopin'."

A second later wagon and riders were on their way again and Stewart was limping up the porch steps and into the hotel. Even as he disappeared a bullet dug into the door jamb within six inches of him.

A man in the lobby confronted Stewart. "What you want here?" he demanded in excitement.

"Food and shelter."

"Can't have it . . . not here." The proprietor's voice rose to a shrill of fear. "They're after you, Fallon's gang. They're gonna get you."

"Are they? Tha's what we're liable to find out soon." When his blood was racing fastest Wesley Stewart had a way of drawling his words. It gave to him a manner of mocking insouciance.

"Not here!" the hotelkeeper blurted. "Goddlemighty, they'll burn down the place an' shoot me up, too."

"I expect it'll be right here," the young man differed. "I'll take a room right at the head of the stairs."

"But you can't. Why, my wife's sick. If there's shootin' . . ."

"What's the matter with her?"

The innkeeper told him.

Stewart whistled softly. "Where can I go?" he asked presently.

"I dunno." The man pulled himself up short. "Yes, I do, too. There's a shack at the end of the street where we usta live before we moved in here. I got the key in my pocket."

He fished out a key and handed it to the unwelcome guest who had thrust himself upon the hotel. Stewart took it.

"Can I get there down the alley?" he asked.

"Sure you can. Then pop right in. You want to hustle." The hotel man was hurrying him toward the back door. He called after the young man he was speeding on his way. "Key opens the front door."

Stewart ran limping down the lane. For the moment he was out of sight of his enemies, but he had to cut across an open space to the cabin. As he reached this, out of the corner of his eye he could see his enemies grouped in front of the hotel. They were in excited talk with the frightened proprietor of the place. Not until the cattle detective reached the cabin for which he was making did they catch sight of him.

One of them raised a shout. "There he is."

Stewart laid the rifle against the log wall and fumbled with the key for the lock. He found the keyhole. The door swung open. As he reached for his rifle his foes were already shooting. He plunged into the cabin and slammed the door behind him.

But he had to open it again an inch or two, slip his hand round to the lock, find the key and withdraw it. Another moment and the door was locked from inside and a heavy bolt jammed into place.

"I reckon you've been lucky so far, Wes Stewart," he told himself. "They'd ought to have got you, both in the wagon an' this time. I expect they were too anxious to finish the job in a hurry."

HE made a careful survey of the cabin, saw that the back door was locked and bolted, and examined the windows. The place was fairly defensible. Both windows were small and the doors were strong. On both sides there was an open space of fifty yards that must be crossed before an attacking party could storm the fortress of the besieged man.

Stewart found in the kitchen closet a hatchet, a saw, and nails. At intervals, while he was not keeping an eye open against the enemy, he knocked the legs from a small table and nailed it across the window nearest the hotel, leaving an opening large enough for him to look through and sight a rifle. He judged that Fallon was preparing for a siege. A man detached himself from the group, mounted one of the horses in front of Park's Place, and galloped up the road. No doubt he had gone for reinforcements. Others moved to and fro hurriedly. Through his glasses, Stewart noted that all of them were armed with rifles, whereas they had been equipped mostly with



revolvers during the first and second attack.

During the interlude allowed him, while the enemy was gathering its forces, Stewart barricaded the other window by nailing across it pieces of plank sawed from the sides and slats of a wooden bedstead. He worked always where he could watch the hotel, the headquarters, for the present at least, of the outlaws from the Hole.

His chance of escape was so slight as to be almost negligible. He knew that. But he meant at least to die

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THE Country GUIDE

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Mr. Gardiner and Bacon Prices

The confusion in the hog outlook has been cleared and at long last the farmers know approximately where they are at. The details of the new arrangement are given elsewhere in this issue. In the period of confusion Hon. J. G. Gardiner was on the receiving end of perhaps as bitter criticism as was ever directed to a minister of agriculture. He was not without blame. Some things he said in the early stages of the controversy were inexplicable at the time, they are still inexplicable and will probably remain so. At the same time some of the criticism was unjust and insofar as it was unjust it runs counter to the sense of British fair play. Concealed behind the headlines were at least two things which, in justice to Mr. Gardiner, should be more widely known. They could not be proclaimed in announcements of government bacon policy. The Country Guide believes that, in common justice, they should be pressed on the attention of farmers and particularly hog producers.

* * *

It is pretty thoroughly established that when the prices of feed grains were increased Mr. Gardiner fought valiantly for a corresponding increase in bacon prices. He could not arbitrarily raise the price of hogs. That was a matter to be settled by the government as a whole. The government was apprehensive of anything that would increase the pressure on the price ceiling, or that would cause a further drain on the treasury. Mr. Gardiner failed to carry the cabinet with him. The increase in bacon prices was denied, and this placed him in an unenviable position. In compliance with the principle of cabinet solidarity, he could not tell the farmers that he had done his best for them but had been overruled; instead he had to go before them and justify, as far as he could, the very position which he had fought against. It was a difficult position for any man to be placed in and perhaps accounts for the vagaries of his course during the succeeding weeks. What really happened was that all the time he was fighting for an increase and finally won his point. The premium of \$3.00 per head on Grade A and \$2.00 per head on Grade B1 hogs is the result.

* * *

When the announcement was made that the quota on pork released for consumption in Canada was to be lifted, the people of this country were completely nonplused. To meet the requirements of overseas bacon shipments the farmers had been asked to raise more and still more hogs. They had responded nobly. They had exceeded all expectations in the quantity of bacon produced. They were keyed up to as fine an effort as was ever put forth by the farmers of Canada. Consumers also had been required to do their part in conserving pork for shipment overseas in order that the pitifully small bacon ration of the British people would not have to be reduced. The amount which the packers were allowed to release for the domestic market was strictly limited. Then, suddenly, the announcement was made that the restrictions on the supply for Canadian consumption were called off and pork could be bought to the amount of the coupons. It is also but fair to Mr. Gardiner to say that this was not his decision. It is no longer a

cabinet secret that the restrictions were lifted as a result of pressure from Quebec. The people of that province are not such heavy consumers of beef as are the people of other parts of Canada. They are primarily pork consumers and the restrictions bore down more heavily on them. The cabinet, and not Mr. Gardiner, decided the matter. But again it was Mr. Gardiner whose duty it was to make the announcement to the people of Canada.

* * *

Now that the confusion has been cleared away and a definite policy announced, it is again plain to the Canadian farmer what his duty is concerning hog production. Britain needs the bacon. She will continue to need it for some time after the last shot has been fired. The British Minister of Food believes that the four-ounce ration can be maintained if shipments from Canada are kept up to 500 million pounds a year. The demand may even increase as more and more of the people of Europe are released from the Nazi bondage. No evidence appears anywhere that it is unsafe to maintain hog production in this country at its highest possible level for another year or two. For the present, what was said on this page in the last issue can be repeated: The incentive to help maintain the British ration of four ounces a week still remains.

Stern Justice Needed

The hanging of four war criminals in Khar-kov, three of them Nazis and the other a Russian traitor, produced an unlooked-for reaction. The defense of the Nazi butchers was that they were obeying orders and this was immediately seized upon by some sloppy sentimentalists as a justifiable defense. Where does this line of loose reasoning lead? Every Nazi torturer and murderer could make the same claim. It must not be allowed to divert the course of justice. The inhuman crimes by which millions of innocent civilians have been brutally done to death cannot be expiated by stringing up Hitler, Goering and a dozen or so other Nazi higher-ups, who will probably shoot themselves or each other before they can be brought to justice anyway. The perpetrators of these crimes are not humanitarians carrying out the orders of their military commanders against their own will; they are inhuman beasts selected for their nefarious work because of their fitness for the role. They do not exist because of the power of Hitler; Hitler's power rests on and is sustained by them. They are all equally guilty with their commanders and must be equally punished. The Russians have the right idea; it is that the men who directed and carried out the slaughter shall be sought out and dragged to the scene of their crimes and there brought to justice. The process of justice will have to be delayed until after the war, instead of being made summarily, as at Kharkov. The Nazis hold two million prisoners of war against whom reprisals would be immediately instituted. But when the day of reckoning comes, the course of justice must not be diverted by silly sentimentality. To the Nazis mercy is weakness. They may learn the meaning of justice if it is sternly administered to them.

A National Institution

When the CBC refused to broadcast Mr. Bracken's Hamilton speech it precipitated a controversy which resulted in a loosening up of the regulations. The knotty problem of political broadcasting is not fully covered by the Broadcasting Act of 1936. The regulation, "that paid or controversial broadcasting on CBC station networks or hookups, except during elections, be suspended during the war," was adopted by the board of governors of the CBC on January 22, 1940. It has now been repealed and half an hour per month on CBC networks will be allotted to political broadcasts. There is also a relaxation of restrictions on federal party leaders in regard to submission of manuscripts. Apparently they are to be allowed to say what they please. These changes were overdue. The people of this country are politically mature enough, and the war

aspect of the matter is so greatly changed, that freedom of speech, even over the airwaves, no longer needs these emergency curbs.

There are some things which should be kept in mind regarding the CBC. It is a great national enterprise. It is the property of the people of Canada. There are some interests in the country which are bent on torpedoing it. If they were to succeed, it would be a calamity. What is needed is a vigorous policy at the top, where things have been allowed to drift into an unsatisfactory condition. Gladstone Murray resigned as general manager. Dr. J. S. Thomson carried on as general manager for a year. Then he relinquished his position and a successor has not, at this writing, been appointed. The system will certainly be the subject for debate on the floor of the House, perhaps of acrimonious partisan debate. It shouldn't have been necessary. One suggestion put forward is that in addition to a general manager, the chairmanship of the board of governors could be made a full time salaried position. Perhaps it is necessary to have two competent men permanently employed in top positions. The CBC has an annual income from all sources of close to five million dollars. It is a big business and should have at its command the best business and managerial brains available.

Whatever steps are necessary to restore efficiency in its administration of the system, the representatives of the people in parliament should not forget that the CBC belongs to the people, that the people want it continued as a national undertaking and that they would welcome the most emphatic assurances from the leaders of all parties that they are behind the system as a great national institution.

Sinews of Costly War

Canada entered this war practically naked of defense. Now, to use round figures, which are below the actual, 470,000 men are in the army, 200,000 in the airforce and 70,000 in the navy. The total exceeds three-quarters of a million men. About 38,000 Canadian women are in the auxiliary services. Up to December, this country had produced over 80,000 artillery units; a million machine guns and rifles; 600,000 military vehicles; 55,000,000 rounds of heavy ammunition; three billion rounds of small ammunition; \$300 million worth of radio and communications equipment; a million tons of explosives and chemicals; 500 naval vessels; 200 merchant ships and 9,000 aircraft.

War costs, to the end of March of this year, are estimated at \$10,824,000,000, against a total cost of the last war including demobilization, of \$1,120,000,000, nearly ten times as much. And the end is not yet. There will be a sixth Victory Loan, and a seventh and an eighth, perhaps more. Canada must pay the cost of the war as it is being fought. There can be no outside borrowing. The only source is taxation and internal loans.

A Great Canadian Editor

John Wesley Dafoe could write and speak with authority on a vast range of public issues. His grasp of Empire and of world affairs was recognized in high places wherever our language is read and spoken. No one outside the circle of responsible statesmen had more to do with the shaping of the British Commonwealth of Nations than this great Canadian editor. He was an able proponent and supporter of the League of Nations and perhaps the greatest disappointment of his life was in witnessing the disintegration of that great institution on which the hopes of a peace loving world had centred. On Canadian constitutional matters he was an authoritative writer. As a member of the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations, he did effective work. His contribution to its monumental report cannot be singled out, but it is safe to say that the mind of J. W. Dafoe had most to do in shaping its recommendations. If the Report is made the basis of a new alignment of powers and responsibilities in Canada's constitutional structure, it will become, as he would have wished, J. W. Dafoe's greatest monument.

Quiet Please—
A Young Man is deep in Thought.
An Eager Mind is Growing,
A Character is Taking Shape.



And we see him a Man whose Wisdom and Understanding show in his Smile—a Smile that owes much to Ipana and Massage!

HERE is Canada! Here is the future of our country! For in this small boy, and in thousands of youngsters like him, lies the promise of fulfillment of all our hopes, our plans, our dreams!

Thoughtful teachers and devoted parents have given Canada's children every advantage of health and education—have prepared them to face their future—strong and happy and smiling.

Yes, *smiling!* For even their smiles have the best of care. Today, in classrooms all over the land, youngsters are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance

of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

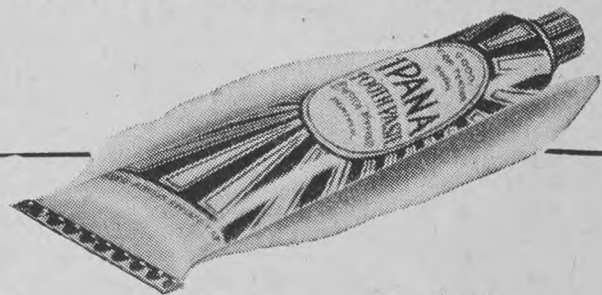
These young Canadians know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender . . . often signal their sensitiveness with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush . . . see your dentist right away. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may very likely suggest

"the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Adopt the sensible, modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

A Product of Bristol-Myers — Made in Canada

Three Things to Remember in Wartime



1 Help to keep your teeth and gums in good condition by giving them proper daily care and by going to your dentist for regular check-ups.



2 Don't waste Ipana. You need only a little to clean your teeth and massage your gums. Roll the tube from the bottom and squeeze out every bit of paste.



3 Remember to give your druggist an empty metal tube when buying a new tube of Ipana. The tin contained in empty tubes is needed for Canada's war effort.

NEWS

of AGRICULTURE

New Policy For Hog Grading

ON January 12, when Hon. J. G. Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture, announced that the 1942-43 bacon contract with Britain had been completed to the extent of the full 675 million pounds, during Christmas week, and that a further 28 million pounds had been secured before January 1 to apply on the new contract, he also announced new premiums on Grades "A" and "B1" hogs. At the time of this announcement, no details of how the payment of premiums was to reach the producer had been worked out, except that the payment would be made by the government direct to producers. At the same time, the Minister intimated that some change would probably be made in the grading system, and reiterated former statements that negotiations had been under way to secure a longer term bacon contract with Britain (four years).

Further statements from Ottawa on January 19 and 21 served to partly clear up some matters which had caused confusion in the minds of farmers regarding the new premium and revised grading policies. At this writing (January 29) it is not expected that all the details regarding the premium policy will be worked out and in actual operation until perhaps the first of March. Meanwhile, however, arrangements have been made with packing companies whereby these companies, since January 24, have been paying the government premium of \$3 on Grade A hogs, and \$2 on Grade B1 hogs direct to producers. Until the government has completed arrangements to make payment direct by treasury warrant, packers will submit a weekly statement of the premium amounts paid producers, and be reimbursed by the government. Ultimately, however, payment will probably reach producers in the form of government warrants, signed by government graders, and made out from lists prepared by the graders showing premiums due individual producers. These warrants can be cashed at any bank.

Changes in Grading Policy

Some progress has been made to date in the revision of the rail grading system for hogs. Up to the present time, the grading of dressed hog carcasses on the rail in packing plants has been based on the establishment of Grade B1 as the basic grade. Packers have paid a premium of \$1.00 per hog over the basic price for Grade A hogs. For grades under B1, a system of discounts has been in effect "against light, heavy, and other off-grade hogs in accordance with their value, and for the purpose of discouraging their production," in the words of the Minister's statement. The Minister has found this system "unpopular," and for the remainder of the war period, a different scheme is to be tried. A conference has been held at Ottawa since the Minister's first announcement and certain clarifications have been made public. After consulting the Bacon Advisory Committee, the Advisory Committee on Agriculture, the Meat Board, and the Agricultural Food Board, it has been decided that the system of discounts will be done away with; and for as long as this scheme lasts, the \$1.00 premium hitherto paid by the packers for Grade A hogs, will no longer be a premium, but will become a part of the price paid by packers for hogs of this grade. In other words, prices paid by packers will be based on the carcass grade value for export bacon, and the spread between the various grades which will hereinafter be used, will be based solely on market value. The premium of \$3 for Grade A and \$2 for Grade B1 will be paid by the government, in addition to the packers market value price, as a

premium for quality hogs. It is presumed that such spreads as are established between grades, and the prices for each grade, must be approved by the Meat Board, and must bear a fair relation to the payment to packers for Wiltshire sides and pork cuts delivered to sea-board on the British contract.

Hereinafter, all three B grades, namely B1, B2, and B3, will sell to the packer at the same market price, the only distinction being the premium on B1 to be paid direct by the government to the producer. Hereafter, also, all Grade C hogs will constitute one grade, instead of being divided into three classes, as hitherto. The same will apply to Grade D. Grade E, which formerly included unfinished or oily hogs, rejected, or condemned, or those with physical injuries, and stags and ridglings, will be abolished. Heavy hogs will consist of those weighing from 186-195 pounds, instead of from 186-205 pounds as formerly. Extra heavies will consist of those weighing 196 pounds and over, instead of the previous weight of 206 pounds and over. Lights will, as formerly, consist of those hogs weighing 119 pounds and under. Hogs that Grade C and D may weigh between 120 and 185 pounds, the distinction between the two grades remaining the same as before, namely, that whereas Grade C provides maximum depths of fat, both at the shoulder and on the loin, according to weight, Grade D hogs are just hogs of prescribed weights.

Maintain 1943 Hog Production

The specifications for Grades A and B remain exactly as before, Grade A including hogs weighing from 140-170 pounds; Grade B1, 135-175 pounds; B2, 125-134 pounds; and B3 176-185 pounds. Grade A hogs must have a minimum length of side of 29 inches, with a maximum fat on the shoulder of two inches, and on the loin of 1½ inches. The specifications for Grades B1, B2, and B3, covering length and depth of fat, remain as before; varying according to weight, from 27 to 30 inches in length of side, from 2 to 2¾ inches of fat on the shoulder, and from 1½ to 2¼ inches fat on the loin.

The Minister anticipates that the premium to be paid to producers by the government will cost from 10 to 12 million dollars in 1944. Although no announcement has been made on this point, it is expected that the restrictions on the use of pork for domestic consumption in Canada will be tightened up again before long. This probability seems to indicate hardening of the desire on the part of Canada to send Britain all the bacon we can send in 1944. In fact, the Minister now offers four good reasons why farmers should attempt to maintain 1943 hog production this year. These are: 1, That there is a market in Britain for all the hogs of good quality Canada can produce. 2, In addition to helping Britain to maintain her four ounce weekly bacon ration, it would help Canadian farmers if they can demonstrate that Britain can depend upon Canada for supplies in peace or war. 3, It would inspire confidence that a long-term contract, to supply more than 900 million pounds in two years, can be filled. 4, Maintaining the highest production in 1944 will make secure the future of the hog-producing industry in Canada.

Mr. Gardiner points out that hog marketings in western Canada last year were more than three and a half times those of 1938. The 7,147,546 hogs marketed in Canada in 1943 is 120 per cent above the all-Canada figure for 1938, and 14.6 per cent greater than the 1942 figure.

Certified Seed Potatoes

THE Dominion Department of Agriculture, through its Plant Protection Division, urges that all Canadian farmers who intend planting certified seed potatoes, should place orders without delay. Demand for potatoes of this quality from other countries is said to be very strong, and supplies that are not needed for planting in Canada will be released for export in March, in order that the American market will not be lost for all supplies in excess of Canadian requirements. At the same time, the Plant Protection Division points out that certified seed potatoes, planted for staple crop, will yield more heavily per acre than lower grades of seed. Growers who intend planting seed potatoes, for

sale as seed potatoes, and who intend having their fields entered for certification in 1944, must use either Foundation, or Foundation A seed. Plant Protection and Potato Seed Certification offices are located in Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver. Lists of growers having certified Foundation, or Foundation A seed potatoes for sale can be obtained from these offices.

Alberta Co-operatives

ALBERTA increased the number of her co-operative associations by 25 during the year 1943. The 219 co-operatives in the province did about 80 million dollars worth of business last year, according to F. J. Fitzpatrick, Supervisor of Co-operative Activities and Credit Unions. Business done in 1942 amounted to 58 million dollars.

Credit unions during the year increased from 74 to 129, and have a combined membership of 9,435, as compared with 6,283 in 1942. Assets have increased from \$245,221 to \$429,274, while loans rose from \$883,563 to \$1,343,799.

Co-operative Refinery Association

THE ambition of the Co-operative Refinery Association of Kansas has been to offer co-operative members gas and oil 100 per cent co-operatively produced, all the way from oil wells to retail service stations. Three years ago this goal was achieved, but in a comparatively small way. A few weeks ago, the C. R. A. acquired a refining company in Kansas at a price of about 4 million dollars. Last summer, the organization bought, through the National Co-operative Refinery Association, an organization of five midwestern co-operative wholesale associations in which C. R. A. was the chief participant, another 6 million dollar oil company.

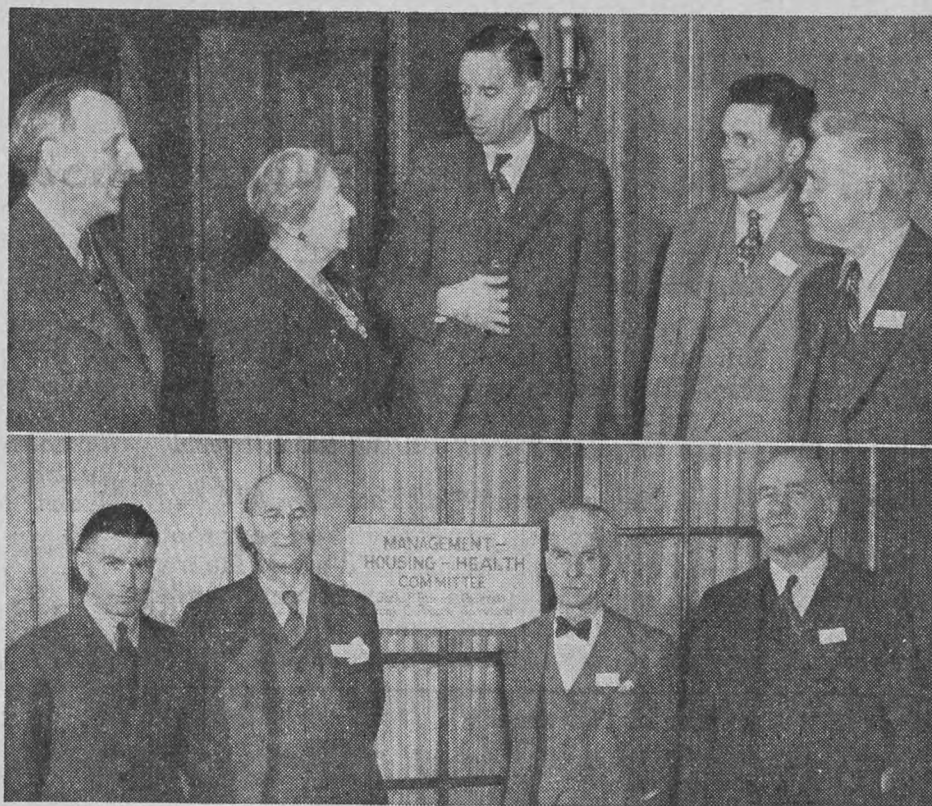
In 1929, sales of the C. R. A. amounted to \$309,502. By 1935, sales had reached \$2,994,510, and by 1940, when C. R. A. was producing, refining and piping oil, sales were \$6,211,401. The number of local retail organizations has grown from 259 to 486 in 1940, and the plan is to have 635 in 1945. These will represent 170,000 families.

The new refinery will use 13,500 barrels of crude oil per day, and will produce 81 million gallons of refined fuel, in addition to 10 million gallons of oil. The purchase also includes 269 oil wells, and 768 miles of pipeline, in addition to 104,408 acres of undeveloped leases.

Eggs For Export

CANADA will try to produce 367 million dozens of eggs in 1944. This is an increase of about 10 per cent over 1943. It is hoped to supply Britain with at least 40 million dozens of eggs in the form of egg powder, which is manufactured in eight Canadian plants located in central and western Canada. This egg powder is put up in 14-pound cartons for the British wholesale trade, and in 5-pound packages for household consumption.

Already this year, the Special Products Board, which buys the eggs intended for export to Britain, has been purchasing a much greater volume than a year ago. The first eggs bought by the Board were inspected on December 31 in Vancouver, and 284 carloads have been purchased to January 25, as compared with 129 carloads for the same period in 1943. Last year western Canada provided about 60 per cent of Canadian eggs. This year it is anticipated that the West will have to provide the larger share of any increase that takes place, and the proportion might reach 65 per cent from western Canada and 35 per cent from the East. In 1943, incidentally, egg exports were valued at approximately 20 million dollars, as compared with \$497,898 in 1938.



A few of the delegates to the National Poultry Conference, Ottawa, January 12 to 14. Top, left to right: W. A. Landreth, President, Canadian Poultry Sales, Winnipeg; Mrs. W. Huyck, Strome, Alta.; S. G. Barry, Associate Chief, Poultry Products Inspection, Ottawa; G. C. Hodgson, Poultry Commissioner, Saskatchewan, Department of Agriculture, Regina; and A. C. McCulloch, District Poultry Products Inspector, Winnipeg. Below, left to right: Ross Campbell, Disley, Sask.; George Robertson, Dominion Poultry Husbandman, Ottawa; E. A. Lloyd, University of British Columbia, Vancouver; W. A. Brown, Chief, Poultry Marketing and Production Services, Ottawa.


1919

Millions of tons

OF NICKEL ORE... BUT NO MARKETS

IN 1919 the future looked black for the Canadian Nickel Industry. Because of the demand for tough Nickel Steel for battleships and ordnance, its markets had expanded during the first world war. Now these war markets were gone. A few months later Canada's Nickel plants had to close down, the mines ceased to operate.

Steps were taken to transform this war industry into a great thriving peacetime industry. Scientists were set to work developing new Nickel alloys. Engineers were sent out to seek new uses for Canadian Nickel in the automotive, chemical, electrical, radio and numerous other industries. Step by step new world markets were built up. Within ten years the production of Nickel in Canada had far surpassed the previous peak of wartime production.

Today Canada's Nickel has again been diverted to war purposes. But now this industry looks forward with confidence to the return of peace. Plans are ready to develop and expand old and new peacetime markets so that the Nickel industry may continue, through its own enterprise, to make substantial contribution to Canada's economic welfare.



THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

25 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Canadian Nickel

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE PAST
IS THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE

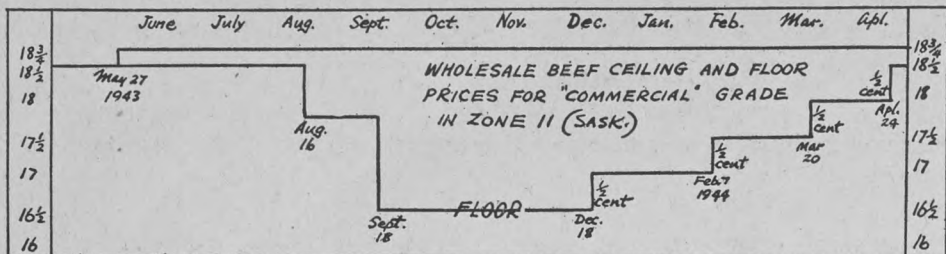


Chart No. 1 showing the arrangement of ceiling and floor on wholesale beef, in effect since May 27, 1943. From a diagram prepared by the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture.

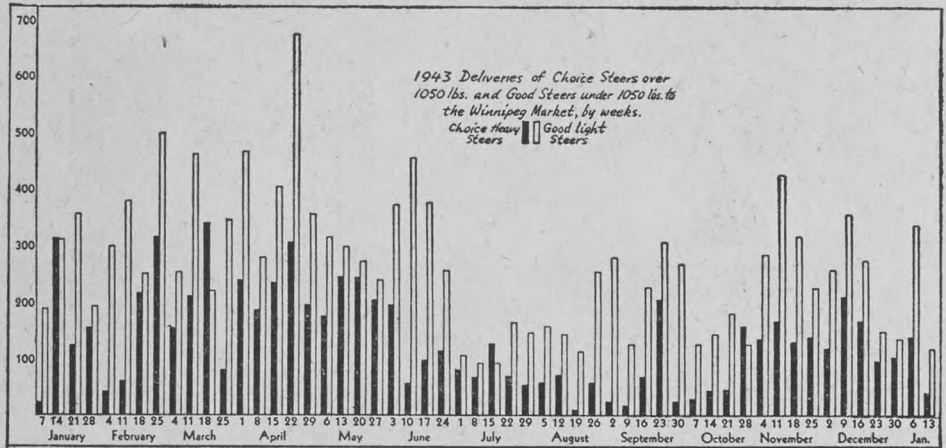


Chart No. 2 showing deliveries of choice heavy steers and good butcher steers, by weeks, on the Winnipeg market during 1943.

Beef Price Policy Needs Revision

IT seems evident that during the transition period from war to peace, involving a period of time that is now very indefinite, controls of some kind will have to be continued. We have now become accustomed, if not entirely reconciled, to these controls; and most people have recognized that establishing and maintaining them has involved a tremendous task, the like of which has never been undertaken before or accomplished in any democratic country, except Britain, quite as successfully as in Canada. Nevertheless, a bureaucracy such as we have established within the short space of four and a half years in this country, must necessarily be inexperienced and to say the least imperfect. It is only fair to expect a large measure of tolerance on the part of citizens generally; and this, on the whole, has been granted by the people of Canada.

Tolerance and complete freedom from criticism, however, are entirely different matters. The citizens whose businesses and livelihoods are directly affected by regimentation believed to be in the public interest, are entitled to expect that the design of the regulations will take into account not alone the

nature of the business affected and the need for stability, but the fact that increasing artificiality is the inevitable accompaniment of increased control. The need is, therefore, evident, for a common sense approach to the introduction of any new control.

A good example is furnished by the existence of a ceiling on meat and a floor on cattle. When a ceiling is established there is a tendency for prices to approach the ceiling; and this applies to all principal grades of the product. In the case of beef, the absence of any adequate beef grading system in this country forced the Wartime Prices and Trade Board to manufacture one, and they saw fit to create several grades, one of which is known as "commercial." This is a wide grade, including beef varying widely in quality and it is, therefore, with some few exceptions, the only quality of beef advertised to the public by the retailer. The retailer's margin is seven cents per pound, maximum, but so wide is the variation in quality allowed in "commercial" beef, that, as shown by Chart 4 on this page, retailers have been able to advertise meat of this quality and sell it for as much as eleven cents per pound lower

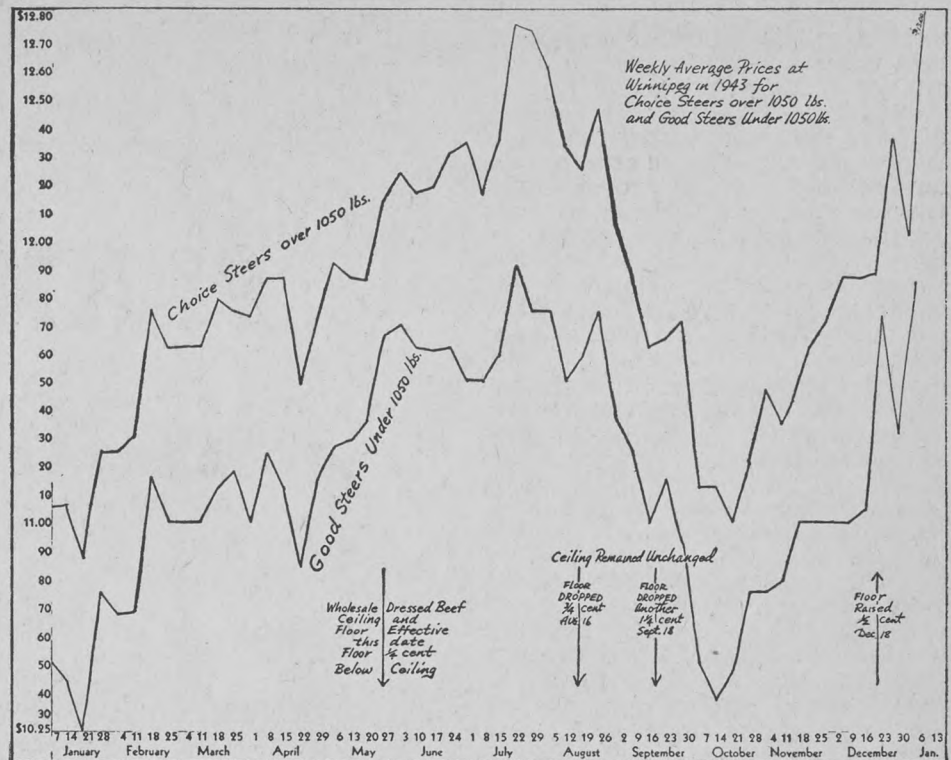


Chart No. 3 showing the course of weekly average prices for choice heavy and good light steers at Winnipeg during 1943, together with indications of successive floor levels.

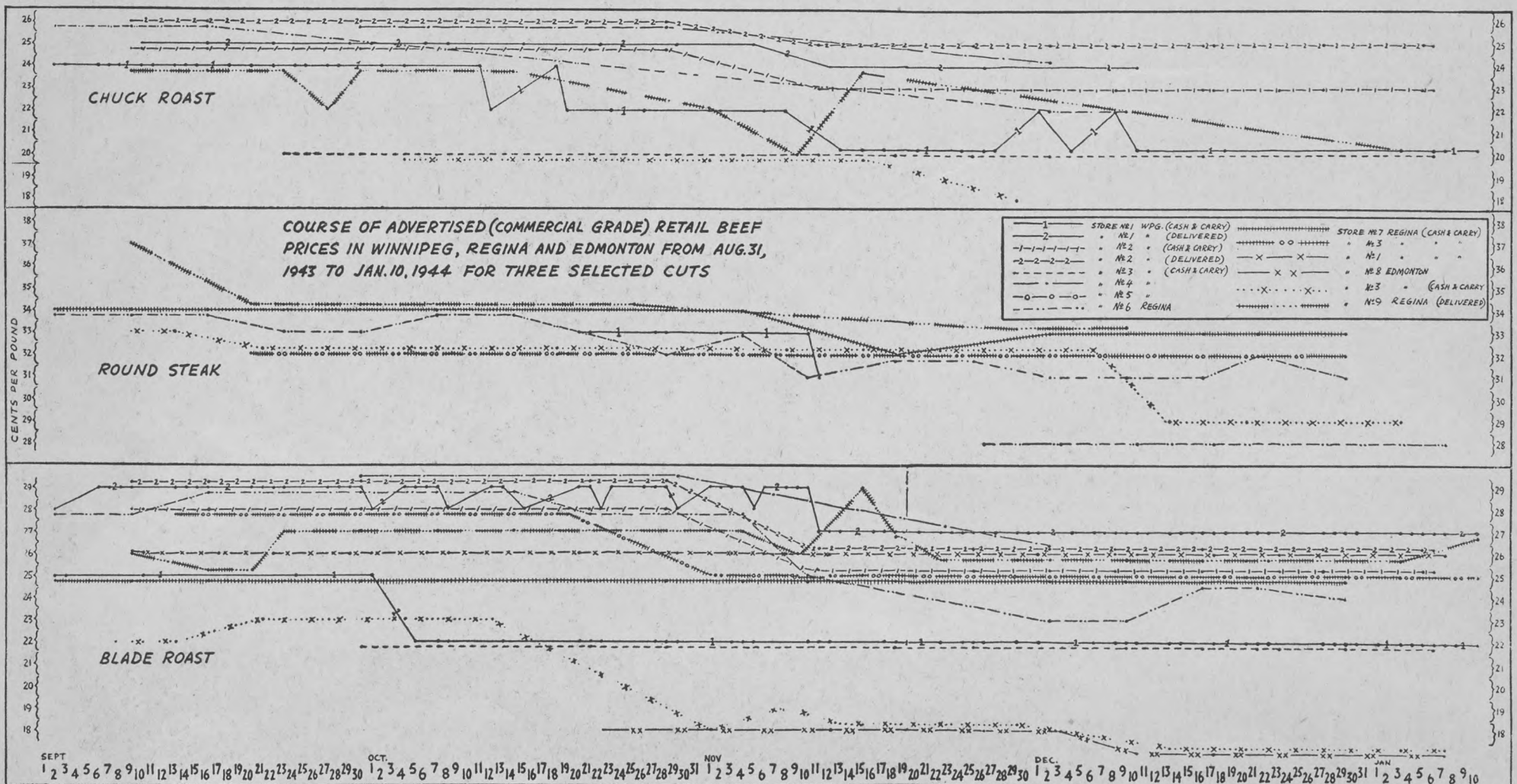
than other retailers are advertising the same cut and grade for, on the same day, in the same zone.

Owing to the same factor (a wide range of quality within one grade), it is possible for the buyer of live cattle to buy cheaper cattle that will kill out to commercial grade, and wholesale it in a higher bracket, at a price equal to Blue Brand or top commercial quality, though still within the commercial grade. The same wide quality range and corresponding manipulative opportunity may also operate and has operated, apparently, to raise the price of lower classes of live cattle out of proportion to the rise in cattle price generally, so that the producer of choice and good cattle has failed to obtain the premium to which he should be entitled.

An Opportunity for Buyers

In our July and September issues we called attention to the cattle floor and the cellar that had been dug for cattle prices by the W.P.T.B., to function between September and December. It was anticipated that heavier deliveries would come forward in the fall and it may be that there was some thought of providing the low floor (Chart 1) as a warning to producers, though this is by no means certain and was given little, if any, publicity. In any event, it did provide an opportunity for buyers to reduce

prices to levels which had not been touched since January, 1943. It is important to note, too, that this reduction occurred at a time when deliveries of choice and good market cattle were actually lighter on the Winnipeg market than they were in July, when prices for these grades reached their 1943 peak. The course of both deliveries and prices for choice heavy steers and good light steers, by weeks throughout 1943, is shown by charts herewith, and they indicate (Chart 3) that while the bottom of the drop coincides approximately with the glut of stock at Winnipeg, prices had actually begun to rise by the time the most serious gluts were reported. The gluts therefore can scarcely have been the chief factor in the drop. At no time during the fall months were deliveries of choice heavy steers as heavy on the Winnipeg market, as they were during the early part of the year when prices were steadily rising (Chart 2); yet the average weekly price for this grade of steer, from the middle of July to the middle of October, fell just as far and much more quickly than it had risen. Moreover, it is surely strange, in view of the claim of buyers that they were losing money during the rise, that from the low level of mid-October, prices for choice heavy steers should have risen to \$12 in January, with a



speed about equal to that of the decline. Does this mean that the cure for losing money is to lose more?

What it certainly seems to mean is that the men who marketed steers of the two grades mentioned above, at any time between, say, the end of August and the middle of December, received less than they should have received for them, because it seems evident that buyers are willing to establish a level of around \$12 for choice heavy steers and around \$11.40 for good butcher steers, except at such times as they have paid less because an opportunity was offered that was too good to miss. We do not believe it can be too strongly emphasized that, under present conditions, the demand for beef is strong enough to take all that the farmers of Canada are likely to produce. There is no real surplus of beef, for if there were, we would have no rationing; and our contention is, that while this condition may not outlast the war, and farmers should not build their hopes on continued high cattle prices for an indefinite period, as long as it does last there is no sound reason for marked fluctuations in cattle prices throughout the year, and still less for any encouragement of fluctuations by official action.

In our September issue we criticized the fact that the ceiling was left untouched, while the floor was progressively lowered; and we predicted that there would be little if any lowering of the retail price of beef. The prediction was all too correct. Chart 4 is worth close study. It was prepared by taking, from daily newspapers in Edmonton, Regina and Winnipeg, all retail rationed meat advertisements and arranging the prices for each retail cut, and for each retail store, in chronological order. W.P.T.B. Order 307 came into effect on September 1, so that all prices advertised prior to that date were discarded. For the final chart, only those prices relating to "commercial" beef were used; and of all the retail cuts advertised from time to time, the nine most advertised cuts were selected and these finally reduced to three, for lack of space. The six other cuts charted were: rump roast, sirloin steak, round bone shoulder roast, cross-rib roast, short-ribs and hamburger.

Little Change in Retail Prices

The chart shows that what was predicted in our September issue, did actually occur: There was very little change in the retail price of beef between September 1, 1943, and January 10, 1944. It shows that, with the exception of one or two stores, whose prices moved about, both up and down, there were some stores where the course of prices is represented by a straight line for the entire period, even when farmers' prices were hitting the bottom. The consumer was not getting meat any cheaper, but farmers were getting less for their cattle. There was not very much the W.P.T.B. could do about it, because the ceiling was not being exceeded. The retailer complained that he could not reduce the price of meat because he was not getting meat any cheaper. There was only one party between the farmer and the retailer; and the W.P.T.B. is reported to have used plenty of persuasion, without effect until about November 1, after which the charts indicate a tendency toward a lower retail meat price in some stores that had been selling at the higher levels.

These charts indicate a number of things to us. One is that controls can have a very salutary effect, once they are correctly adjusted to the needs of the situation they are expected to control. No one could have expected, reasonably, that the beef floor would operate perfectly the first year, but we believe it might reasonably have been expected to work more perfectly than it did. The second condition indicated to us is the need for a much better system of selling beef by grade than the rough and ready system improvised by the W.P.T.B. Next, is a more adequate system of classifying and determining spreads between different qualities of live animals. We believe this will ultimately lead to the rail grading of beef, but admittedly this is a long way off. Another indication points to at least one of the reasons why farming is numbered among the less successful industries: The industry is woefully lacking

PLAN TO MAINTAIN HOG PRODUCTION During

1944 and 1945

Every good quality hog that can be produced during the next two years will be needed.

The current bacon contract is for two years. It guarantees bacon prices and the delivery of 900 million pounds of bacon over the contract period. To help Britain maintain her present weekly ration of 4 oz. for each person Canada will try to deliver 600 million pounds of bacon this year.

IMPROVE QUALITY

Quality premiums of \$3.00 for each Grade A carcass and \$2.00 for each Grade B1 carcass have been authorized. They increase the net profit in hog production and emphasize the urgency of improving quality to protect the after-the-war position on the British market.

Hog Production is Profitable

After allowing reasonable feed allowances and liberal overhead charges to cover all possible costs the following net returns can now be expected from feed grains fed to hogs:

Wt. of Hog Live Lbs.	Selling Price per 100 lbs. dressed	Value of Hog	Quality Bonus B1 Grade	Returns per Hog	Returns for grain	Value of grain per 100 lbs.
200	\$15.00	22.50	2.00	24.50	17.50	1.75
200	15.50	23.25	2.00	25.25	18.25	1.83
200	16.00	24.00	2.00	26.00	19.00	1.90
200	16.50	24.75	2.00	26.75	19.75	1.98
200	17.00	25.50	2.00	27.50	20.50	2.05

Grade A hogs on which \$3.00 Quality Bonus is paid will return an additional 10c. per hundred for the grain used.

For further information consult your Provincial Department of Agriculture, Agricultural College, nearest Dominion Experimental Farm or Live Stock Office of the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

AGRICULTURAL SUPPLIES BOARD
Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa
Honourable James G. Gardiner, Minister

The experiences of war have proven the value of Cletrac Tru-Traction



EVERY high speed crawler vehicle used by the armed forces has employed controlled, differential steering. This means the ability to steer with the tractor under control because of power on both tracks at all times. As used in Cletrac Crawlers, we call it *Tru-Traction*.

With Cletrac *Tru-Traction* there's no chance of slipping on side hills—both tracks keep moving—both provide traction. Going down hill, you never lose the braking power of the engine on either track.

Going up hill or down hill—you *always* steer a Cletrac just as you drive a team. The motor does all the work all the time. Both tracks provide traction, *all the time*. That's *Tru-Traction*.

There's a Cletrac Crawler designed to fit your farming operations. A few agricultural Cletracs are available for farmers who can qualify under government regulations to purchase them. See your nearest Cletrac dealer—he'll gladly explain the steps you must take to qualify to purchase a new Cletrac.



This Free Book FULLY EXPLAINS CLETRAC TRU-TRACTION

Every farmer who operates a tractor should have a copy of this book "Cletrac Tru-Traction for the Farmer." It explains fully the advantages of *Tru-Traction* and describes in detail the many advantages of the Model HG Cletrac—the crawler tractor designed exclusively for farm use and within the range of the average farmer's pocketbook.

THE CLEVELAND TRACTOR COMPANY • Cleveland, Ohio

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but he grows dollars

If it's Ogilvie
-it's good!



The growth in "dollars" to you depends on how fast this pig reaches market weight. Ordinary feeding won't do it. "Miracle" Hog Feeds however, contain all the essential ingredients for rapid growth! Feed "Miracle" Hog Feeds and watch your pigs come fast and strong right from the start . . . then watch the "dollars" grow!

"MIRACLE"
HOG FEEDS

44-2

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED

in organization, which means that there are too many voices and that too many protests are uttered after the event. Finally, the charts point once more to the need for stabilized prices and elimination of marked, and even violent, fluctuations, which are so upsetting to the industry and so costly to the individual producer. Theoretically, beef prices for any grade or quality should not have fluctuated more than 2¼ cents between May 27 when the floor was introduced and December 20 when the low level was finally passed, because this amount represents the full distance between the ceiling and lowest floor level. Actually, choice heavy steers dropped the equivalent of 3.13 cents for beef between the middle of July and October 21; and 2.24 cents between the week ending August 19 and the week ending October 21. During the first month of the latter nine-week period, when the beef floor dropped ¾-cent, the actual drop in cattle prices was equal to 1.12 cents for beef; and during the latter part of the period, when the floor had dropped an additional 1¼ cents, the cattle drop was equal to another 1.12 cents.

Easy To Lose All Profit

These are small but mighty important figures. When beef from choice heavy steers declines in cost by 3.13 cents, it means that the live steer has declined in price by 1¼ cents per pound, or about 15 per cent, if the previous price was 12 cents. No farmer can afford to look with equanimity on a decrease in income of 15 per cent. The packer, for example, sells about \$4 worth of goods for every dollar of capital invested: It is only the farmer-extraordinary who is able to sell a dollar's worth for every dollar invested. If the price received for any principal product is lowered by 15 per cent, or \$1.75 on a \$12 unit of sale, all chance of a profitable transaction is gone.

The great bulk of our cattle come to market from fairly small, individually operated farms. We have seen close to 100,000 pounds of choice steers in one of these farm feed lots, where 1¼-cents per pound meant interest on a \$20,000 investment, or \$100 per month wages for an experienced cattleman. It means just as much, relative to the total costs involved, if the cattle are marked off grass in the fall. These price fluctuations are indeed vicious in their effect on agriculture; and they are doubly vicious when they seem to be calmly anticipated and condoned.—H.S.F.

Old Country Livestock Annuals

READERS who have been ordering copies of the Scottish Farmer annual, and the annual of the North British Agriculturist, should place orders immediately for their 1944 copies of either or both of these Old Country publications. The price will be \$1.00 each, postpaid. It is expected that these will reach us very shortly, and orders will be filled as promptly as possible in the order in which they are received.

A few copies only remain of the Scottish Farmer, 1943 special Jubilee edition of the annual, which will be supplied as long as they last at 75c each, postpaid.

Cow-testing Pays Big Dividend

COW testing in the prairie provinces has never yet developed to the point where any considerable percentage of the cows producing milk or cream for commercial purposes have been regularly tested for efficiency. This is the purpose of cow testing; to determine whether an individual cow would be better in or out of the herd.

During the war years, farm labor has been so scarce that regular cow testing has been dropped in some cases; and in districts where it might normally have increased, there has been, if anything, a decrease. Down in Wisconsin, perhaps the leading dairy state in the United States, 11 counties are now testing three times as many cows as in prewar days. This is because cow testing is being organized on a county basis, and the testing is being done in central laboratories. This county association in cases where the owner takes his own samples of the milk of each cow, charges \$15 per year for ten cows or less, in addition to eight cents per month for each cow over ten. Thus, to test a herd of fifteen cows on this basis, would cost an average of \$1.32 per year per cow.

NOT A COUGH IN THE BARN



● Don't let COUGHS due to COLDS lay up work stock. Give **SPOHN'S COMPOUND**—for 49 years America's favorite COUGH remedy for horses and mules. Acts on nose, throat and bronchial tubes. Relieves difficult breathing. Used by most famous horsemen. Ask any drug store. **SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY, Goshen, Ind.**

**SPOHN'S
COMPOUND**
FOR COUGHS DUE TO COLDS

HOW TO END BREEDING TROUBLES on YOUR farm



"Use **REX OIL**"

"We find that we are saving a large percentage of calves, and can keep older cows producing longer, through the use of Rex Wheat Germ Oil".

"A sow which failed to come in heat responded readily to Rex Oil and settled on the first breeding."

These are typical of hundreds of reports proving that a few drops of Rex Oil added to the regular ration ends non-organic breeding troubles in all livestock.

Try Rex Oil on your problem animals—4 oz. \$1.25; 20 oz. \$5.00. At feed and drug stores.

Write for FREE BOOKLET.

VIOLIN (CANADA) LIMITED
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An aid to better breeding
For ALL livestock and poultry

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GASOLINE MOTOR OIL

The use of Red Head Petroleum Products guarantees you greater power, smoother performance, longer life . . . in tractors, trucks and cars. "Look for the Sign of the Red Head."

**GREAT WEST
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OVER 190 DISTRIBUTING POINTS IN
ALBERTA, SASKATCHEWAN, MANITOBA

FIELD

When this happens large quantities of valuable soil fertility are displaced. This picture was taken May 8, 1939, near Kerrobert, by officials of the Dominion experimental station, Scott, Sask.

Wind Erosion Depletes Fertility

THE present winter provides opportunity for soil drifting in many parts of western Canada. In the first place, the snow cover in many areas is not heavy enough to prevent it, and in the second place, the average moisture supply in prairie soils is very low. If we add to these conditions a clean, black summer-fallow, the opportunity for wind erosion is very great.

The problem of winter and early spring wind erosion is a common one in southern Alberta. This accounts for the early interest in strip farming and trash covers, as well as blade cultivators and other methods and equipment designed to offer obstruction to drifting. As we come eastward, a heavier snow cover tends to interpose a barrier between the soil and the wind, so that in most parts of Manitoba, the snow cover is generally ample to prevent winter and early spring soil drifting.

Experience since 1929 has taught, at much cost, the value of lumpy soil as a protection against wind. For this reason, the duck-foot cultivator has become an increasingly valuable implement in the

minds of many farmers, because it tends to bring to the surface the larger particles and lumps of soil between which the finer particles fall and cannot be reached by the wind to the same extent. Clean, cultivated land, left in a rough or lumpy condition by a duck-foot cultivator, offers somewhat the same protection against wind as the trash cover.

There will be, however, many fields this winter which will offer neither of these forms of defense against the eroding action of wind; and for such fields, in order to preserve the valuable fertility contained in the finer soil particles which may be blown away, the Dominion Experimental Farm at Brandon offers the suggestion that fresh manure from a stable, or wet straw spread on these fields, will be of great assistance. On the sandy and previously abandoned soil of the Dominion Reclamation Station at Melita, it has been found that a ton of straw, evenly spread on an acre of land rough enough to give at least some anchorage for the straw, will provide protection for the soil.

Keep Down Weeds and Conserve Moisture

THIS year, more than ever before in recent years, it is important to remember that moisture is a limiting factor where crops are to be produced on prairie soils. This means that where a work program for the year is being planned, crop and implements and the available labor on the farm should be arranged so as to conserve moisture to the greatest possible extent.

Dr. J. L. Doughty, Soil Research Laboratory, Swift Current, has stated that very carefully controlled experiments over a period of 20 years with blocks of soil set in tanks outdoors so that exact moisture measurements could be made, have shown that 26.3 percent of the moisture falling as rain or snow can be conserved in summerfallow land if no weeds are allowed to grow at any time. It is also explained that under field conditions, the average amount of moisture conserved in summerfallow to a depth of four feet, is equal to between four and five inches of water.

Provided weeds are controlled equally with all methods used, it appears that no method of cultivation, or type of implement, has any noticeable effect on the amount of moisture conserved. The time of cultivation is, however, said to be very important, because even a light infestation of weeds may bring about a serious loss of moisture. If the rainfall or snowfall is sufficiently heavy so that the moisture penetrates more than five inches below the surface, this moisture is relatively safe from loss by evaporation. It will therefore remain in the soil until used by a growing crop. In seasons of heavy rainfall, the soil may become so full of moisture that some of it will penetrate deep enough that the roots cannot reach it. This moisture, therefore, will be of no value in crop production. Long stubble, and trash cover, will help to hold snow and retard evaporation. Shelter belts and snow fences bring about an accumulation of snow, and will increase soil moisture in the area where they are effective. On sloping land,

where the run-off is heavy in the spring, cross furrows and small dykes will prevent a good part of this loss.

The importance of controlling weeds in summerfallow is emphasized, not only by the fact that weeds themselves use a great deal of moisture, but also by the fact that where summerfallowing is practised, about 20 months elapse between the harvesting of the crop preceding summerfallow and the seeding of the crop following it. During that period, a great deal of time and labor, and therefore expense, is involved in maintaining the summerfallow. If, therefore, the value of the summerfallow in conserving moisture is wasted to any considerable extent by allowing the growth of weeds, it is not only the moisture which is lost and subsequent yield on the seeded crop, but much of the time and labor involved in caring for the summerfallow the previous year.

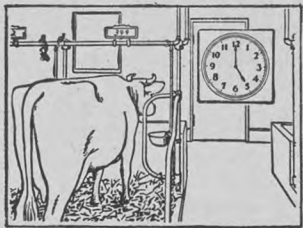
N. Dakota Expects Few Grasshoppers

NORTH DAKOTA authorities and United States federal entomologists have stated, as a result of grasshopper surveys made last fall, that the infestations to be expected this year closely approximate those of 1943. Survey records show the principal infestation in North Dakota to be limited to parts of the southern area of the state. The numbers of grasshopper eggs were less than had been expected, and most of the infestations existing were along margins of fields and roadsteads, with the exception of alfalfa fields, where large numbers of grasshopper eggs appeared to be fairly common.

Weather conditions in the spring may permit hatching to injurious proportions, and it is expected that some control methods will be required in certain areas.

Take these 6 EASY STEPS TO BETTER MILKING!

THE DE LAVAL SPEEDWAY METHOD OF FAST MILKING



1 Milk at same time every milking — cows are creatures of habit and milking on an exact schedule has a favorable effect on milk "let-down."



2 Have everything in readiness to start. Avoid noise and confusion. Once milking starts do not attempt to do other jobs at the same time.



3 Wipe each udder with cloth and warm water (130° F.) containing 250 p.p.m. of chlorine. This induces rapid milk "let-down."



4 Draw a few streams from each quarter into strip cup. This helps induce rapid "let-down" and provides periodic inspection of milk.



5 Next apply teat-cups immediately. The sooner they are applied after using the strip cup the better. Avoid loss of vacuum.



6 Remove the teat-cups at end of 3 to 4 minutes. Strip briefly by hand or machine. Do not prolong hand stripping.

The De Laval Speedway Method of Fast Milking consists of six easy steps . . . that lead to better milking. It combines fast milking with improved sanitation. It saves time and labor . . . results in healthier udders . . . and reduces the amount of strippings.

Any dairyman using a milking machine can improve his results by following the De Laval Speedway Method of Fast Milking. It is most effective, however, when used in connection with De Laval Milkers, which are designed for fastest, best and cleanest milking.



TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR DE LAVAL SEPARATOR

New De Laval Separators are now available . . . but observance of the following points will help your present De Laval to give you the longest, most efficient service which was built into it.

1. Use only De Laval Separator Oil and check lubrication system as directed.
2. Wash bowl and tinware immediately after each time separator is used.
3. Turn bowl nut down firmly.

THE DE LAVAL COMPANY, Ltd.

PETERBOROUGH MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER



THERE'S A BALANCER TO MAKE BOSSY A WINNER TOO!
VICTORIA DAIRY BALANCER

YES—cream shippers are finding that milk cows win greater profits with balanced rations just the same as hogs and poultry. That's why the demand for Victoria Dairy Balancer is growing by leaps and bounds.

So next time you're ordering famous Victoria Hog or Poultry Balancers—get a supply of Victoria Dairy Balancer. Then watch milk production go up—SEE TOTAL BUTTER FAT INCREASE—have sleek, healthy, profitable cows.

"THERE'S A VICTORIA FEED FOR EVERY NEED MANUFACTURED FRESH DAILY"

See your Victoria Dealer or McCabe Bros. Agent.

VICTORIA DAIRY BALANCER

Manufactured Fresh daily by
McCABE BROS. GRAIN CO. LTD.
WINNIPEG - REGINA - EDMONTON



DURING RAW WEATHER



GO RIGHT
AFTER COLDS
THAT STRIKE
YOU HERE

FOR

**QUICK
RELIEF**

JUST PAT ON
**SLOAN'S
LINIMENT**

Speed is essential in checking colds and Sloan's Liniment works fast. At first sign of a chest cold, just pat on Sloan's—no need to rub. Sloan's penetrating warmth is just the thing. Circulation is speeded up and colds are checked often before they get started. Keep a bottle of Sloan's always handy for emergencies.

Sloan's offers speedy relief for strains, bruises, bumps, minor sprains, neuralgia, muscular pains, frost bite and chest colds.

**SLOAN'S
LINIMENT**

FARMERS

IN MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN, ALBERTA

Prairie Farm Tree Planting is a Five-Fold Project:

1. Home Shelterbelts
2. Woodlots
3. Field Shelterbelts
4. Highway Protection
5. Dam and Dugout Planting

For BROADLEAF Trees you pay transportation charges only; for hardy EVERGREEN Trees a small charge of ONE dollar per hundred is made in addition.

Applications received AFTER March 15, 1944, will be considered for 1945 planting.

APPLY FOR TREES WITHOUT DELAY!

Address:

THE DOMINION FOREST NURSERY STATION
Indian Head, Saskatchewan

Clean Rape Seed Necessary

IT appears that about two and a half million pounds of Rape seed (Large Black Argentine) was produced in Manitoba and Saskatchewan in 1943, about 50 per cent of the quantity in each province. These two provinces produced the greater part of all that was grown in Canada last year, which was around 4,000 acres.

Since this crop was also grown on most of the Experimental Farms on the prairies, as well as by between 200 and 300 individual farmers, much valuable material has been obtained. Experience in Manitoba, for example, shows that Argentine rape grows best on a rich, fertile soil; and Brandon experiments indicate that heavier rates of seeding are advisable than were formerly recommended. It is reported, for example, that 15 pounds per acre in rows six inches apart, or six pounds per acre in rows 30 inches apart, depending on the normal moisture content of the soil and other factors such as the method of planting and cultivating, are satisfactory seeding practices. The crop can be sown with the farm seed drill as soon as the main rush of seeding is past, and will make a fairly satisfactory smother crop, because its broad leaves will tend to prevent weed growth owing to the shade they provide. At Brandon, the crop was cut with the binder, stooked and threshed; and at Melita, it was

swathed and threshed with a combine. The seeding season last year extended from May 10 to June 11 in the western part of Manitoba, while harvest occurred between August 18 and September 15.

Some loss of seed was experienced in harvesting, but yields ranged from 600 to over 1,700 pounds per acre, the average being between 675 and 900 pounds, depending upon the area.

Some difficulty was experienced due to common and Indian wild mustard, which, with few exceptions, seem to have been present in the soil where the rape crop was grown. Some varieties of this species go wild, and therefore become weeds when they escape from cultivation. The evidence is, however, that the seeds are not dormant for long periods, as in the case of common wild mustard, and that they tend to sprout well in the fall, and to be killed by frost. Due to the difficulty, however, of cleaning out the seeds of mustard from rape seed, and of natural crossing between Indian mustard and rape, there is a great danger of introducing common wild mustard and Indian mustard into clean soil as the result of rape seed which contained these mustards as impurities. The common wild mustard will not cross with the Argentine rape, but the Indian mustard will do so. The cleanest possible rape seed is therefore a necessity.

Sunflowers Use Much Moisture

A CONSIDERABLE acreage of sunflowers was grown in western Canada during 1943. Manitoba alone grew about 13,000 acres, and the experience in this province was generally satisfactory except in the southwest corner, where considerable damage was done by birds, including blackbirds, mourning doves and sparrows, the loss in some cases being up to 50 per cent.

Farmers who have grown sunflowers in the past, are much interested in the cropping system necessary where this crop is used. It is safe to say that owing to the high moisture requirements of the sunflower crop, two successive crops

nite, which is generally taller growing, and ranged from five to twelve feet, depending upon the strain being grown, and the purity of the seed. The taller-growing, heavier plant of the Mennonite variety will, therefore, have a larger moisture requirement unless seeded more thinly.

Root Rot of Cereals

ACCORDING to recent investigations conducted by Dr. J. E. Machacek of the Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Winnipeg, the common root rot of cereals is much more widespread than is generally thought. Root rot is caused by certain fungi, which attack the base of the plant and reduce not only the amount of tillering, but also bring about wilting and stunting, with a consequent reduction in yield.

It appears that losses from common root rot are difficult to estimate for the reason that the development of the disease in any field is closely related to the physical and chemical nature of the soil. If the soil of a field is variable, the amount of loss from root rot in the field will also be variable. Dr. Machacek, who has been observing this disease during a twelve-year period, has found that root rot is generally most severe where the conditions of growth for the cereal crop are unsatisfactory. For example, low water-holding capacity of the soil, soil-drifting, too deep or too heavy seeding, or the use of frosted or injured seed, are not favorable to the development of the crop, but are favorable to the development of root rot. Poor soil moisture and high acidity in the soil are also conducive to loss.

Various estimates as to the amount of crop loss from root rot have been made. These have varied all the way from three per cent to 45 per cent, but most of the estimates have been based on results secured from experimental plots. Dr. Machacek estimated the loss in Manitoba by obtaining random samples of ripe, standing grain from all wheat growing sections of the province, taking at least ten samples in each of the chief soil zones of the province. In all, sixty wheat fields were studied in Manitoba in each of the three years, 1939-1941. He concluded that the annual loss from common root rot in Manitoba is in the neighborhood of 12 per cent. Even this careful method of calculating loss may be open to some criticism, but as Dr. Machacek points out, it is not always possible to be certain that the difference in yield between healthy and diseased plants is caused entirely by the root rot.

It is important to note that no wheat field in the province was found absolutely free of the disease in any of the three years. He estimated the average percentage of diseased plants for the



These heads of Mennonite sunflowers are typical of many found in the adjoining field and illustrate the mixture of strains characteristic of this variety.

of sunflowers is an unwise procedure, unless the moisture supply is very high. For the same reason, and in view of the low moisture supply existing across the prairies, it is unlikely that a very satisfactory sunflower crop can be expected on land which produced a grain crop in 1943. Work done at the University of Manitoba some years ago, indicates that wheat, oats and barley grown after corn, and after sunflowers, resulted in a lower yield after sunflowers than after corn. In the case of flax, there did not seem to be much, if any, difference in the yield following corn or sunflowers. These results are borne out by others at the Dominion Experimental station at Morden, and seem to indicate the desirability of growing sunflowers in 1944 on land that has been summerfallowed.

Another factor entering into the moisture requirements of sunflowers, is the variety being grown. The two varieties that have been grown heretofore are Sunrise, which was distributed for the first time last spring in Manitoba, and which is uniform both as to height and growth habits; and Menno-



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three years at 38.3 per cent and the average reduction in yield at 12.1 per cent. A severe attack reduced the yield of individual plants by 53.3 per cent on the average, whereas the average reduction in yield of individual plants only slightly attacked was 25.7 per cent.

Loss in Sweet Clover Stands

ATTENTION is called by the Dominion experimental farm, Brandon, to the fact that in Manitoba, the acreage of sweet clover decreased by 33 per cent in 1942, as a result, principally, of the poor stands of this crop caused by the sweet clover weevil and root rot. Newly emerged stands of sweet clover are frequently destroyed, and even year old clover is attacked during the spring and early summer months, the damage arising from the fact that the weevil eats crescent-shaped notches in the leaves.

Where not injured by the weevil and root rot, sweet clover grows well on most types of soil. Like all other clover and leguminous plants, nitrogen is added to the soil wherever sweet clover is grown; and as a feed for livestock it is very useful in balancing rations because it has a high protein and lime content. The protein is the most valuable of all feed elements since it is necessary for growth and the best development of the animal, while lime is essential for bone development.

Brandon officials have found that the weevil migrates in large numbers from old stands of clover to new stands nearby. Consequently, they suggest that new seedings should be made as early in the spring as possible, in order to give new stands a good start; and also that these should be sown as far away as practicable from the older seedings.

Soybeans Smother Weeds

THE Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa offers these suggestions which may be of interest to Manitoba farmers especially, and to farmers in other western provinces where soybeans will be grown this year. This crop is much in demand as a war crop, and the objective for 1944 has been set at a figure which will mean a considerable increase in the acreage seeded to soybeans.

The Ottawa authorities refer to an experiment in the control of couch grass where this weed has been completely smothered by continuous cropping of the infested land with soybeans. In this experiment, corn, buckwheat and millet, as well as soybeans were grown continuously for four years after fall plowing. The soybeans and corn were cultivated five times and hoed twice during each growing season. Before seeding buckwheat and millet, the land was worked carefully in order to give the smother crops a good start. By the end of the second year, couch grass had completely disappeared in the soybean field, although ten per cent remained in the buckwheat field, and five per cent where corn and millet had been used.

In short, soybeans did a perfect job after two years, corn and buckwheat after three years, whereas millet still left one per cent of couch grass at the end of three years continuous cropping.

Guard Against Crop Lodging

IN most years a certain amount of lodging occurs in grain crops across the prairies. Unless the variety of grain used is very strong in the straw, any conditions which produce luxuriant or sappy growth are likely to produce lodging. Heavy infestations of rust, if they occur, likewise weaken the straw.

Early maturing varieties that are rust-resistant may lessen the likelihood of loss through lodging. A reduction in the rate of seeding in order to coarsen or increase the strength of the straw may also be helpful, while a well prepared seed bed will encourage ample root development and therefore tend to provide the plant with better anchorage.

Ultimately, according to Dr. L. H. Newman, Dominion Cerealists, Ottawa, there is reason to hope that varieties will be available as a result of plant breeding work now under way, which will combine rust-resistance with strength of straw, which will mean resistance to lodging.



*"She's still perkin'
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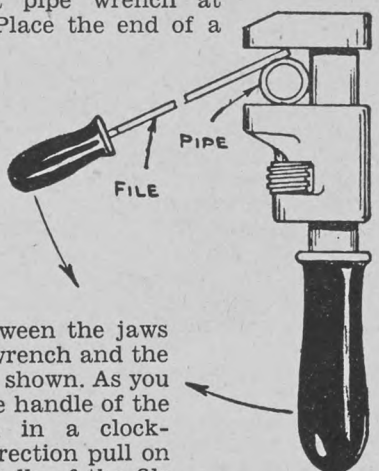
Wartime labor shortages occasionally disrupt our printing and mailing schedule. Transportation in wartime is also uncertain. If your copy of *The Country Guide* is late, it is caused by conditions beyond our control.

A Few Suggestions for the Handyman

Including a harness scrubbing board for the horse farmer

File Pipe Wrench

This shows how a monkey wrench and a file will hold a pipe when you do not have a pipe wrench at hand. Place the end of a



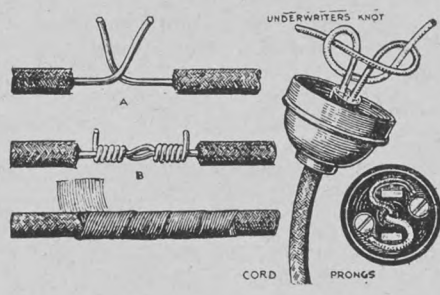
file between the jaws of the wrench and the pipe as shown. As you pull the handle of the wrench in a clockwise direction pull on the handle of the file in the opposite direction as indicated. This will tighten the grip of both these tools on the pipe.—I.W.D.

Retreading Tires

You can expect to extend the life of the tires on your car about 80 per cent by retreading or recapping them. Retreading consists of buffing the old rubber all the way down to the fabric in the carcass under the breaker strip and building up another tread by applying a new breaker strip and adding new rubber. In recapping, the tire is generally buffed down to a point where the unevenness of the old tread design is removed and another tread is built up from there with new rubber. These processes should not be confused with regrooving which consists of cutting a new tread in the old rubber. Of course all tires cannot be reconditioned. If a tire is so old the rubber is badly cracked or so battered that the carcass has deteriorated, it is beyond saving. A tire should be removed for reconditioning at the point where the original tread is beginning to disappear. At this stage of service the tire has sufficient underread remaining to protect the carcass. In having a retreading job done you should be careful to select a reputable firm.

Electric Wiring Tips

In wiring your home for electricity or in making any changes in the wiring it is important that you do a good job of splicing the wires. Poor connections may arc and cause a fire. See drawings A, B and C for splicing details. In making a splice, remove the insulation for a length of about three inches from the end of each wire and scrape the wire bright with a knife or piece of sandpaper. Then bend the ends at right

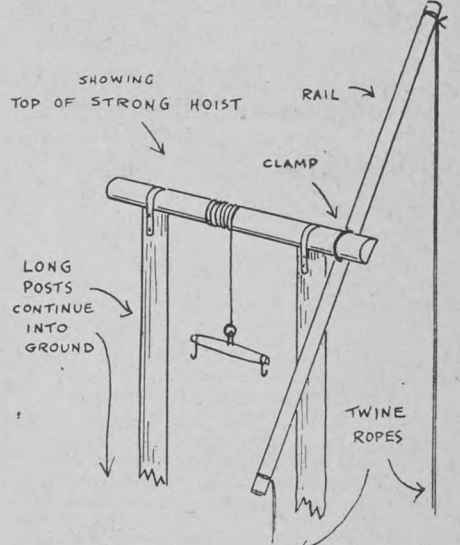


angles to the wires, hook them together and twist each tightly around the other wire with pliers so that a firm contact is made. To prevent corrosion and to obtain a good electrical contact the joint should be soldered. It should then be wrapped securely with rubber tape applied while the joint is still hot from soldering so the rubber will be vulcanized. Friction tape should cover the rubber and extend at least one-half inch beyond the points where insulation was removed and should be compressed firmly.

The other figure shows how to tie a knot that will relieve strain on individual wires attached to an electric socket or also how wires should be placed around the bayonet prongs of a plug to give a connection maximum strength.

A Good Strong Hoist

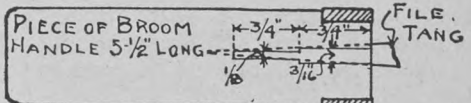
A strong hoist that will lift a beef carcass or other heavy object is made by sinking two strong posts in the ground, bracing them firmly and placing a roller on the top as shown. The tops should be hollowed out to take the roller and two strong pieces of



strap iron carried over the tops to hold the roller in place. The rail is fastened to the roller with a clamp and a piece of twine rope attached to the ends. The weight can be held at any height by giving one of the ropes a hitch around the post. An old single tree works well as a spreader.—K. Johansen, Bashaw, Alta.

Handy File Handles

Most farm shops are sadly lacking in decent file handles. This shows one which can be made in 10 minutes and which will fit any file and last a lifetime. Cut off a piece of broom handle about 5 1/2 inches long, hacksaw a ferrule from a half-inch pipe or light tubing, trim one end of the handle down, and drive the ferrule on tightly. Next bore a 3-16-inch hole about 3/4-inch deep, a 1/8-inch hole about 3/4-inch further, and then round off the other

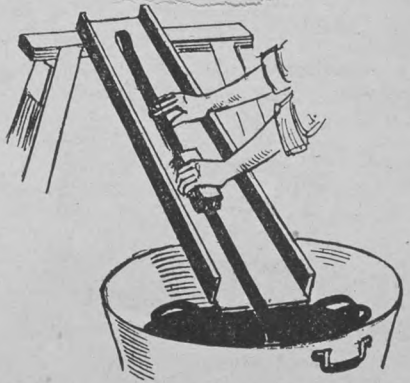


FERRULE HACKSAWED FROM 1/2" PIPE OR TUBING AND DRIVEN ON TIGHTLY

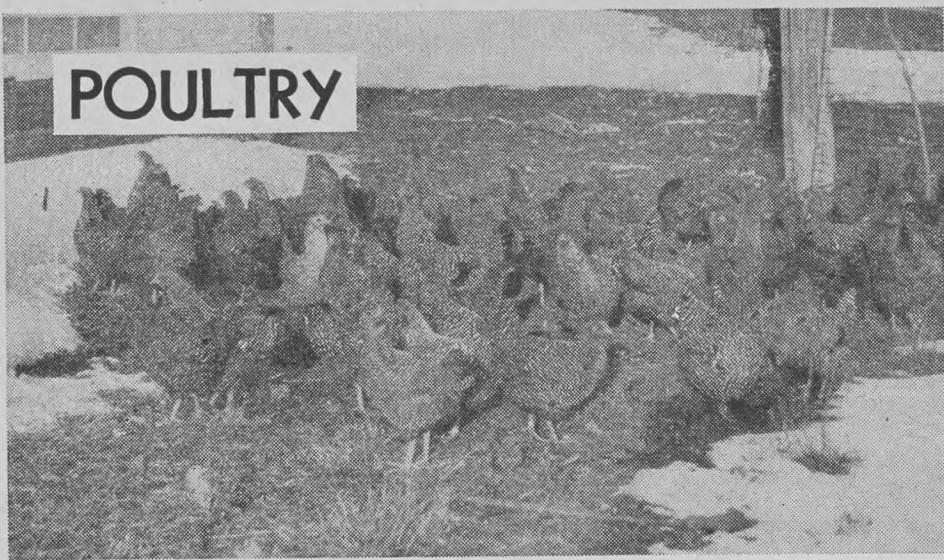
end so it will be comfortable to the hand. Serviceable handles can even be made from a piece of corn cob if one end is trimmed down and a ferrule screwed on, made from the bottom shell of an electric socket or the outer shell of a garden hose coupling.—I. W. Dickerson.

Harness Scrubbing Board

In overhauling harness, first take it apart and make the necessary repairs. Then, to clean it, allow it to soak thoroughly in a washtub of warm water containing a handful of washing soda. When taking it out, a piece at a time, to scrub it clean, this scrubbing board is a great help. The water drains back into the tub. Apply the harness oil when the harness is still wet and rub it in well. As the moisture dries out, the oil penetrates still further. Drop the oiled pieces on top of each other, so that any oil that drops off from the top pieces will drip on to the lower pieces. More than one application of oil can be made if the leather will take it.



POULTRY



More of both eggs and poultry are asked for this year.

Handling Hatching Eggs

Poor hatching results may be caused by storing the eggs at too high or too low a temperature, rough handling, or by keeping them too long before incubating. During the early part of the season, when the poultry house is likely to be cold, the eggs should be gathered at frequent intervals. Later in the season it is equally important that the eggs be gathered promptly to prevent the germ commencing to grow prematurely. The most suitable temperature for storing hatching eggs is in the neighborhood of 50 degree Fahr. At this temperature chilling does not take place and the germ will not commence growth. Preferably eggs should be stored with the large end up. Careful handling at shipping time to prevent unnecessary jarring, and protection from extremes in temperature are also important. Clean eggs are superior to dirty ones and the necessary precautions should be taken to see that the nests are kept supplied with clean straw or other nesting material.

Feed and Breed for Hatchability

A LARGE number of hatching eggs will be required in 1944 by the commercial hatcheries in order to supply all the chicks that will be needed for farm flocks. The number needed will be as large, or larger than in 1943. One of the problems now being faced by the hatcheries is that of obtaining sufficient high quality eggs from blood-tested flocks to keep their incubators running at capacity or near capacity. Owners of approved flocks that sell hatching eggs can accomplish much in improving hatchability, provided action is taken well in advance of the hatching season to provide the birds with feeds that are known to be needed for this purpose. The results of investigational work carried on in recent years have provided practical guidance in the feeding of breeding birds for the improvement of egg hatchability. The information gained has been largely responsible for the general increase in hatchability that has taken place during the past decade. Preparation for the hatching season should begin four to six weeks before eggs are to be saved for incubation. Remedying deficiencies in the ration with a view to obtaining improved hatches cannot be accomplished in a few days.

Low hatchability is sometimes due to the breeding, or strain of birds being kept, but more often it is due to the feeds supplied. The usual rations given to laying stocks are likely to be too low in vitamin content to give the best results. Three vitamins, A, D, and G, are the ones most likely to be deficient. Vitamins A and D can be satisfactorily supplied by any of the dependable brands of fish oils manufactured for feeding purposes. The vitamin content of the oil, however, should always be ascertained at the time the purchase is made. Since the outbreak of war the oils supplied for feeding are generally higher in vitamin content than those supplied in peace time. The vitamins in these oils have a beneficial effect upon the flock from the standpoint of health and the number of eggs laid. Their use is more than repaid in increased egg production and reduced mortality alone. For the hatching season it is doubly important that they be employed. Oils

containing 200 or more units of vitamin D, and 1,000 or more units of vitamin A are now most widely offered for sale. A pint and a half of oil of this potency should be mixed with each hundred pounds of mash. Another means of supplying it is to mix a dessertspoonful in the wet mash for each twelve birds daily. Mash mixed with oil should not be stored in a warm room, and it is not advisable to mix the feed too long in advance of feeding. The third essential vitamin, G (riboflavin) is contained in milk and alfalfa, grasses, liver, and in dried brewer's yeast. Formerly, meat meal contained considerable riboflavin, but due to the removal of certain organs such as the liver and kidneys in the manufacture of this product, there is less vitamin G. Supplies of riboflavin are more difficult to obtain than the other essential vitamins. If milk is available for drink the problem is solved. Well-cured alfalfa leaves also help. The more concentrated forms such as milk powder and liver-meal are scarce. Riboflavin in pure form has been manufactured and certain feed stores are carrying supplies.

Minerals That Help Hatchability

It has been proven that the thickness and density or texture of the egg shell have important influence upon hatchability. Shells of normal thickness and of good texture will permit of improved hatching over shells that are thin or of poor texture. To insure good shells the minerals that supply the necessary ingredients for their manufacture must be provided. Since shells are largely calcium, this mineral must be given in liberal quantities. Oyster shell if available is excellent. Failing a supply of oyster shell, a good feeding grade of calcium granules or pellets should be given in a self-feeder where the birds have access to it. To insure sufficient consumption of calcium during the hatching season, some poultrymen follow the plan of including two to three pounds of ground oyster shell, ground limestone, or feeding bonemeal in each hundred pounds of dry mash.

One of the peculiarities of calcium is that it cannot be fully utilized by birds or animals unless they have access to direct sunshine or have a supply of vitamin D. To insure satisfactory utilization of calcium is an additional reason for supplying a good grade of feeding oil in the ration during the hatching season. The addition of a very small amount of manganese sulphate to the dry mash has been found to further improve the quality of the egg shell, and hence improve hatchability. Four ounces per ton is the recommended amount to include in the mash. Only a trace is needed and larger amounts may prove harmful. The best method of insuring a uniform distribution of the manganese sulphate is to dissolve it in water and sprinkle the solution over the protein supplement, or other ingredients used in limited quantity, before this is added to the mash.

Many of the commercial feed companies manufacture a special concentrate for birds during the breeding season. Dependable brands of these feeds give excellent results. The important matter is to add the ingredients to the ration that will insure high hatchability, and to add them well in advance of the beginning of the hatching season.

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD FARMERS' BULLETIN

NEW POLICY ON LAMB PRICES

Under Board Order 196, passed in October, 1942, wholesale ceiling prices were fixed for each classification of lamb, except spring lamb. These ceilings will continue until June 30, 1944.

On July 1st, a year-round wholesale ceiling price for all lamb except spring lamb, but including winter-fed lamb, will go into effect at 26¼ cents lb. carcass basis, zone six, with customary differentials applying in other zones. This will be the new wholesale ceiling in each succeeding year henceforth, for everything except spring lamb.

SPRING LAMB—Under Order 353, issued January 3, 1944, wholesale ceiling prices for spring lamb will now be as follows:

January 3 to April 30, 1944.....	34 cents lb.
May 1 to June 30, 1944.....	30 cents lb.
<i>Prices are carcass basis, zone six, with customary differentials in other zones.</i>	

On July 1 a new Order will extend the 30 cents lb. spring lamb ceilings to July 15, and will provide that in each succeeding year, spring lamb ceilings will be as follows:

January 1 to April 30.....	34 cents lb.
May 1 to July 15.....	30 cents lb.
<i>Prices are carcass basis, zone six, with customary differentials in other zones.</i>	

Spring lamb is defined as fresh meat from lambs born in the same year in which the meat is sold, or in the December previous.

MAPLE SYRUP — COUPON VALUES

The value of "Preserves" coupons when used for maple syrup, has been increased to 40 ozs. per coupon effective at once and continuing until May 31. After May the value will revert to 24 ozs. per coupon. The increase in coupon value to 40 ozs. will permit the purchase of one gallon with 4 "Preserves" coupons. Coupled with the fact that one-gallon containers will be available to syrup producers this season, the new coupon value will facilitate marketing and should be an encouragement to production.

The value of "Preserves" coupons for Maple Sugar has been raised from ½ pound to 2 pounds, effective throughout the year.

CONDITIONAL SALES OF MILL FEED

All conditional sales of flour with Mill Feed from millers to feed dealers, and from feed dealers to farmers, are now prohibited by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. Feed dealers are no longer obligated to accept any specific amount of flour with their mill feed orders. They will therefore be in a position to supply mill-feed requirements of their farmer customers, to the amount available, without imposing any conditions of flour purchases upon them. This applies to all contracts for the purchase of Mill Feeds made after January 21.

CUSTOM SLAUGHTERING AND DRESSING OF POULTRY

Order No. A-1056—Effective January 13, 1944.

Under this Order the custom slaughtering and dressing of poultry is declared a "service" with maximum fees set as follows:—

Chicken, over 3 lbs.....	8c. per bird	Ducks.....	15c. per bird
Chicken, 3 lbs. and under....	6c. "	Geese.....	20c. "
Fowl.....	7c. "	Turkeys.....	12c. "

STORAGE CHARGES ON POTATOES

Order No. A-929—Effective October 21, 1943

This order setting the ceiling prices for potatoes provides that storage charges may be added to the ceiling prices in each zone commencing January 10, 1944. The total storage charges that can be added in the period from February 7 to March 5 are 10c. per 75 lb. bag; 15c. per 100 lb. bag.

FARMERS WHO KILL MEAT FOR THEIR OWN USE

Farmers who kill meat for use on their own farms or for neighbouring farmers do not need Slaughtering Permits, but should notify their nearest Local Ration Board. If you have not already done so, use the form below so that each month you will receive a postage-free return envelope in which to turn in unused meat coupons together with coupons received from the sale of any meat to other farmers.

To: THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD,

I am a producer of meat. Please send me monthly postage-free addressed envelope for the return to you of meat coupons

(Name)

(Address)

No. of persons usually residing on my farm premises.....

I do intend to sell meat to other farmers

I do not (Cross out that which does not apply.)

For fuller details of any of the above orders apply to the nearest office of The Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

NO TIME OUT FOR COLDS!



War Plants Cry for Power . . . So Hurried Dam-Builders Take Aspirin for Speedy Relief

Don't let his mask scare you. That's just a dust mask. He's the star cement-mixer . . . rushing a dam to give power . . . more power for building tanks. Big war plants can't wait . . . he can't coddle a fever . . . can't stop for a cold . . . or for muscular pains and aches; so when painful symptoms first start . . . he reaches for ASPIRIN. He knows dependable Aspirin brings fast relief.

Aspirin, rated as one of the safest of all Analgesics . . . is made in Canada. And "Aspirin" is the trade-mark of The Bayer Company, Limited. Look for the Bayer Cross on every tablet. If you don't see this cross, it isn't Aspirin.

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Drop an Aspirin Tablet in a glass of water; instantly, it starts to disintegrate. In 2 seconds, it's ready to begin its work. That's what happens in your stomach when you take Aspirin . . . hence almost INSTANT RELIEF.

ASPIRIN

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DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

THE LAST SHOT

Continued from page 11

with his boots on, as the old-timers were wont to express it. If he could have got word to Botsford or Eaton that he was trapped they would start at once with a posse to assist him. But the Fry-pan was many hours' ride distant. He had been cut off from his friends, who probably would not learn of his plight till too late. He had nobody to look to but himself. The odds against him would be ten or twelve to one, he figured. Probably by this time Fallon had heard that he was employed by the Cattleman's Association, and it would be no trouble to gather a formidable group of rustlers who would join in putting an end to him in order to destroy any evidence he might have collected.

The odds against him did not consist only of numbers. He had such ammunition as there was in his revolver and rifle. After that he was through. Fallon and his friends could step into a store and renew their supply. He could not do that, even if he lived long enough to empty both weapons.

In spite of his youth Stewart was cool and far-sighted. He meant to play his hand out as best he could. Unless the enemy rushed him and came to close quarters his revolver would be of little use. Therefore he would waste no shots from it but rely wholly on the rifle.

Fallon was apparently in no hurry. The imprisoned man could see that guards were posted on each side of the cabin to make sure he did not slip out and escape. The leisurely way in which the outlaws were preparing the attack implied thoroughness. They intended to get him if possible without risking a rush in which one or two of them might be killed. So far as Stewart could see he was caught like a rat in a trap.

It was characteristic of him that he set about making a report to Eaton of the Cattleman's Association. He had mailed his last one five minutes before entering Park's Place on that occasion when he had first had an encounter with Fallon and his aides. It was possible that his enemies would burn the cabin with his body in it. Almost certainly, if they killed him, they would destroy any written memoranda he might leave. But there was a chance that if he concealed the notebook they might overlook it. He had lived long enough in a turbulent world to know that life is full of uncertainties. So he wrote, with the stub of a pencil.

"Right away, after making last report, I ran into a streak of bad luck. It was this way. Fallon's gang hangs out at Park's Place. I dropped in there to pick up anything I might hear. A bunch of fellows from Martin's Hole came in. They began running on me and I had to kill Dug Howard and wound Denver Pete. It was Denver Pete who began making smoke. Doctor Peters says he will always have to walk with a crutch.

"Well, I made my getaway, though I was shot in the leg. I had to grab a horse belonging to Cliff Wylie and it headed for the ranch. Reckon I was some lightheaded. I fainted and Miss Wylie found me and took me to the ranch and nursed me till I could get around. Cliff protected me when Fallon's crowd came and wanted to kill me. The Wylies are all right. All of them. You have already got the names of those I think are in the Fallon bunch. Cliff has broken off all relations with them. An hour ago I saw them shooting at him and his sons.

"Looks like Fallon has got me this time for sure. I am trapped in a cabin near the Mesa House and he is gathering his men to put me out of business. Am sitting near the window watching them, and I see some signs of action. They are firing at the house, so will close for the present."

Stewart pushed the notebook into

the top of his boot and picked up the rifle. Even while writing he had kept watch on his enemies and had seen them gathering in. There were more of them than there had been when he had first taken refuge in the cabin. They had now separated so as to half surround the cabin and take advantage of such cover as there was of buildings and trees. Bullets were flying. One had bored a hole neatly through the table he had nailed over the west window and had imbedded itself in the log wall on the opposite side of the room.

He could hear the spatter of lead against the walls and the shattering of the window panes. It was dangerous to look out, but he had to make sure they were not creeping up on him. When there came a lull in the firing he took a swift survey, first from one window and then from the other. Not a man was to be seen. All of them were under cover.

So far he had not fired a shot. His problem was to conserve his ammunition and yet let his foes understand that he was dangerous. He dared not waste a shot. Yet he could not seem to be so careful that they would suspect him to be short of ammunition.

The afternoon was wearing away. Through the western window he could see the sun sinking into the horizon. Soon it would be night, and with darkness would come added dangers. Very likely the outlaws would creep up and try to set fire to the cabin.

He caught a glimpse of someone creeping along the edge of the chaparral and flung a shot at him. Whether he hit his mark or not he could not tell, but the figure vanished and did not reappear.

THE drama quickened to a crescendo of action. From all sides, it seemed, the outlaws poured a hail of lead at the cabin. The table and the boards nailed to the window frame were like sieves and the window panes were completely shattered. This must have lasted five or ten minutes, during which time Stewart tried several shots from a hole in the plaster between the logs which he had scooped out with a hatchet and his knife. He had no assurance that any of them were effective.

The firing stopped as suddenly as it had quickened. Why? Stewart asked himself that question and found one suggested answer that troubled him. The fusillade had been to hold his attention while something important was under way.

He peeped through first one window and then the other. The attackers were all out of sight behind cover. He unbolted and unlocked the back door, very carefully opened it a few inches, craned his head forward, and looked out.

A clump of grass beside a mesquite bush quivered. The sinking sun heliographed a message upon a bit of steel. Stewart flung open the door and raised his rifle. Both weapons barked at the same time. From out of the mesquite leaped a figure, threw up both arms, and plunged forward into the sand. The cattle detective stepped back, slammed the door, and locked it. He stepped to one side a fraction of a second before bullets tore through the door and sent splinters flying.

He counted the holes in the door. There were three of them. There had been at least four men creeping through the bunch grass and mesquite toward the back door of the cabin. With the hatchet he chopped away another piece of the mud plaster between the logs. Through the hole made he could watch the stretch back of the house.

The huddled body of the dead man lay in plain view fifty or sixty yards from the house, but none of those who had come with him was to be seen. Twice Stewart thought he detected a waving of grass and fired on suspicion, but his shots were apparently wasted except as a warning that he was still alive and alert.

Presently, since only an occasional bullet zipped across the open at the cabin, he took the notebook from the leg of his boot and added fresh data to the report.

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"Only two cartridges left in the rifle. I reckon they will rush me when those are gone. Say goodbye to the boys for me if I don't make the grade. So long."

"They have begun to fire again hot and heavy."

Stewart put the notebook back in the leg of his boot. He picked up the rifle and crept to one of the chinks he had cut in the wall.

WITH a sinking heart Willa watched the buckboard and its flanking riders disappear over the rim of the park. She believed that Wesley Stewart was going to his death, and the thought of it was like a knife thrust in her side. She did not understand this wild commotion of the soul that swept her being, but she knew she could not sit quietly at the ranch and wait for the news of his destruction.

She walked up and down, up and down the bedroom where he had spent his days of illness and convalescence, and there rose within her a surging panic of terror. Somehow she must save him. But how . . . how . . . how? She beat one small clenched fist into the palm of the other hand in the agony of her irresolution.

Then, suddenly, doubt vanished. She would at least be on the scene of action, ready to help him if possible. Running downstairs and out to the stable, she found a lariat and hurried to the corral. Quickly she roped a pony, brought it back to the stable, and saddled.

Willa knew she could not get to town as soon as the buckboard and its conveyer. She had lost a precious half hour. Before her arrival the tragedy would probably have been enacted. But there was always the chance that she might be in time. Indeed the persistent instinct of hope in her denied passionately the logic of the situation. He must be alive, because she so wanted him to be; and if so, if she could once more look into his quiet steady eyes and meet the whimsical smile, she surely somehow could frustrate this horrible fate that impended. Youth's egoism cried aloud in her. If love meant anything, if it had any power or any rights . . . and unless the scheme of life was all wrong it had . . . she could stand between the man she loved and destruction.

She rode fast. Silver Tip had both speed and stamina, and Willa called on the horse now for all that it had to give. She cantered up the slope to the rim of the park and along the road over which the buckboard had passed. When she came to the cutoff she swung the horse into it. The trail was rough and in places steep, for it led across a mountain known as Flat-top instead of round it.

From the summit she looked down on Mesa, and as she looked at that sleepy village far below fear clutched at her throat. The main street, with the road leading to it, was a strip of yellow ribbon. Along this moved some tiny figures

that she knew were horses and men. The buckboard had reached town and was approaching the little business section. From a building came a billowing puff of smoke, and another, and another. Sounds like far-off crackers carried on the breeze to her.

No answering smoke came from those of the buckboard party. She watched, fear-driven, every nerve keyed to tension, while the little party moved forward, stopped, and again gathered into motion. She saw one of the mannikins separate from the rest and pass into a building. The fire crackers no longer exploded. For a moment the drowsy peace again settled over Mesa. The buckboard had disappeared. The street was again a yellow ribbon with no ants moving on it.

But only for a moment. Like pips from a lemon, small black objects seemed to squirt out of the building from which the smoke had come. They travelled along the yellow ribbon to the squat foreshortened structure into which the other mannikin had disappeared, and they, too, vanished inside of it.

Willa put Silver Tip recklessly at the precipitous slope, and the bronco slithered down like a cat. It was a trail that had to be negotiated with caution, but she had no time now to think of herself. Her whole preoccupation was with the drama below. She must hurry or she would be too late.

She knew, even as she galloped across the valley to the frontier village, that there would be no use appealing to Fallon. He would gloat over her misery and proceed to his vengeance, in case he had not yet exacted it.

Willa rode to the livery stable. She met Bryson, the proprietor, just coming out. He was an old friend of her father and she knew he was a silent enemy of Joe Fallon.

"Have they killed him?" she cried, reining in.

"Yore father? Why no, him an' the boys all got away."

"Wes Stewart, the man they were after."

"Not yet. They done got him cornered in the old Ringold cabin."

"Alone?"

"Yep. Like I said, yore folks all got away."

"But aren't you going to do anything . . . stop it? Why, it's just murder!" she cried.

"What can I do?" he asked, turning surprised eyes on her. "Joe Fallon had given the word 'hands off'."

"What if he has? He's nothing but a thief and a ruffian. You won't sit still . . . you and all the other men in Mesa . . . and let him kill this boy, will you?"

She was unreasonable, of course. Bryson recognized that. But he argued with her patiently.

"How many able-bodied men are there in Mesa, Miss Willa, men who aren't tied up with Fallon's outfit? Offhand, I'd say about four-five. What could we do if we wanted to? An' anyhow what business is it of ours? If it was Cliff an' the boys in trouble, why I reckon I'd buy a stack an' sit in. But this fellow went up there lookin' for trouble. Mind, I don't blame him. I wish there were more young fellows like him in this country. But he took his fightin' chance. He'd tell you so his own self if you asked him. The luck broke against him, an' he's got no kick comin'."

"It's easy enough for you to say that," she cried indignantly.

"I'm tellin' you he'd say it, too," Bryson went on. "He knew the cards were stacked before he sat in. It was his choice, not ours. A game man like he is wouldn't expect strangers to horn in an' help him outa the hole. An' he won't cave in on the play either. No, ma'am. He'll go through. You see!"

She caught her hands together in a little gesture of despair. "I'm responsible. I got him into it by telling Joe Fallon he was up in the Hole watching him. Oh, I've got to do something. I've got to save him somehow."

Bryson shook his head. "You got no call to feel that way about it, Miss Willa. This Stewart went into the Hole with his eyes open. He's no fool. He musta figured up the chances against him when he undertook to collect evidence against an outfit like Fallon's. No, it's just the break of the play."

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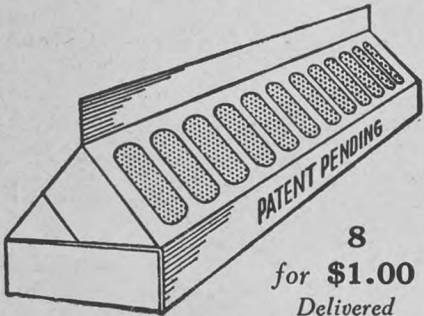
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From this view Willa could not shake him. She rode to Doctor Peter's office. The doctor was reading a magazine.

"Isn't it terrible?" she cried. "How can you sit there reading while they're murdering that boy?"

He put a letter in the magazine at the page he was reading and closed it. "Why not? What should I be doing? I'll be busy enough pretty soon, I dare say."

"What can I do, Doctor? It's all my fault. How can I save him? Would it do any good to go to Joe Fallon and beg for him?"

"Not a bit. There's nothing you or I or anyone can do. We're not living in a civilized community."

SHE broke down and wept, biting her lip to keep back the storm of emotion that was breaking. "Save him, Doctor, save him," she wailed.

Even as she spoke, as though in ironical mockery of her appeal, there came the sound of a fusillade of shots.

Doctor Peters spoke gently to her, his hand on her shoulder. "Not a thing we can do, my dear. You know that as well as I do."

"I betrayed him. Then my father brought him in to be killed," she cried, trembling. "But I've got to do something. I'll go to Joe Fallon."

"No," Dr. Peters objected. "No use at all, and you'd better not. He's furious at your father and brothers. And he's been drinking a lot. All his men are doing that."

Willa went to the Mesa Emporium. The door of the store was closed and locked, but at her insistent knocking the proprietor came to the door.

"I'm not doing business today," he announced through a crack to her.

"Mr. Moss, isn't there something you can do for that poor boy?" she begged. "They owe you money . . . Fallon and his crowd. Won't you speak to them?"

"No, ma'am, I won't," he replied promptly. "I haven't got a thing to do with it . . . not a thing." He gestured eloquent refusal with both hands.

"But someone's got to do something. What's the matter? Are you all afraid, you men? Won't you take a chance?"

"Lady, I'm not one of these gunmen. See? I keep a store. I don't mix in no shooting affairs. I'm a peaceful citizen from the Bronx, New York, and no wild and woolly wolf. See? Y'betcha I'm afraid. Why wouldn't I be?"

Willa gave him up. There was no help here.

More than once, drawn by the irresistible need to verify with her own eyes the fact that her friend was still alive, she went to a small hill back of the village from which she could look down upon the scene. The second time she drew near the mesquite-covered summit she caught sight of a man crouched behind a bush. Her first thought was that this must be one of the snipers, but when he turned his head at sound of her approach, she recognized her brother Jim.

"You here!" she exclaimed; and "You!" he echoed.

"I couldn't stay at the ranch," she explained. "Oh, Jim, it's dreadful . . . to stand here and let them . . . let them . . . What can we do?"

"Nothin', now. Win's ridin' hell-for-leather to get help. He told Dad he

wasn't gonna stand it an' be what you might call a silent pardner in this killin'. Dad didn't kick. He said he could go if he wanted to. I've got a notion Dad kinda wishes he'd played his hand different."

"Where has Win gone?"

"To the Frying-pan."

"But he can't be back till nearly morning."

"No," admitted Jim.

"It will be too late."

As though in answer to her despairing prophecy the firing below quickened with dramatic suddenness. The sound of it was like that of a drum tattoo. The two on the hilltop could see that the assailants were focusing a heavy fire from several directions upon the cabin. This kept up for several minutes. It seemed to Willa as though the small building in the clearing must be riddled, that nothing could remain alive in it after that devastating attack.

Jim gave an exclamation of excitement. "Look, Sis!"

His finger pointed to the chaparral back of the house. Out of it a man was creeping on hands and knees . . . and another . . . and another . . . and still a fourth. Evidently the heavy firing was a distraction to cover their approach.

"They're going to get him from behind," she cried in panic.

"Yep," her brother assented.

She tried to warn the imprisoned man by shouting, as though her voice could possibly carry that far. And it seemed almost as though he had heard, for the back door of the cabin was flung open and a man stood there just in the doorway.

"He's seen 'em," Jim murmured.

To those watching in fear it seemed that the man stood there a long time exposed to the fire of those hidden in the mesquite. In reality it could have been scarcely a second. He raised his weapon. Two rifles cracked simultaneously. From out of the bushes a man leaped and fell headlong. The cabin door slammed shut.

"He got one of 'em," Jim cried, every nerve tense.

Temporarily the firing ceased. Those above could see the slow careful retreat of three of the outlaws who had tried to surprise Stewart. The fourth remained sprawled where he had fallen.

"Let's go back and find out who he got," Jim suggested.

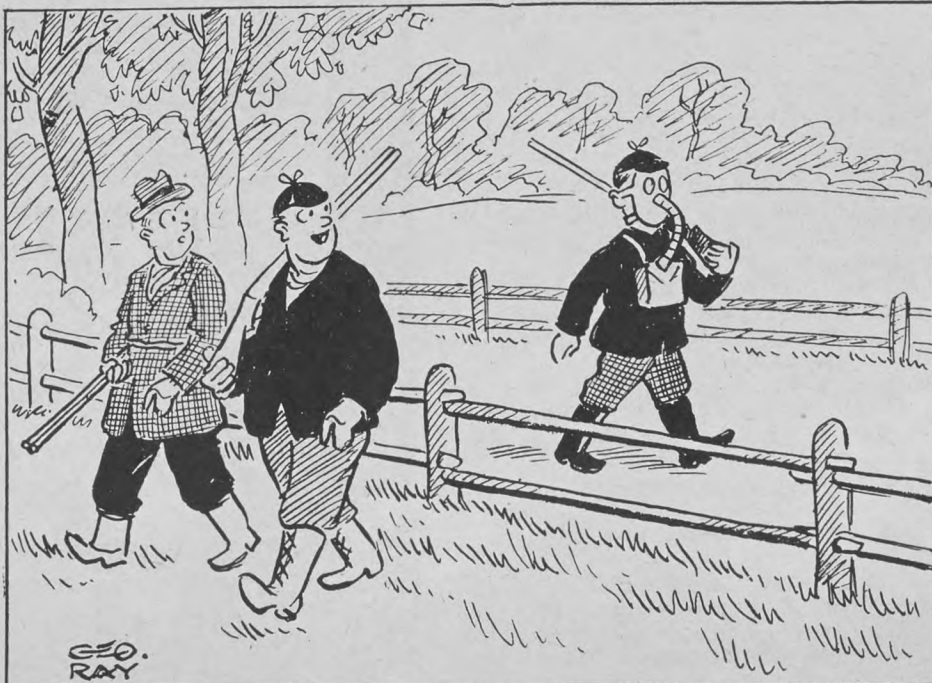
They returned to Bryson's corral. The owner of the place met them at the gate. He had been out after news.

"He's got Scarnecked Mike," Bryson said. "Suits me fine. I wouldn't worry if he'd bumped off some more of 'em. But I reckon he's about through. They figure he can't have more'n one or two cartridges left in the rifle. Pretty soon they'll close in on him an' finish him."

"While he can't defend himself," the girl cried, appalled.

"He'll have his six-gun, if he hasn't emptied it, an' I'll bet he hasn't. But that won't take him far. He's pretty near shot his wad, looks like."

As she stood there with the fear of death in her heart, Willa's thoughts fluttered here and there like caged birds trying to find a way out. And, of a sudden, she saw a way to help. It might be futile, but at least it was a hope.



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While Jim and Bryson were talking she slipped away, for she knew her brother would never let her attempt so wild a plan if he were aware of what was in her mind. She ran to the Mesa Emporium and knocked with her small fist upon the back door, at the same time calling on Mr. Moss to let her in.

He came querulously to the door. "What you want?" he asked from within.

"Let me in. Let me in. Oh, hurry please!" she cried.

Reluctantly, as before, he opened the door.

"What is it you want?" he asked resentfully.

She told him in hurried desperate tones.

"No . . . no . . . no! I tell you, lady, I am not in this. Understand?"

The girl advanced on him imperiously, not daunted for a moment. She did not intend to let him or anybody else stand in her way now.

WES STEWART knew that the end was near . . . unless some miracle happened. And in real life miracles do not take place. He had only one cartridge left in his rifle. When that was gone his enemies would perhaps wait a little while out of deference to the wholesome respect he had bred in them; then they would move closer and presently rush the cabin. There was no hope of standing them off. He might kill one or perhaps two before they pumped his body full of lead.

He did not weaken to self pity. No use in that. He needed all his resolution for that last scene when he might be called upon to face a circle of sneering malignant faces just before the finish.

But the lusty life in him protested. His last day, his last sunset, his last dusk! Probably. And in years he was scarcely more than a boy. Hard luck. But there was no use kicking.

He watched through his peep holes as closely as ever. His enemies were getting bolder. Very likely they had tried to count his shots and thought he was out of ammunition. If so, they had guessed not so badly.

Through his glasses the young man watched them. He thought once or twice that he could make out Fallon moving to and fro among the others. But he was not sure. He wanted the last bullet to be for the outlaw leader if possible.

He thought of the mother he had lost while still a young boy, of friends past and present. None of them would know except in bare outline the story of his last stand. Inevitably his mind came back always to the girl who had, during the past week or two, played so large a part in his life. She was so full of eager generous youth. He did not know much about women, for he had lived largely among men. But he knew that no other woman had ever done for him or been so much as this hill girl who had touched his imagination and his emotions. Would she miss him? He knew she would, but he was unable to guess how much that would be.

He wished . . . But what was the use of going into that? He would be done with the things of this world very soon.

A shout of warning brought him up sharply from his day dream. Someone was running across the open toward the cabin. He had the swift amazed impression that the runner was a woman.

Someone cut across the open at an angle to head the woman off. Presently others appeared out of the chaparral, all running to intercept her. She had the start of most of them, of all except the one who had first appeared.

Stewart hurriedly unbolted and unlocked the front door. He flung it open and raced to meet the approaching runner. His enemies were intent on capturing the woman. Their eyes were on her, so that in the gathering dusk they did not notice him as he plunged limping forward.

He discovered two things. The first was that the man converging from the

left would intercept Willa. The second was that the man was Joe Fallon. Presently he added another discovery to these, that Fallon would reach Willa before he did. The girl saw her danger and swerved to the right, as a football player does to avoid a tackler.

Stewart stopped, raised the rifle, and fired, not waiting to take aim. The outlaw stumbled, dragged himself a step or two, and went down. His ankle, shattered, had collapsed under his weight.

Willa flew toward her friend. I brought you cartridges," she cried.

He did not thank her. His whole immediate preoccupation was for her safety.

"Run!" he ordered. "For the cabin."

Fallon was on his knees, firing at him with a revolver. It may have been the shock of the wound or it may have been the distance, but the bullets of the outlaw missed their mark.

The young man's eyes were on his enemy, but he knew that Willa was still standing behind him.

"Run! Do you hear?" he ordered.

Then, that she might be out of range of Fallon's weapon, he moved closer to the fallen man, firing with his revolver as he did so. For a space of seconds the

duel lasted, while each man emptied his six-shooter at the other. Very slowly Fallon sank, first to his elbow, then prone, as his strength ebbed. The heavy bullets of his foe tore through the man's vital organs. His death, he knew, was but a matter of moments, but the will to kill kept him firing. He emptied the heavy revolver, though an autopsy later showed that three of his wounds were mortal ones.

The cattle detective turned. "Come!" he cried, and together he and Willa ran for the cabin. No bullets followed him. In the dubious light the men from the Hole were uncertain who the man with the girl was. He might be Fallon, so they withheld their fire.

Safe for the moment inside the cabin, Stewart turned brutally upon her. "Why did you do it?" he demanded. The uppermost thought in his mind was still her safety. His concern for her made him harsh. "You had no business coming."

"I had to bring you cartridges," she said simply, as though that covered everything necessary to explain.

It did. They looked into each other's eyes, and to man and maid was flashed the world-old message. They forgot for the moment that they were in a beleaguered cabin, his enemies surrounding them, hungry as wolves for his blood.

But they remembered presently. The sound of a bullet breaking the glass of a window pane brought them back to earth. They stood still, listening, his arms still about her.

"You must get out of here," he said.

"Both of us," she replied.

"No. I can't get away, but you can. Before it gets too dark for them to see who you are. There's an old tablecloth here you can use as a white flag."

"I'm not going without you."

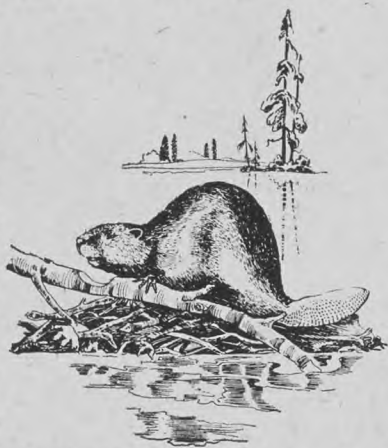
He smiled, not very happily. For he had looked on the face of joy too late. "My dear, I've got to go through this alone. That's the way the cards are dealt. You can't sit in."

"Do you think I'll go away and leave you to be killed by them? Now, of all times, after we've found each other." Her eyes were shining like stars in the darkness. Her breath was on his cheek. Against his tanned throat the warm firm flesh of her forearm pressed.

"Where do I come in, dear?" he asked her. "I can't let you stay here exposed to danger that I've brought on myself. Don't you see I can't . . . and hold my head up afterwards if I should get through alive?"

"What about me, Wes?" she asked in turn. "If I should leave you . . . and anything happened . . . what about all the years I'd have to live with myself? I'm a hill girl, Cliff Wylie's daughter, and I've been brought up to look out for myself when there is trouble."

He shook his head. "We can't get anywhere by arguing. What sticks out like a sore thumb is that if I'm a man



Easy to Keep Outhouses Clean and Odorless with GILLETT'S LYE

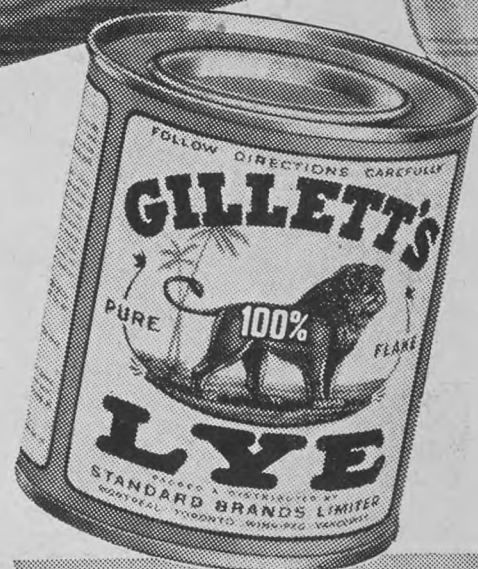
● Keep your outhouse as clean and odorless as an indoor bathroom! It's easy, when you let Gillett's Lye solve this farm problem.

Just pour Gillett's, full-strength, down your outside closet. The contents disappear! It's left clean, odor-free . . . and half a tin of Gillett's poured down it once a week will keep it so!

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"Maybe it's YOU who should stand in the corner"



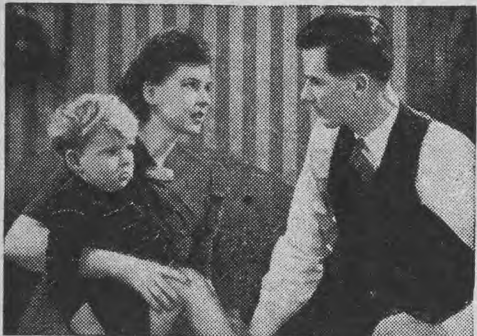
1. That's what I said to my husband when I got home last night . . . and I meant it. My patience was just about exhausted. There were Billy and his father in another of their "laxative rows" . . . Billy sobbing his heart out and saying that he wouldn't take "that nasty stuff" . . . his father insisting Billy'd take it *or else!*



2. And "or else" was to make the child stand in the corner until he gave in. "Now Jack," I argued, "if Billy hates the medicine so, there must be something wrong. Maybe Janet can help us—she's a nurse, and she ought to know."



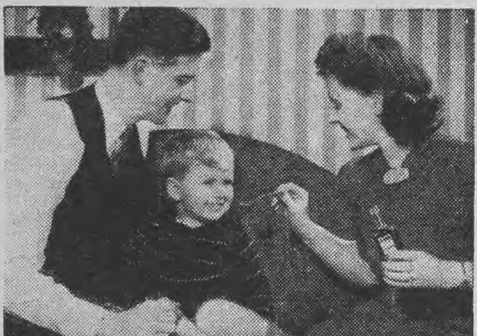
3. Janet gave me the answer over the phone. "There!" I said. "She says it's wrong to *force* bad-tasting medicine on a child. And she told me to get Castoria. It has such a pleasant taste, there's no *need* for forcing. Children *like* it."



4. "You see, Castoria is made *especially* for children. It contains no harsh drugs, so it's mild and gentle yet effective. It won't upset a child's delicate system. That's why Castoria is recommended for children from babyhood to 10 years."



5. Our druggist had some advice to give me, too. "At this season, when colds are prevalent," he said, "there's apt to be more need for a children's laxative. And I suggest Castoria in the money-saving Family Size bottle."



6. And that was the end of our laxative troubles. Billy not only *took* his Castoria—he *liked* it! As for Jack—well, he says discovering Castoria for the boy has done *him* as much good as it has Billy.

CASTORIA

The **SAFE** laxative made especially for children.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria — senna — has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

I've got to play this out alone. I can't hide behind the skirts of the woman I claim to love."

"Can I run away and leave the man I love, because he's in danger and I'm afraid to face it with him?"

"Not the right angle to look at it," he answered, and tried to show her why.

As well he might have tried to move a mountain.

At last, reluctantly, he named an ultimatum. "I've got to decide this, Willa, not you. You see, we didn't start this together. I knew what I was up against an' took a chance. If you force my hand . . . Why, I'll have to play it my way in spite of you."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll have to surrender to them."

"Surrender?"

"Yes, to protect you. I can't have you runnin' risks. Don't you see I can't?"

"But you can't surrender. They'll kill you."

"Probably."

He let that sink in.

At last she said, "Don't I count with you at all . . . how I feel, what I think?"

"More than anything else . . . except one thing. When it comes to a showdown I've got to play the big cards in this life game the way it seems to me right. I can't take yore say-so. I've got to use my own head. That's why I was given brains. I wouldn't be a man if I didn't."

"It comes to this," she persisted, "that if I stay you'll punish me by giving yourself up to let them kill you. Is that fair?"

"Not to punish you," he corrected gently. "You don't leave me any option."

SHE began to cry, softly. "So whatever I do I lose you. Don't you see . . . anything is better than that?"

"No, ma'am . . . not anything," he told her. "It wouldn't be better that I should turn out a coward. O' course I don't like what I've got to do. I hate it, as much as you do. I love you for coming. I . . . I wish I could show you how much, Willa. But the cards lie the way they lie. You can't talk 'em away, an' I can't either. I never in my life wanted more to do what's right than I do now. Well, the way I say is right for me, an' I can't make anything else seem right."

She knew, with a heart heavy as lead, that talking would change neither his opinion nor his actions. He was that kind of a man.

Willa clung to him despairingly. She was saying goodbye, probably forever, and there was nothing in the world she could do about it.

A voice from the distance came to them. They listened. The call was repeated.

"Hello the cabin!"

Wesley Stewart stepped to the door and flung it open.

"Hello!" he shouted.

"That you, Stewart?"

"Yes I've got a proposition to make. Give Miss Wylie five minutes to get out of danger before you do any more shootin'."

The words that came to him were the most welcome he had ever listened to. "There won't be any more shootin', boy. It's me . . . Homer Botsford."

The young man's heart lifted, but he felt curiously faint. He put his hand against the door jamb to steady himself.

Out of the darkness figures emerged,

many of them. He recognized Botsford and Norris and the three Wylies and Bryson and others. As soon as they found that he and Willa were unhurt they crowded around them with questions, expostulations, and congratulations.

Cliff took his daughter in his arms and upbraided her in a voice rough with emotion. "Girl, girl! Why did you do it? Ain't you got any sense a-tall?"

"He was out of ammunition. I had to get him some."

"Plumb foolishness. You didn't either. But thank God you're alive."

She was crying like a child. "Oh, Dad, Dad, don't be against him any more," she begged. "He was going to surrender to them so as to get me out of danger."

"I never said he didn't have guts," her father defended himself. "But I don't like his business."

"I don't either. It's too dangerous. I think he'll change it now."

Cliff tilted up her tearstained face to look into her eyes. "What's that?" he demanded.

What more she said was in whispers.

Botsford and Norris and the others of the rescue party were busy giving and receiving explanations.

"Ever since that day you had the fight in Park's Place we've been kinda lookin' out for you," the fat man explained. "We didn't want to come right out an' claim you as a friend, seeing as that would queer yore game in the hills. But we've been in an' around Mesa a heap, keepin' our eyes peeled all the time. We figured you were safe long as you stayed at the CW. Young Wylie met us down the road a ways where we were camped. We claimed we were huntin' if anybody wanted to know. So when he jumped our camp we hustled right along. Cliff an' his other boy joined us, an' we kinda laid down the law to the Martin's Hole crowd. They had 'most all they wanted anyhow, with Mike an' Joe gone. I reckon, son, you've about ended their activities. There won't be any more depredations with the four worst of 'em outa business. Yore middle name is certainly thorough, boy."

"I had luck," Stewart said modestly.

"Hmp! You made yore own luck, I'll say. I never did see such a go-getter."

Cliff came over and shook hands with Stewart. "Let's bury the hatchet, boy," he said.

The young man's eyes lit. "Suits me," he said simply. But he understood that the owner of the CW meant more than appeared on the surface of his words. He had accepted the situation as Willa had put it before him.

As they walked back to the hotel the lovers found themselves alone together for a moment. His hand went out in the darkness and gripped hers.

She looked at him shyly, in a sudden fear of this man who was to be her mate.

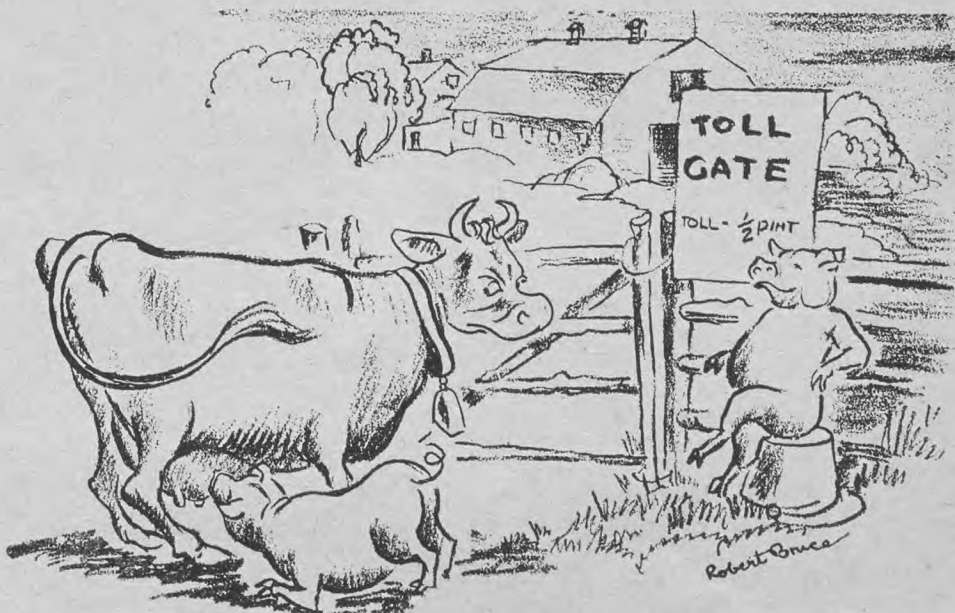
"And I don't even know your name," she murmured. "Is it really Wesley Stewart?"

"Correct," he answered. "That story about the man swappin' hats with me in the restaurant at Albuquerque was true. My name is Stewart. Do you like it well enough to take it?"

Her hand tightened on his. "Yes, Wesley, if you want me to."

At that moment the moon, riding low in the sky, sailed behind a cloud.

The End



MONTHLY COMMENTARY

by UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

Grain Transportation Problems

Towards the end of January the Wheat Board found it necessary to embargo the loading of oats and barley for shipment to the head of the lakes and for direct shipment to eastern Canada. That left the only important outlet for oats and barley in such limited shipments as could be made, to terminal elevators at Duluth, as railways were able to find cars for that movement. The result was, at many stations, to bring to an end deliveries of coarse grains by farmers. At some stations there was an off-setting benefit to farmers, to the extent that this ruling, by increasing wheat shipments, tended to enlarge the opportunities to deliver wheat. But, where farmers had exhausted their rights under the quota to deliver wheat, this left them without an opportunity to dispose of grain.

The development just referred to is just one phase of the transportation difficulty which is a major factor in the western grain situation. There are not enough transportation facilities to move western grain either as rapidly as farmers want to deliver it or as rapidly as consuming markets would absorb it.

A tremendous movement of wheat down the lakes, out of terminal elevators at Port Arthur and Fort William took place during the last six weeks of navigation, which closed on December 12th. It was so great that there was difficulty in supplying cargoes for all the vessels sent to load grain, and in fact some lake vessels which had been intended to be loaded, had to be sent on to Duluth for cargoes. When the movement was over less than ten million bushels of wheat of all grades remained at the lakehead, as against stocks of one hundred and thirty million bushels which had been carried there some time earlier. The railways had had to make a special effort to get wheat to the lakehead, to keep up with demands there. They managed to rush more than 60 million bushels forward, but only by concentrating their cars in Manitoba and eastern Saskatchewan, and ignoring for a time efforts such as formerly prevailed to equalize shipments, between different areas, so as to equalize the opportunities of different farmers for delivering grain. Thus Manitoba wheat delivery quotas are now 14 bushels at all stations, while at many points farther west farmer's opportunities to deliver wheat have yet been small.

Continuing Need for Eastbound Wheat Shipments

Heavy shipments became necessary in order to meet demands throughout the winter for wheat to be shipped overseas, for wheat to be milled in Canada, for flour to be exported to Great Britain and elsewhere, and to supply needs in the United States for feed grain. The governments of Canada and of the United States co-operated with each other to assign the maximum possible number of lake vessels to the traffic. Many boats which had previously been carrying ore down the lakes from Duluth and Superior were diverted to the grain traffic. Some of this was done after the ore piles began to freeze, and conditions were no longer favorable for loading. Other, and smaller vessels, were pulled out of the ore business earlier, mainly on the ground that they were not as efficient carriers of ore as the big boats, and that more big boats had been put into service during the year.

It will keep the railways busy during the winter to get the terminals at the lakehead filled up again, so that sufficient grain will be available for cargoes when navigation re-opens again. Present expectations are that more boats will be available than at the opening of the season in 1943. The big temporary annexes to terminal elevators which were built in 1941 to accommodate 50 million bushels of wheat have now been emptied out completely, and there is no prospect that they will be required again this



Scrap metal for victory. A carload of valuable munitions material collected at a U.G.G. elevator point. Hundreds of such carloads have been collected from farm and urban scrap metal in Western Canada.

year, and nothing to indicate when, if ever, they will again be brought into service.

Now a heavy movement of wheat has begun out of terminal elevators at the Pacific Coast, in order to supply needs south of the line in Pacific Coast states for feed grain. That will be welcome news in Alberta, because it will increase the prospect of wheat shipments from elevators in that province, which may, before the end of the crop year, be equalized with those from other provinces. But no doubt both the Wheat Board and the railways will regard it as more important to refill the elevators at Port Arthur and Fort William, on account of the extremely heavy demand to be expected when navigation opens.

At the same time a heavy movement of wheat, all rail from country elevators in western Canada has begun to destinations in the central States. Some estimates of its possible extent run as high as 50 million bushels, and it has been said that if the United States can get the wheat it will take as much as 100 million bushels from Canada during the current crop year.

Larger Wheat Quotas Possible

Before long the question is bound to arise of enlarging wheat delivery quotas in western Canada. During the past crop year the government authorized total deliveries of 280 million bushels from western farms. At first it was supposed that a uniform maximum delivery quota of 14 bushels per authorized acre would provide that quantity, but later it was found necessary to increase quotas up to 15 bushels per acre, and even then deliveries had to be extended past the end of the crop year to make up the total.

When the 1943 crop was seeded it was announced that deliveries for the current crop year would be limited to 14 bushels per authorized acre. It seems to have been supposed that this would produce a total of approximately 280 million bushels, since the authorized acreage (which is greater than the acreage actually seeded) is approximately 20 million. A very large part of the west did not produce wheat at that rate during 1943 but it was supposed that most farmers would have enough grain carried over from the previous year to make up the difference.

Now two indications point to enlarged quotas, which quite possibly will run well above 14 bushels per authorized acre. One is the evident fact that on many farms there is not, either because of poor crops, or because wheat has been fed, enough wheat to make deliveries possible up to 14 bushels per authorized acre. So unless total deliveries are to fall well below 280 million bushels, quotas will have to be increased for those farmers who have wheat to deliver. The other is the fact that the total quantity of wheat disposed of by Canada during the current crop year will very greatly exceed 280 million

bushels. Consequently there is going to be room, on the whole, for larger deliveries than last year. No doubt transportation difficulties will make it impossible to make use of all the storage space in Canada, and country elevators can not be cleared of wheat as fast as can terminal elevators. Nevertheless, before the end of the crop year there may well be space in country elevators to hold deliveries on a much increased basis. It would not be sound policy to force farmers to keep wheat on hand if there is room for them to deliver it. Events of this year have shown how important it is to have wheat in large quantities ready for shipping to meet whatever demands occur for it, and the reasonable expectation is that demands for Canadian wheat are going to increase. Large quotas are probably not to be expected immediately. Naturally the Wheat Board will try to insure opportunities for deliveries at points which have not so far been favored, before quotas are enlarged elsewhere. But experience during November and December showed that if the railways are to have the chance to move maximum quantities, they must be given a good deal of freedom in placing cars for loading. Under present conditions it is more important to get the maximum loading service from railways than to try to avoid occasional inequalities, when an attempt to do so may slow down the whole movement of grain.

Chicago Market Becomes Important to Western Farmers

The Winnipeg futures market was closed on September 28. There have been no price movements in the futures markets there for oats and barley, where prices have long been at ceiling levels, which levels apply to grains sold in Canada, but do not apply when sales are made across the border.

Under these circumstances, the Chicago grain futures market has become a major factor in determining the prices at which Canadian grain is sold. It does so in ways which are somewhat curious and round about.

To consider wheat first. It was pointed out on this page last month that Crown wheat, which is the property of the Government of Canada, is used to supply Canadian needs and the needs of Great Britain and other countries which obtain wheat and flour under the Mutual Aid Plan. All transactions in such wheat are presently recorded on the basis of \$1.25 per bushel, a price basis which has been fixed by the Government of Canada.

When, however, sales of wheat are made by the Canadian Wheat Board to the United States, these are not filled from Crown Wheat, but from wheat delivered during the current year by

producers to the Wheat Board. The Wheat Board is not bound to sell such wheat on the basis of \$1.25, which is the basis of its initial price to producers; instead it sells such wheat for the best price it can get, and that best price is determined by the fluctuations of the Chicago market. There is only one purchaser for Canadian wheat in the United States and that is the Commodity Credit Corporation, an agency of the government of that country. A short time ago Congress suspended for a period of 90 days, all duties on feed grains imported into the United States and that applied to the wheat now being bought by the Commodity Credit Corporation, which is intended for feed purposes. That suspension of duty however, did not throw the market open to other traders, for although the duty had vanished, there was another limitation on wheat imports from Canada which had not been removed. That is a quota restriction under which only a few hundred thousand bushels of Canadian wheat are admitted each year to the United States. The Commodity Credit Corporation, as a government agency, can ignore that restriction, but other people cannot, so in effect the government agency has a complete monopoly. When the American duty was suspended it looked at first as if the Canadian Wheat Board might increase its asking price for wheat to be shipped to the United States by 42 cents per bushel, the amount at which the duty previously stood. That did not prove to be the case because the Commodity Credit Corporation, was not willing to advance its buying price. It is willing to buy from Canada on the basis of the Chicago prices, less 42 cents just as if the duty had never been lifted. The Chicago wheat market continued to advance after the duty was suspended and consequently the sale price for Canadian wheat, has gone as high as \$1.47, basis No. 1 Northern in store at lakehead terminals. Recent wheat quotations on the Chicago market have been as high as \$1.70 American funds, and the equivalent in Canadian funds would be close to \$1.90 per bushel.

The asking price for Canadian wheat having thus been determined when sales are made to the United States, the same basis is applied to occasional sales which are made for export to neutral countries, whether direct in the form of wheat sent to Portugal or Southern Ireland or imported in bond by United States mills for their limited export trade in flour.

When oats and barley are sold for use in Canada, the ceiling price applies and users in Canada are able to obtain such grains on the basis of the ceiling price. However, an exporter who buys oats and barley in Canada, is free to sell them for whatever price he can get, once he has moved them into the United States, and his selling price there is based on current quotations for these grains on the Chicago market. However, before he can get them across the border he has to obtain an export permit from the Canadian Wheat Board. The Wheat Board charges a high fee for such permits, a fee which fluctuates in amount from day to day, the intention being to absorb the difference between the ceiling price in Canada and the current price in the United States. Whatever is so collected is intended to be distributed among western farmers who sell oats and barley this year, and as is well known, farmers are now getting advance payments, on account of these equalization fees, of 10 cents a bushel on oats and 15 cents a bushel on barley; further payments may follow after the close of the crop year.

Farmers delivering wheat this year receive a Wheat Board Participation Certificate in addition to the initial payment. Later they will probably receive some substantial payment on their Participation Certificates.

In the case of wheat as well as in the case of oats and barley, final payments made to western farmers will depend, in considerable measure, on the fluctuations of the grain market at Chicago.

Farm Building Repair Clinics To Be Held Throughout Canada

Canadian Johns-Manville announces program in interests of increasing food production in war emergency

REALIZING the important part that farm buildings play in the production of food so vitally needed for war, Canadian Johns-Manville is planning a series of building repair clinics for farmers in rural territories throughout the country.

Government agricultural representatives are being invited to participate in this important program which is designed to help farmers keep their buildings in good repair and efficient operating condition.

It is logical that Johns-Manville should sponsor the war emergency farm-building clinics, not only because of its leadership in the building industry, but its complete, nation-wide organization can effectively serve all sections of the Dominion.

* * *

WITH the assistance and advice of leading authorities, Canadian Johns-Manville has developed complete equipment to make these educational meetings successful. This material includes illustrated lectures, a full-color educational talking motion picture, manuals and informative literature covering in detail the subject of essential repair and maintenance of farm buildings.

Here are a few subjects that are covered:

How to Guard Against Rodents; Practical Fire Protection; Repairs to Roof Coverings; Maintenance of Fences; How to Brace Buildings; Ventilation and Insulation; Temporary Silos; etc.

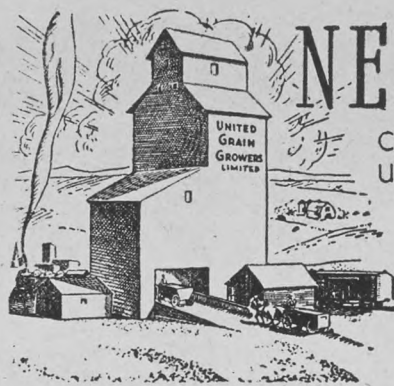
Since the program was inaugurated early this year, many government officials have expressed approval of the comprehensive plans announced by Johns-Manville, and they are encouraging agricultural representatives to tie-in with the activity. It is the consensus of opinion that every effort should be made to help the Canadian farmers produce more food, and to protect both food and farm equipment against loss or damage.

* * *

ARRANGEMENTS are now being made by Johns-Manville to hold Farm Building Repair Clinics from coast to coast, and requests will be welcomed from groups of farmers, farm clubs and associations.

Due to many war-time restrictions, it is impossible to state now when and where the various meetings will be held. The scheduling of the clinics will depend to a large extent upon the requests received from interested groups.

Further information on the program can be obtained through branch offices of Canadian Johns-Manville located at Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver.



NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of
UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

sod in the early days of road building. Community singing featured the remainder of the evening.—*Edberg, Alta.*

Well-known Pioneer Passes

The passing of David Dillabough, a fine and friendly pioneer of this district, brings to mind the record of his family. His father, Allan Dillabough, came from Ontario through the United States via St. Paul in a covered wagon. He settled in the Dufferin district near old Fort Dufferin in 1873, the Fort afterward becoming the town of Emerson which was at one time the gateway to western Canada. In the boom days Emerson was considered to be one of the coming cities of western Canada. The Dillabough family was noted for its pioneering spirit and for the fact that they were always ready to adopt and share new ideas for the betterment of farming conditions.

Allan Dillabough was a pioneer user of the steam engine for threshing and in the early days did custom threshing over a wide territory. The son, David, had the same ideas and was always up to date as a farmer. He had the most modern machinery as well as fine horses. The death of a member of such a family is a distinct loss to the entire district. Although Mr. Dillabough's nature was quiet and retiring he had many staunch friends who were well aware of his merits both as a neighbor and a prosperous farmer.—*Christie, Man.*

Pea Crop is Valuable

This north country has developed another valuable product, the growing of peas. So far, H. G. Neufeldt, the prominent seed grower, has shipped over 20 carloads. These peas are all grown from registered seed and are considered to be among the best in Canada. "Dash-away" is the variety mostly grown, and the yield this year ran from 20 to 30 bushels per acre. They were all harvested by combine—an inexpensive method. The cleaning and sacking however entails a lot of work, but the crop is a valuable one. The crop experience of other districts in growing this profitable product would be of interest.—*Codette, Sask.*

Receives Further Honors

Canadian Press reports reveal that Sqdn.-Ldr. Geoffrey Wilson Northcott has been awarded a bar to his Distinguished Flying Cross. Sqdn.-Ldr. Northcott was born in Rapid City and is the son of Clive Northcott, U.G.G. agent at Rufford, Man.

The official citation of the gallant young officer's award is as follows:

Sqdn.-Ldr. Northcott—"This officer has participated in a large number of sweeps during which he has destroyed four enemy aircraft, bringing his victories to at least nine destroyed. Sqdn.-Ldr. Northcott's fine fighting spirit has been an inspiration to all members of the squadron he commands."

Junior Seed Club Fair

The Rimbey Junior Club seed fair held at Rimbey in the Legion Hall, was very well attended. Mr. Bentley from the department of agriculture attended and judged the oat and barley samples. Mr. Lampitt, district agriculturist, John Whitesell, Jack Ralston, agent of U.G.G. Ltd., and A. O. Davis, club leader, were also in attendance.

Mr. Bentley gave an interesting talk on Junior Club work to the club members. Special mention was made of the first place oats, which weighed 50 pounds to the bushel.

Owing to the frost and a poor year, samples were below normal. All the samples of oats and barley showed frost.

The results were as follows: Oats—1, Margaret Davis; 2, Robert Whitesell; 3, Charles Whitesell; 4, John Trautman; 5, Bernice Budd.

Standing crop of oats: 1, Robert Whitesell; 2, Margaret Davis, Charles Whitesell.

Standing crop of barley: 1, Iris Mayner; 2, Jack Mayner; 3, Paul Fajnor; 4, John Fajnor; 5, John Kriz.

Barley samples: 1, Elwood Becker; 2, Charles Hansen.—*Rimbey, Alta.*

Twenty-fifth and Final Meeting Celebrated

Edberg Village council and citizens entertained Municipal District Evergreen councillors on the occasion of their 25th anniversary and final meeting prior to the enlargement of the municipal district.

M. Schiele, the only councillor to have served the whole 25 years, was among those present, also W. J. Brady, secretary-treasurer since the municipal district was formed.

Other guests were those who had been or were councillors for the municipal district at various time since 1918.

Mayor Lien was the toastmaster. Addresses were delivered marking many milestones in the history of the municipality.

C. I. Sayers, M.L.A., Camrose, spoke briefly on the formation of the new enlarged municipality and expressed the hope that taxation in the future would have some basis other than that of property. In his opinion taxation on property charged too few people with the cost of services that are available for many.

A brief history of the municipality was given by W. J. Brady. One of the former Reeves, F. Olson, dealt with problems of road-building, and paid tribute to the pioneers for their co-operative efforts.

Presentations were made to Mr. Brady and Mr. Schiele, who in reply made reference to the use of brush and



An Early Morning Swim

Sqdn.-Ldr. Northcott enlisted at Winnipeg in August, 1940, and received his D.F.C. last August.—*Rufford, Man.*

Valuable Red Cross Aid

During the year 1943 Gunton branch of the Red Cross Society, sent \$600 in cash to headquarters, while the Women's War Work Committee sent in 417 completed articles. The Women's War Work Committee also conducted Home Nursing classes, and 12 certificates were awarded at the conclusion of the course. The cash contribution included campaign subscriptions, and proceeds from entertainments, barn dances, raffles, a Dutch auction, and lunches. The district takes in 25½ sections of land.—*Gunton, Man.*

Red Cross Officers Elected

The local branch of the Red Cross recently re-elected by acclamation the following officers: President, Mrs. W. R. Houston; vice-presidents, Mrs. S. H. Maynes and Mrs. A. G. Froom; secretary, Mrs. E. A. Frye. The branch reported as having shipped to headquarters the following: Sewing, 335 articles; knitting, 189; quilts, 18; and nearly \$600 in cash—a highly creditable record for a relatively small branch.—*Dominion City, Man.*

Armand Dionne, who is at present on active service in Italy, is spending his fifth year overseas. Armand is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dionne.—*Letellier, Man.*

Curling at 83

The curling season got under way here with a Red Cross Novelty Bonspiel. A record entry of 30 rinks participated, and as a result the M.C.A. Prisoner of War Parcel Fund received the tidy sum of \$90.

The oldest curler in the 'spiel was Dan Howe, age 83 years. He is also a regular and very active member of the local club.—*Benito, Man.*

Postmaster-Paymaster Passes

The people of Bankend, Sask., regret the death of J. J. Thurgood, the genial postmaster and paymaster for the Neighborly elevator. Mr. Thurgood was one of the original homesteaders in the district coming in during 1904 from Minnedosa, Manitoba, after having walked from Yorkton to Bankend, a distance of around 100 miles. As a well-known pioneer he could relate some very interesting experiences.

A son, James, was invalided home last summer after being wounded by shrapnel over Essen last January 4th, 1942, when his Lancaster bomber was hit. At present he is in a hospital in the East where he has undergone a number of operations to remove the shrapnel from his face.—*Bankend, Sask.*

Lettuce at \$1.00 a Head

The following are extracts from a letter forwarded from "Northland" care of the U.G.G. agent at Bickleigh, Sask. The letter is from a young school teacher and gives a graphic account of her trip to the far north and the kind of life that is lived there in the war conditions now prevailing.

"Tuesday evening brought us to Juneau, Alaska's capital. Here we got our first glimpse of gold mining operations. . . . The train to take us to White Horse is worth describing. Try to picture a train suitable for the stickiest of the sticks! This one was made up of three coaches, six or seven freight cars and two engines—a regular double tooter on narrow gauge tracks; a sort of Toonerville Trolley, if you get what I mean. Naturally we went into the coach marked "Parlor Car." This is it: coupled next to the freight, with board seats. In the good old days it had, no doubt, been a "parlor car," but the upholstered seats had been torn and smashed in many a brawl. They were now rough board seats. We decided that the last coach was the best! It was pretty dusty, had a stove at one end minus light, water or plumbing! . . . but the scenery was wonderful: on our right walls of rock; on our left a deep gorge. Finally after two or three M.P.'s (military police, and not what M.P. usually means!) had checked and

double checked us we started on our way . . . up and up on a grade which finally reached an altitude of 3,000 feet—starting at 16 feet. In places we could clearly see the "trail of '98." Just to think that man and beast endured untold misery trudging over that trail only 45 years ago . . . when we reached the summit we were truly "sitting on top of the world." . . .

Everywhere one goes in Dawson there are reminders of the Gold Rush Days of '98. Here 30,000 people once squatted to get (or not to get) the crazy yellow metal that has caused so much trouble. Today there are less than 1,000 residents. There is at present no shortage of "groceries" but it may be a different story when present supplies are exhausted as there are no wholesalers just around the corner. . . . How would you like to see two large tables of chocolates and candy bars . . . Doughboy treats, I guess.

Our school is large. At one time there were eight teachers. Now we are four. Rooms and equipment are fine and include playroom, chemistry lab, auditorium and public classroom; also typewriters, Gestetner, Mimeograph, piano, two gramophones, movie projector and shelves of reference material. Approximately one third of the children are half breeds . . . a bus brings 25 white children from Bear Creek, a company town. These children all come from fine homes.

Here are a few prices that make cost-of-living thoughts somewhat of a headache: wood, \$18 to \$22 a cord; water, \$10 a month; light, \$12 a month (average for a year); bread, 25 cents a loaf; milk, 30 cents a quart; cream, (!) 80 cents a pint; apples, \$6.50 a box; lettuce (last Christmas), \$1.00 a head (page Santa Claus!). Practically everything is shipped from Vancouver.

The final river boat of the season arrived a week ago. Until the middle of May our only communication is by air. We are scheduled to have two planes a week but often weather conditions prevent this. Mail is slow . . . flown to White Horse, then by train to Skagway and by boat to Vancouver . . . but hiking, skiing and curling are all popular winter pastimes and there is always the good old (American) eagle's back if the life gets too boring. But can eagles be depended up to deliver one to one's home destination?"—*Bickleigh, Sask.*

Annual Red Cross Meeting

The annual red cross meeting of the Nesbitt Branch was held this month in the Hall. The proceeds forwarded to the Red Cross for the year amounted to \$803.60, which is an excellent record for a district of this size.

The following officers were elected for 1944. President, W. Fallis; vice-president, M. McKellar; secretary, Miss A. McKellar; treasurer, Mrs. A. C. Avery; entertainment committee, Mrs. S. Lind, Mrs. C. Powers, S. Lind, M. Myers; work committee, Mrs. N. Leatherdale; Mrs. F. White and Miss K. McKellar; finance committee, E. Rome and N. Leatherdale.—*Nesbitt, Man.*

Credit Union Prospers

The Strathclair Credit Union which was formed a short time ago, held a public meeting in the Town Hall. The meeting was attended by a large number of farmers from the surrounding district and was addressed by K. Haddeland, manager-treasurer of the Starbuck Credit Union. Alex Pirie, president of the local U.F.M. was chairman for the evening and after outlining the objects of the U.F.M., introduced the speaker. Mr. Haddeland gave a very clear picture of the nature of a Credit Union. After outlining the workings of a credit union local, the speaker gave it as his opinion that one of the main features of the Credit Union movement was in helping to bring a community together; including the business men and farmers, people of different religious and political views were brought into a better understanding of each other, thus promoting the cause of true democracy.

The officers of the local union are: H. T. Morton, pres., Kenneth Rapley, sec. Directors: A. Pirie, Alf. Somers, F. Winstone, E. Leeson and Percy Burnell.—*Strathclair, Man.*

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HORTICULTURE

Choosing poor varieties for planting guarantees failure in the fruit garden.

Manitoba Fruit List--1944

Recommended for planting by the Fruit Committee of the Manitoba Horticultural Association

THE Province has been divided into four zones, as indicated on the accompanying map. The recommended use of each variety in any designated zone is indicated as follows by a letter under the zone number and opposite the variety.

C—Commercial H—Home Garden T—Trial only.

The letter "W" next to the name of any variety means that the variety should be covered in winter.

Varieties of the same general degree of hardiness within the same fruit group, are shown separated by a cross-line.

This general zoning of Manitoba for tree fruit growing has undergone some minor changes since its first presentation two years ago, and is based on behavior of the various varieties in trial plantations. The boundaries have conformed in part to soil types and to topography.

	Fruit Zones			
	Zone 1	Zone 2	Zone 3	Zone 4
ORAB APPLES AND APPLE CRABS				
Osman.....	O	O	O	O
Bedford.....	O	O	O	O
Robin.....	O	O	O	O
Dolgo.....	O	O	O	O
Rescue.....	O	O	O	H
Heyer, No. 12.....	O	O	O	H
Florence.....	O	O	H	H
Trail.....	O	O	H	H
Rosilda.....	O	O	H	T
APPLES				
Moscow Pear.....	C	H	T	T
Charlamoff.....	C	H	T	T
Hibernal.....	C	H	T	T
Patten.....	C	H	T	T
Mount.....	C	H	T	T
Waukon.....	C	H	T	T
Haralson.....	C	H	T	T
Manan.....	C	H	T	T
Manitoba Spy.....	C	H	T	T
Red Duchess.....	H	T
Breakey.....	H	T
Godfrey.....	H	T
Redant.....	H	T
Atlas.....	H	T
Melba.....	H	T
Patricia.....	H	T
Antonovka.....	H	T
Crimson Beauty.....	H	T
Wellthy.....	H	T
PEAR				
Ussurian.....	O	O	H	H
Tait Dropmore.....	O	O	H	H
Bantam.....	H	T
Pioneer No. 3.....	H	T
PLUM				
Mina.....	O	O	O	O
Bounty.....	O	O	O	O
Dropmore Blue.....	O	O	O	O
Dandy.....	O	O	O	O
McRobert.....	O	O	O	O
Northern.....	O	O	O	O
Pembina.....	O	O	H	T
Ojibwa.....	O	O	H	T
Mandarin.....	O	O	H	T
Radisson.....	O	O	H	T
Underwood.....	O	H	T	..
Tecumseh.....	O	H	T	..
Fiebing.....	O	H	T	..
Grenville.....	O	H	T	..
Ember.....	O	H	T	..
Redcoat.....	O	H	T	..
Tokata.....	H	T
Kaga.....	H	T
La Crescent.....	H	T
CHERRY PLUM				
Dura.....	O	O	O	H
Sapa.....	O	O	O	H
Ezaptan.....	O	O	O	H
Mordana.....	O	O	O	H
Mansan.....	O	O	O	H
Compass.....	O	O	O	H
Opata.....	O	O	O	H
Convoy.....	O	O	O	H
SAND CHERRY				
Manmoor.....	O	O	O	O
Mando.....	O	O	O	O
Brooks.....	O	O	O	O
Black Beauty.....	O	O	O	O
OTHER CHERRIES				
Coronation.....	O	H	T	T
Wragg.....	O	H	T	T
Drilea.....	O	H	T	T
White Nanking.....	O	H	T	T
Mongolian.....	O	H	T	T
APRICOT				
Scout.....	O	H	T	T
Anda.....	O	H	T	T
Robust.....	O	H	T	T
Morden 601.....	O	H	T	T
GRAPES				
Select Native.....	O	O	O	O
Beta.....	C	O	H	H
Alpha (W).....	C	O	H	H
Van Buren.....	H	T
Fredonia.....	H	T
Portland.....	H	T
Lutle (W).....	H	T
RASPBERRY				
Chief.....	O	O	O	O
Ruddy.....	O	O	H	H
Latham.....	O	O	H	H
Indian Summer.....	O	H	T	..
Bristol.....	O	H	T	..

	Fruit Zones			
	Zone 1	Zone 2	Zone 3	Zone 4
RED CURRANT				
Diploma.....	O	O	O	O
Red Lake.....	O	O	O	O
Stephens.....	O	O	O	O
Prince Albert.....	O	O	O	O
BLACK CURRANT				
Kerry.....	O	O	O	O
Climax.....	O	O	O	O
Boskoop Giant.....	O	H	H	T
Buddenberg.....	O	H	H	T
GOLDEN CURRANT				
Orandall.....	O	O	O	O
GOOSEBERRY				
Pixwell.....	O	O	O	O
Abundance.....	O	O	O	O
Thoreson.....	O	O	O	O
Clark.....	H	T
Ross.....	H	T
Charles.....	H	T
STRAWBERRY				
Dunlap.....	O	O	O	O
Premier.....	O	O	O	O
Gem.....	O	O	O	O
Burgundy.....	O	O	O	O
Sparta.....	O	O	O	O
VARIETIES FOR TOPWORKING (Double Working)				
To Apples—Bedford, Adam, Columbia, Anaros.				
To Pears—Ussurian.				
To Plums—Mansan, Mammoth.				
To Apricots—Siberian, Manchurian.				

SUGGESTED HOME GARDEN TREE FRUIT UNIT FOR DISTRICT No. 1

Crabs and Apples:
Florence, Dolgo, Trail, Moscow Pear, Breakey, Godfrey, Manitoba Spy, Haralson.
Plums:
Mina, Bounty, Tecumseh, Fiebing, Grenville, Kaga, Ember, Dura, Sapa.
Cherries:
Drilea, White Nanking, Coronation, Wragg.
Apricot:
Scout, Robust, Morden 601.

SUGGESTED HOME GARDEN TREE FRUIT UNIT FOR DISTRICT No. 4

Crabs:
Adam, Robin, Rescue, Heyer No. 12, Anaros.
Plums:
Norther, Bounty, Dandy, Mina, Convoy, Dura, Opata.
Sand Cherries:
Manmoor, Brooks.

Garden Suggestions

By CHAS. WALKOF

Dominion Experimental Station, Morden, Manitoba

YOUR garden in 1944 will again be most important. Plan now to do the things that will offer the greatest yields and nutritive value with the least effort.

Planning is necessary for complete garden success. It avoids the likelihood of over-production of one vegetable and growing too little of another. It speeds up planting, as everything has been given a definite place in a required quantity. It is a simple matter to outline the garden on paper and then to place the rows according to amount needed of each vegetable. If last year's garden gave too many carrots, have a row or two less this year. Or there may not have been enough beets, cabbage, parsnips, etc., which means more rows of these vegetables in 1944.

Your seed requirements can be estimated after the rows are marked on paper. The size of the seed of each vegetable will determine the quantities needed. To help you in this get garden bulletin 83 from the Morden, Manitoba, Experimental Station. Then place your order for seed as early as possible. The earliest orders are the ones that get exactly what is wanted, and also the highest quality seed. The seed catalogs are now coming in, so select your needs immediately.

THE choice of varieties is very important. Use only those recommended by your nearest experimental farm or uni-

versity. Write for their lists. Very often the old standbys are most dependable. Earliness is the first consideration in a variety for western Canada. Vitamin content is next in importance. For instance, yellow corn is preferred to white; red-cored or coreless carrots, dark red beets, green celery, red and yellow tomatoes are most nutritious and desirable in comparison with their respective counterparts. Be sure to arrange for plenty of carrots, green string beans and tomatoes. They are extra rich in protective food virtues.

In tomatoes there is a long list of varieties to pick from, and some gardeners may experience difficulties in making a choice. The self-pruning, or bush types are most satisfactory under ordinary farm conditions. The long, vine types are used only where labor is available for pruning and staking. Among the recommended self-pruning tomatoes are Farthest North (for short season districts), Redskin, Early Chatham and Bounty. Plant breeding efforts now underway will soon produce a tomato as early as Farthest North, and about as large as Bison.

IN planning the irrigated garden it is well to rotate or change the location of the vegetables from year to year. Root toxins, disease and insect pests accumulate in the soil, if the same crop is grown in the same place continuously.

Rotation may not be so essential in the dry-land garden, where one half of the garden is summerfallowed while the other half is cropped. It should be observed where summerfallowing is not practised.

If you have not used commercial fertilizer, try some in 1944. It will increase yield, quality and the mineral content of the vegetables. Fertilizer supplies are scarce, so here again, place your order at once. The requirements of the average garden are relatively small. Allow one pound of ammonium phosphate (11-48) for every 100 feet of row. The method of application will be explained in another article in next month's issue.

A satisfactory garden must be protected by a substantial windbreak. Tomatoes ripen earlier, cucumbers and melons produce heavily and escape breakage.



This is the first published fruit zone map for Manitoba and divides the province into four zones for which varieties are recommended in the accompanying list prepared by the Fruit Committee of the Manitoba Horticultural Association.

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AND THE TOWN TALKED

Continued from page 7

Miller's. She's feeling so dreadfully about Jim Clark's death. I saw her yesterday, after I left here, and she looked like a ghost. I told her she had better go to Frederick and get a prescription so that she could sleep."

"You—what?"

Priscilla stared up at her, wondering. No, the girl could have no idea that what she had just said might seem ambiguous. Anyhow, Priscilla's suspicions about Sadie might prove groundless, after all.

"I told her he had office hours last night. I don't know whether she went or not, but she certainly needs a tonic, Priscilla. It seems odd that she should be in such a state now—worse, really, than when Jim died."

"Was killed, you mean," Priscilla interrupted tersely. "In the quarry pit."

"Yes," Elsbeth agreed, her mouth tightening. "Killed in the Stowell-Payson quarry. He'd be alive still if the Stowell-Paysons had been willing to hire an extra man for the dynamiting. I know just how niggardly they were about the funeral expenses, too. It's only one more reason why I want to get away from North Hill. But what's the use of talking about it?" Elsbeth shrugged her silk-clad shoulders. "I'd better get along," she added. "I'll water Ajax at Sadie's. May I come and practise again tomorrow?"

"You're welcome any time, child," said Priscilla.

While she watched Elsbeth Payson disappear behind the weeping willow, Priscilla Van de Water suffered oddly unfamiliar misgivings. Who would ever have thought, a couple of decades ago, that she, Priscilla, one time soubrette in the lowliest of entertainment, though later somewhat above that, would today be intensely concerned about the future of Elsbeth Payson, a girl whose professor-alderman father had warned Priscilla, when she first came to Bloomhill as Henry Van der Water's bride, that she had better not try to open a dancing class for the youngsters of the town!

THE Miller shanty had rather the appearance of a snail emerging, horned, from its shell, since there were two stove-pipe chimneys rising not quite parallel, above its tar-paper facade, and also since the shanty itself had been built into a kind of cul-de-sac, into a partially weather-sound haven provided by a gulley between two quarries.

There were stubborn little lilac bushes before the shanty. Here Elsbeth dismounted, slung the reins of Ajax over the branch of a bush, and walked up the path to the Miller house.

Sadie opened the door to her.

"Why—Elsbeth!"

Sadie tried to look bright and pleasantly surprised, but her effort only made more apparent the traces of tears on her flushed cheeks.

"Let me get a pail of water for Ajax, Sadie," Elsbeth said quickly. "It's so hot, and we've been out since seven o'clock."

"Sure! I'm glad you came, Elsbeth. Ma went to town, so I'm all alone."

Elsbeth followed Sadie through this other small, neat, barely furnished home with its lace curtains, grass rugs and golden oak furniture, to the kitchen. Sadie got a pail and Elsbeth coaxed water from the asthmatic pump above the cast iron sink. The water works of Bloomhill did not extend its benignity to Patchtown.

Sadie walked with Elsbeth out to water the horse.

"You've been over to Priscilla's, I guess. It must've been awful hot for dancing."

Elsbeth told her that she had practised for a while. Then, when they had come back and sat on the narrow stoop of the house, she said, "Did you go to see Doctor Fred last night, Sadie?"

His name was enough. Sadie Miller broke into such a storm of weeping as Elsbeth herself had known only once before in her life—upon her mother's death last year.



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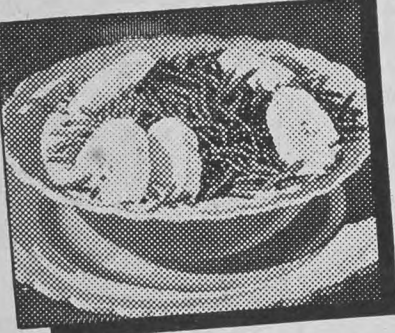
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN BRANBURGERS

1 egg
2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons minced onion
1 pound ground beef
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 cup milk
1/4 cup catsup
1 cup All-Bran

Beat egg slightly. Add salt, pepper, onion, parsley, milk, catsup and All-Bran. Let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Add beef and mix thoroughly. Shape into 12 patties. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) about 30 minutes or broil about 20 minutes.

Yield: 6 servings (12 2 1/2-inch branburgers.)

2. Swell served with milk or cream, and fresh or canned fruit or berries!



3. Step up breakfast variety by sprinkling over other cereals!



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"What on earth! Sadie!"

Elsbeth put her arm about the older girl. "What is the matter, Sadie? Didn't you go to Doctor Stowell?"

"Yes—I went." Sadie gasped. "And I told him!"

"You told him what?"

"I couldn't tell you before, Elsbeth. I'm going to have a baby. It's Jim's!"

The words were like icy, separate, stinging drops of water down Elsbeth's hot back. She straightened up against them, tried to shake them off, and in a few seconds of supreme effort the young Elsbeth's sheath of dewy immaturity slipped from her forever. There was an imponderable instant while she felt exposed and bare, and then—wonder of wonders!—she was enfolded in a warmth, a richness of beatitude.

"But Sadie!" she cried breathlessly. "You ought to be glad! Jim's baby! What—what did Fred say?"

Sadie sat upright, her strained face sullen.

"I didn't tell Doctor Stowell whose it is. I couldn't! Jim is dead—how could I let people know? We were going to be married the very next week—"

"Of course, Sadie! I knew that. But why couldn't you have told that to Doctor Stowell?"

"Because—" Sadie swung about and faced Elsbeth with her eyes full of a dark, bitter passion.

"The minute I told him what was the matter with me, he froze up like a pump in winter! He looked at me as if I was scum. How could I tell him after that—that it was Jim? Then he wanted to know who the man was—oh, he asked it as if he was going to force him to marry me or support the child, or something. I just about told him to go to hell."

Elsbeth's eyes had been fixed intently upon Sadie Miller while she talked. She was not to know it fully until years later, until the threads of her life, glittering and sombre, had become inextricably woven with those of Frederick Stowell—but she shrank with every sentient fibre of her being from the significance of this Patchtown girl's story. She shrank from it, her own antagonism toward Frederick momentarily forgotten. Yet at last it overtook her, and its impact upon her sensibilities was dull, heavy, sickening. It would be years before she was to recognize that feeling as deep shame for one of her own class. Doctor Frederick Stowell was not even secretly different from the rest of them on North Hill. He was as smug, as puritanical, as prejudiced and mean-spirited as any of them. Really worse, because a doctor, Elsbeth perceived, should be above and outside the narrow pulpit of self-appointed censor of human conduct.

Her humiliation for him found release now in splendid, articulate anger.

"Why didn't you Sadie?" she cried. "Oh—I wish I'd been with you! I'd have loved to see him act like that. I really would! It's just what you might expect of him. And he has the nerve to call himself a doctor."

This reaction was bewildering to the ingenuous Sadie.

"There's no use in your getting mad, Elsbeth," she said, drying her eyes on the hem of her skirt. "I don't want to drag you into it—"

"Listen! Fred Stowell and all those people on the Hill aren't worth your little finger. They aren't real—they're not human—they haven't got one ounce of red blood in the whole bunch of them! Forget about Fred, Sadie. Go to old Doctor Goldthwaite—you know, across from the creamery. He'll be nice to you. I'll go with you, if you'll let me."

HER sentences were tumbling wildly one over the other, with uppermost in her emotions the need to set right Frederick Stowell's stupid wrong. It was as if she, Elsbeth Payson, being part of that Olympian arrogance on North Hill, were to an extent responsible for this misery of Sadie Miller.

"I don't mind," Sadie agreed apathetically. "I guess nothing matters. Ma and Pa will have to be told about it sooner or later anyhow. It's not them I'm worried about so much. But Max will be awful sore. He'll think Berenice won't marry him now. She's kind of

stuck up anyhow, because she works in the telephone office."

Elsbeth did not smile. "If Berenice is that sort, your brother had better not marry her," she replied sturdily. "My mother always said the worst sin in the world is intolerance."

"Your mother was so lovely, Elsbeth!" Sadie began to cry again, but with a kind of lush relaxation now.

Elsbeth sat vividly dry-eyed. She would never cry again over her small, frail mother, who had been through twenty years of marriage and widowhood like a gay bird fluttering silently with one wing caught in the smooth steel trap of the Paysons. She stood up, flurried and uncomfortable.

"I have to go now, Sadie. I don't want to have them wondering—But will you let me go with you to Doctor Goldthwaite's?"

Sadie look down at her square hands. "It'd be nice, Elsbeth. But I don't know now as I want to go to any doctor here. I've been thinking. I'd rather go away

some place. I've got a hundred dollars, about, saved from waiting on table in the brickyard boarding house. And Jim left me two hundred out of his insurance. I could go some place far enough away and work for three or four months, before—"

Elsbeth nodded gravely. "But it wouldn't be so nice alone in a strange place,

Sadie. I don't think—"

It was then that Sadie did an amazing, an almost explosive thing. With an awkward, forward wrenching of her strong, well-shaped body, one hand grappling the other, she burst out.

"Elsbeth, let me go with you! Priscilla says you're really going to New York. Let me live with you and—do all the work, the cooking and washing and everything! Then you won't have to do anything but study dancing. I know I can go on working right up to the last minute. I feel I can—I'm so strong! And because it's Jim's, Elsbeth, I know I can go through anything! I have my three hundred dollars, too. I'll chip in something for our keep. Maybe I can get a part-time job during the day. I'd like that for a few months, just to keep busy. Elsbeth—if you really do go, let me go with you!"

The imploring, soot-black eyes above the boldly carved cheekbones, held Elsbeth's in desperate appeal.

"Why—why, Sadie—"

"I'm twenty-two years old," Sadie said, changed and determined. "Even with me the way I am, I think I can sort of look after you in New York. You're too young to go there alone, inexperienced and all. Nobody knows about how I am except Doctor Stowell, and if he doesn't promise to keep his mouth shut I'll tell him that I'll spread the news all over the place about the way he treated me when I went to see him. Let me go along as your—your maid, Elsbeth. I don't want to stay here—with Max acting up and—and Jim gone."

Elsbeth sat down again on the step and stared at Sadie with wide, contemplative eyes.

DOCTOR FREDERICK Stowell would have given much to be able to absent himself, inconspicuously, from the birthday party given by the Misses Kate and Felicia Payson in honor of their niece, Miss Elsbeth Payson. For since that morning in Priscilla Van der Water's house, Elsbeth had tendered him nothing but a cool and challenging disdain which he had tried to deflect, not very successfully, with adult and tolerant amusement.

But the engraved invitations which deployed upon North Hill from the Payson mansion were in the nature of a royal command. There was no available avenue of escape.

And now, after what had been two hours of matchless decorum amid the ponderous mahogany, marble, ormolu, and chandelier crystal of the Payson dining and drawing-rooms; after food that would sink a battleship; after Judge Stowell's sonorous presentation speech and his delivery of a three thousand dollar check to the unstirred young Elsbeth; after chamber music by the middle-aged North Hill Music Club, and three atrociously girlish songs by Sarah



Messenger; after this hilarity, eleven o'clock having announced itself from three reliable sources on the ground floor, the party was over.

Miss Kate Payson, not to be outdone by the clocks, rose and gave the signal. Of her, Frederick had always had the impression that she was a spiral of dust such as one sees twirling aloft from a dry autumn field on a windy day, tenuously intact for a moment, and then invisible. She produced that same effect of frustrated activity. Yet Frederick knew that the effect was false. Miss Kate Payson, beneath her grey, semi-transparent dust, was obdurate granite. Felicia, her more corporeal sister, was only limestone beside her.

"Eleven o'clock!" proclaimed Miss Kate with a firm, regretful smile. "Even if she is eighteen, our birdie must say good night to everybody."

Elsbeth, in a white chiffon dress demurely high about the neck, stood beside the mahogany balustrade of the staircase and sweetly, correctly, bade good night to her guests. But her eyes, beneath their camellia - white lids, were inscrutable.

Irma Trent, a remote Stowell relation who had lived in the Stowell house for six years as the judge's private secretary, plaintively asked Frederick to fetch her wrap from the west veranda where she had carelessly left it. Her voice, usually metallic and unpliant, was now studiously soft, and the tone more than the words brought Fred to himself with the startled realization that he had been gazing fixedly at Elsbeth for a long moment. He looked down at the not unhandsome Irma with barely concealed distaste. Her opaque brown eyes, her strongly braided brown hair worn coronet fashion, her high-bridged Stowell nose, and rather dense pallor, irritated him now beyond belief. It was bad enough to know that Irma, who was a year older than himself, was in love with him, but that she should put on this show of proprietorship toward him, in the presence of everybody, and especially in the presence of the aloofly smiling Elsbeth, was particularly infuriating.

"Certainly, Irma," he said hastily, and went to fetch the wrap. As he passed Elsbeth he saw her eyes laughing at him.

Fifteen minutes later, he was pacing fretfully in the moonlight on the terrace of his grandfather's place that sloped down toward the all but indistinguishable Stowell-Payson gardens. His mother, his grandfather and Irma had gone directly to bed on their return from the Payson house. Frederick was striving not to think of Elsbeth Payson.

He thought of his father who had gone to France in 1918 with the medical corps, when Frederick was eight, and had not returned. Had that young doctor been relieved to get away from the I-am-better-than-thou atmosphere of North Hill, even into the threat, and final accomplishment, of extinction? He thought of his straight-laced mother, Adeline, who had been a Messenger. Her sister Sarah was a kind of comic valentine replica of her. So far as Frederick knew, there was only one blot on the escutcheon of North Hill, and that blot had removed himself to the Far East when he was expelled from Harvard in his junior year, a decade ago. Fred himself had been about to enter Harvard then, and his cousin Colin Messenger's disgrace—it concerned a waitress and a brawl in a speakeasy of the period—had bitten harshly into his young pride. But now, strangely enough, there was something comforting in the thought of Colin. He had delivered North Hill from the charge of an abnormal rectitude through five generations.

It seemed, however, that Elsbeth Payson might presently give Colin Messenger some assistance in that mission. Would she really have the courage to defy her family and go to New York to study stage dancing?

Well—here he was thinking about her again! He might as well admit it and be done with it; he had thought about scarcely anyone or anything but Elsbeth since that morning in Priscilla Van der Water's humble kitchen in the Flats.

WHILE he stood irresolutely on the terrace, arguing with himself that he should be in bed and asleep to prepare for the nasty operation on Pop Burmeister early in the morning, he looked down across the laurel and arborvitae below and saw a silvery, insubstantial gleam in the moonlight on the Payson lawn.

"Where the devil is she going now?" he muttered.

He overtook Elsbeth by the simple expedient of crashing through the laurel bushes and tearing the corner of his dinner coat pocket. She had a dark velvet cape over one arm.

"What's the hurry?" Fred asked with an effort to control his breathing.

Elsbeth surveyed him with mock interest.

"I didn't know we had a night watchman," she said.

"Do you mind telling me—as one friend to another—where you're going?"

Her mood suddenly changed. She laughed and took his lapels in both hands.

"I should have thought of it before, Frederick! You can take me in your car. I was going to walk down to Murphy's garage and get a taxi, but there's no reason why we shouldn't go together in real style."

"Go where, for heaven's sake?"

"To the Rendezvous, Freddy. Cecil Andrews is

opening there tonight. Remember him? He's the home-town boy who made good. I'm going to meet Brenda Townes and her brother there at midnight. It's to be my real birthday party, darling!"

Fred looked down at her with feelings hopelessly jumbled, his tongue stiff in his mouth. She was so lovely, so dusky gold here in the moonlight!

"The Rendezvous!" he stammered. "It's a roadhouse, Elsbeth!"

"Oh—then I have to go alone."

He set his jaw grimly, seized her arm. "All right, come one. You're not going alone, that's a cinch!"

They went back to the Stowell garage, and while he got out the car, she thought, "I'll tell him later what I think of him for the way he treated Sadie Miller. But for the time being I've got to know nothing about it. I simply must hear Cecil Andrews play. And I simply must see him!"

The slender young man in the purple mess jacket and white flannel trousers sat negligently at the piano, at a ninety degrees angle from the keyboard. His trumpets, standing above and behind him, let forth a muted flare of purest shivering gold. Cecil Andrews appeared inattentive, his lazy, deep-set eyes, under the full, musical frontal bone of his forehead, roving over the tightly wedged dancers below the shallow dais.

In Cecil was apparent the Irish-Spanish mingling of the stock from which he had sprung by way of a grandfather who had been suddenly obliged to leave County Cork fifty years before. His blue-black hair flowed over his head in waves, glistening and sculptured to immobility with mineral oil. The color on the cheek bones of his puckish face was almost artificially high. His mouth, the upper lip short, was sensual and rather sullen in repose. A smile altered the contours of his features to something unbelievably radiant, inspired.

He had the gift of thinking intensely about two things at once. Just now he was following a difficult glissando by the second trumpet, congratulating himself upon having at last got the idea across to Meems, who wasn't very bright; and thinking how lucky he was to have got out of that mess in Cayuga with a whole skin. It would be a bore to have to hang around this dump for two weeks, but the folks had been pathetic with delight at his return. There was some consolation in that.

Cecil was about to face the piano in that stealthy, lowering way that years later other, and lesser, band leaders were to strive to imitate, when his eyelids went through a process of motion that could only be called a delicate spasm. A girl in white had just entered and was seating herself at a table near the dais. The table had been reserved. Cecil paid no attention to the tall, dinner-jacketed man who was with her, although his memory indolently recog-



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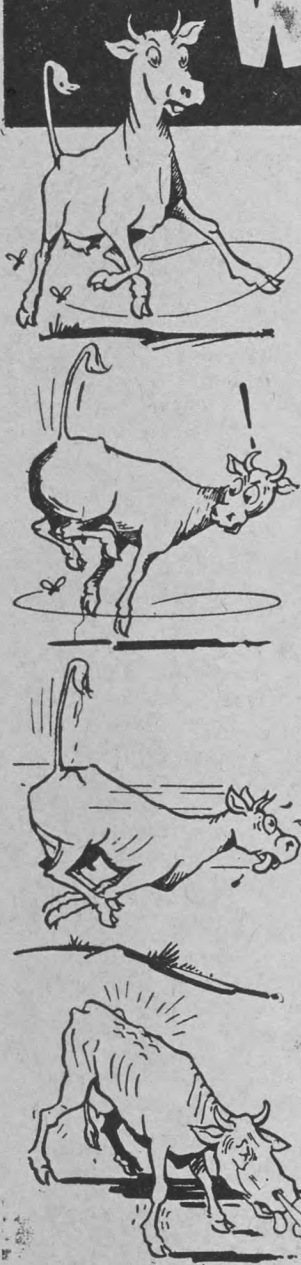
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nized him as a North Hill scion who used to come superciliously home from Harvard.

It happened that Doctor Frederick Stowell, pulling his chair back for Elsbeth, witnessed the meeting of her eyes and the eyes of Cecil Andrews.

EVEN after the years had brought their difference of pain and disillusionment, these two weeks were to be for Elsbeth always a memory of sunlight on the river.

The sunlight of the declining afternoons seemed to be a gold tide as the river was a dark one, and between these, in the canoe they rented by the hour from the Rendezvous boathouse, Elsbeth and Cecil Andrews drifted in a timeless enchantment.

Elsbeth, paddling slowly under the overhanging trees, looked down at Cecil, who lay almost flat against the cushions in the prow of the canoe, strumming a tenor guitar. His indolent eyes smiled at her and there was a look of sleep about his smiling mouth while he sang.

I've got a red canoe
And a little bit more;
I've got a big full moon—

"Darn it, wish we could come out by moonlight, Betsy!"

I've got a nice fair maid,
And I'll not ask for more...

Elsbeth's heart beat with a stifling rapture. She could almost not bear to look at him when he turned upon her that silky, somnolent gaze which said infinitely more than he had ever said in words. Elsbeth smiled gayly back at him while a pang of sweet uncertainty smote through her. She joined her voice to his, her low, rather husky alto.

For I've got all that's coming to me...

"Pull up into this cove, Betsy," he said. She smiled again at the quaintness of his nickname for her—one which nobody else had ever used. "You're too far away from me for your own good."

AND when he sat and held her in his arms and kissed her again as he had done, abruptly and without any preamble, that evening in the moonlight outside the Rendezvous the second time she had gone to hear him play, Elsbeth felt as if her very identity were ebbing from her.

Cecil scowled, gnawing at his underlip and staring down into her half-closed eyes. "You're sweet, Betsy!"

"Do you love me?" The whisper came out, against her will. She had known, intuitively, that the evasive look would come like a shutter, quick and gone, down over his eyes.

He laughed, and hurriedly she told herself that the expression had never been there, that she had been mistaken.

"What do you call this?" he demanded. "Isn't this love?"

He gathered her close with expert hardness, his lips moved seekingly along her arched throat.

"Cecil—oh, Cecil—" She stirred so that she could look directly into his eyes, but her own were too full of tears, and his features seemed to waver. "I love you, too! I think I've always loved you

—ever since you were a naughty little boy in the Flats."

His face darkened curiously, and when he spoke his voice had a faintly rough edge.

"I'd just as soon forget that," he said. "It wasn't my fault that I was born in the Flats."

"Oh, I didn't mean—"

"Sure, you didn't!" He laughed charmingly, showing his beautiful small teeth. "You're too nice, Betsy. Your hair smells like sweet peas."

That was the way he talked. His conversation was always dappled, highlighted, with irrelevancies. It was only one of the intriguing discoveries Elsbeth had made about him since that first night in the Rendezvous, when he had stepped down from the orchestra and had coolly asked her for a dance, to the amazement of Brenda and Al Townes, and to the tight-lipped disapproval of Frederick Stowell. He had left his band long enough for one turn about the packed floor, but he had held her with close, breath-taking gentleness and had told her that of course she would be here tomorrow night too. And she had said yes, for there was no other answer. She had come the next night without the vigilant, paternal Frederick, and since then many times for an hour or so, after the aunts were in bed. And there had been these gorgeous afternoons on the river. . . . It was a miracle that the aunts had not yet got wind of what she was doing. She wouldn't have cared if they had. The amenities of her own circumscribed world had shrunk to nothing, leaving only Cecil Andrews and herself.

"But we've got to talk seriously about the future, Cecil," Elsbeth observed, and drew properly upright.

"We haven't really made any plans at all. And tonight you're going—" In spite of her effort to be matter-of-fact, her lips quivered.

"But you're leaving right away, too, aren't you?" he reminded her. "You'll have to work like the devil for the next six months in New York, and by that time I'll be on my way back from the sticks. Maybe before, sweet. And I'll look you up at Mrs. Almquist's the minute I get there. It burns me up, though, to think I can't be the first one to show New York what you are."

ELSBETH went hot and cold with the thrill of his confidence in her. It was not the first time he had expressed it. One night after the Rendezvous' closing she had danced for him, Cecil alone on the platform, at the piano. He had been startled. His almost perpetual look of reverie had left him. He had said, "Why, you're wonderful, girl! If I only had enough to start my own night club in some good town!"

She said now, "New York won't be New York till you get there, Cecil. Sadie Miller and I will just be living in our hole-in-the-wall at Mrs. Almquist's—both of us working—Sadie waiting for her baby, and me waiting for you. But I'll work awfully hard so that maybe when you do have your night club you'll give me my chance." She leaned forward and gravely kissed him.



"I never knitted for soldiers before, so I'm starting with the infantry!"

He gave her an odd, gleaming look then from beneath his suddenly lifted eyelids and pulled her toward him.

"Sweet—I'm going away tonight."

She felt the warm, swaying sensation all through her body; she knew what Cecil meant, and her response to him was at that instant the same as it would be a year, two or three years hence: a lawless excitement in her blood, an abandoned joy that remembered nothing of that strict code in which she had been reared. But, as was to happen many times with an almost mischievous repetition, the forms of it varying, a shadow came suddenly between them. This time it was as innocent a thing as the shadow of a willow branch above them agitated by a capricious breeze, so that the spray of sunlight and darkness falling upon Cecil's face gave him a strangely bizarre look. It was frightening, and yet funny. A choking laugh rose in Elsbeth's throat. Cecil, not understanding, flushed and then gave an ironic twist to his mouth.

"My mistake," he said shortly. "I thought you were in earnest about me." He picked up the paddle. "I guess we'd better be shoving back."

"Why—Cecil—I—" Oh, he couldn't possibly think she was laughing at him! "I—it was just—" She looked at him in bewilderment, anxiety and a desperate desire to explain, but his eyes and mouth were haughty. And all at once Elsbeth was perversely glad that she had laughed.

While he paddled back up the river, the strained silence remained between them. But when the boathouse came into view, Elsbeth was overcome by a desire to weep. It was terrible that there should be any discord between them on the very eve of their separation. She could not bear it!

CECIL beached the canoe, helped her out onto the shore, and she clung beseechingly to his arm.

"Darling!" she said softly, winking back the tears. "Let's not quarrel this last day! It's going to be so long before —"

His brilliant, elusive smile checked her, made her feel clumsy and inept.

"Were we quarreling?" he asked in surprise, then inclined his head in a negligent way and kissed her. Her glance fled to the Rendezvous Pavilion, where a few couples were seated at cocktails or afternoon tea. She was immediately ashamed of that apprehensive glance, and wondered miserably if Cecil had caught it. "Until New Year's, then—in New York?" he added lightly, and Elsbeth stared at him in sudden panic.

"But I'll see you tonight, won't I? After the dance?"

They were walking up toward the clubhouse now and Cecil shook his head regretfully. "There won't be time, I'm afraid, sweet. We're taking the two o'clock train to connect up for Buffalo, and the folks are coming down to see me off. Elsbeth Payson couldn't very well be at the depot at that hour of the morning to say goodbye to Cecil Andrews."

Pity, love, and a rebellious resentment toward his scornful consciousness of their class difference, made her burst out, "I'll go with you, if you'll let me!"

"That'll be swell, but—well, you're not quite ready yet, sweet," he told her complacently. "You'll need a year's good professional training, anyhow, before you can step into anything."

She hadn't meant that, at all. Had he deliberately misunderstood her? Elsbeth's cheeks burned. And it was at that moment that she caught sight of Doctor Frederick Stowell and Irma Trent, of all people, on the canopied pavilion of the clubhouse.

AMONG the begonias, fuschias, and star-of-Bethlehems in Aunt Kate Payson's conservatory, Doctor Frederick Stowell stalked irately to and fro, pausing now and then to punctuate his remarks with an ominous silence while he bent upon Elsbeth an eye of chill displeasure.

Elsbeth sat composed, though pale, in a wicker chair beside Aunt Felicia's aquarium. Her eyes were fixed upon the

tiny aquipoise of two quarter-inch guppies in the tank.

"Do you realize," Doctor Fred demanded, "that your Aunt Felicia might have died of this heart attack? And that you brought this attack on by your—your callous way of announcing your plans—and just after she had eaten her dinner!"

"Brussels sprouts never did agree with Aunt Felicia," said Elsbeth. "Of course, there's nothing immoral about eating, no matter what it does to you."

"This doesn't call for pertness! It was bad enough that your aunts should have found out this afternoon that you were out with that—that low-down — and that you've been in his company more or less continually ever since he came here two weeks ago. But on top of that—"

"And who told them about it?" Elsbeth put in gently. "Our good friend Irma Trent. I saw the two of you down at the Rendezvous together. Did she ask you to take her slumming?"

"You can leave Irma out of this," Frederick interrupted sternly. "As a matter of fact, she was very tactful about it all. What surprises me is that it hadn't come to them before, in a much cruder form. Cecil Andrews! If it hadn't been for my grandfather, he'd have been sent to reform school years ago for stealing."

"Dear, dear!" Elsbeth murmured. "How dreadful! I've heard all about that affair. He was about twelve at the time, wasn't he? And his family couldn't afford to buy oranges, so he—"

"That wasn't all," Frederick told her darkly. "There was a girl in the Flats—" He cleared his throat, looked away.

Elsbeth caught her breath and that pang of shameful doubt flashed again through her breast. But out of memory came a line that made, she thought, a perfect retort to the smug censoriousness of Doctor Frederick.

"Do you remember what Guinevere said of Lancelot?" she asked. "It's the low sun that makes the color!" She felt, just then, extremely mature, like a person in a play.

Frederick regarded her stonily for an instant and gave her an odd, quite surprising thrill of pleasure when he went white about the lips and when the grey of his eyes became black pits of dilated pupils. Why, he actually seemed to be deeply shaken! She had an obscurely alarming sensation that she was about to see him in a new and strange light, when Aunt Kate entered from the hall.

SHE pointedly ignored Elsbeth and rustled up to Frederick, her face a colorless, bitten mask of severely controlled emotion.

"I'm so glad you're still here, Frederick," she said in her thinly cordial voice. "My sister is sleeping quite easily now, thanks to you. I'm sure we need not detain you any longer."

"Now Beth's in for it," Frederick thought grimly as he picked up his hat and case from the hall settle.

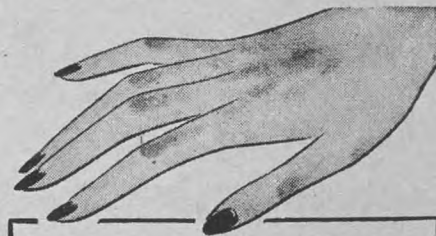
A cross-grained notion came to him all at once, and astonishingly, that since there was obviously no hope of gaining Elsbeth's friendship—let alone anything deeper!—for himself, he would now be glad to see her defy every convention of the Payson tribe, of all North Hill, and escape to a fuller life of her own making. A dancing career need not necessarily mean one of depravity. And so far as Cecil Andrews was concerned, Fred had taken the trouble to ascertain that he and his band were on contract to play in St. Louis and points west for the next half year. In all likelihood, the glamor and exhilaration of New York would knock every thought of him out of her vivid, wilful head.

He was of half a mind to linger, despite Miss Kate's rather pointed dismissal, and act as a buffer for Elsbeth against what he knew would be for the girl a trying hour of vituperative and bitter reproach from that old pod of a woman. But it was, after all, none of his business, he admitted dejectedly. It's the low sun that makes the color! Elsbeth, identifying him with North Hill, would merely resent his presence, and Kate Payson would not thank him for it.

Miss Kate did not immediately assume what she considered her bounden

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● Why not let us keep your war-bonds here in our vaults, and clip the coupons for you? We have a regular system for taking care of bonds on their interest-due dates. It would save you a lot of bother. Your account will be credited with the amount due on the date named. The charge is nominal — 25¢ per annum for bonds up to a value of \$250. . . . one tenth of one per cent. for larger amounts.

**IMPERIAL BANK
OF CANADA**

Head Office: Toronto.

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Women Suffer Bladder Weakness More Than Men

Many scientists are agreed that women suffer a great deal more from bladder weakness and kidney trouble than do men. A high percentage of women seem to be troubled by frequent or scanty passages which burn and smart, and many of them often have to get up to go to the bathroom several times a night. Other women are troubled by severe back-aches, nervousness and leg pains.

Probably the functional upsets attending child-birth represent one reason why more women suffer these ailments, however, housework, financial worries, taking care of the family, frequent colds and nervous strain may prove a greater burden to women than men.

Help Kidneys Remove Acids

Women, and men too, will be surprised and delighted to see how quickly and easily they can relieve backache, getting up nights burning passages and other kidney and bladder troubles by simply aiding the kidney and bladder to filter and clean out excess acids and poisonous wastes.

As we grow older our kidneys at times may slow down in their work of filtering and purifying the blood. And when this happens uric acid, and other poisons have a tendency to accumulate in the system, making you feel older, worn-out and suffer from many aches, pains and troubles. But by simply helping the kidneys and bladder to perform their work more normally thousands of men and women in Canada and throughout the British Empire have discovered joyous relief and new energy.

Nearly twenty years ago a scientific formula called **Cystex** was made available to the public through drug stores, making it easy and inexpensive to help thousands suffering from kidney and bladder troubles in these three simple ways: 1. Help the kidneys remove excess acids, which may become poisonous and irritating. 2. To palliate burning and smarting of the urinary passages, and bladder irritation. 3. Help the kidneys remove wastes which may become poisonous, thus aiding nature in stimulating an increase of energy and a more youthful feeling.

Money-Back Agreement

The very first dose of **Cystex** usually goes right to work helping the kidneys remove excess acids, poisons and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying action in just a day or so may make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. The iron clad money-back agreement on **Cystex** insures an immediate refund of all your money unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money-back offer. Get **Cystex** from your druggist today.

Now **Cystex** 75c-\$1.50



duty to her dead brother's child. She got her reticule—one that she had cherished dearly since it belonged to her stainless mother—and took out her crocheting.

"Elsbeth," she said, her voice like pebbles tossed against a pane, "you've had time to regret your scandalous talk at the dinner table tonight. I hope you are prepared to say that you are sorry, although that can scarcely undo the harm you have done to poor dear Felicia."

"I really don't know what you're talking about, Aunt Kate," Elsbeth said coolly. "I'm sorry Aunt Felicia took it so hard, but I meant what I said at the table. I'm leaving for New York tomorrow. I've already enrolled in the dancing school, as I said, and I've arranged for a room in an inexpensive place that's perfectly respectable and homelike. Priscilla Van der Water knows the woman—a Mrs. Almquist."

"Who? Priscilla Van der—" Kate Payson leaned forward. "What are you saying?"

It became, soon, almost unbearable. The old woman's face took on the appearance of ashes fluttering in a wind. Her darkest forebodings had never embraced the possibility of a Payson—even one with a light-minded mother like Elsbeth's—entering upon a life that was universally deplored by all respectable people! Was this her reward for having brought Elsbeth up in decency and gentility? Was this her thanks—that she must have thrown in her face her failure to set her only brother's only child on the straight road of modesty and virtue?

And when it became unbearable, Elsbeth sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing through her tears.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Kate, that you feel like this!" she cried passionately. "But I'm not heading straight for hell, as you seem to think. I'm going to be an artist—maybe a great artist! And I'm going to live, no matter what I become. I'm not going to have my life smothered by you—and North Hill—as my mother's was. Yes, you can gasp with outrage at that. But you know it's true. Your family killed my mother!"

Kate Payson stood still and paper white.

"If you leave here in the morning, Elsbeth," she said slowly, bitterly, "you leave to stay. You will never enter this house again while you live—or while I live. Now—I wish to be alone."

NEW YEAR'S eve, and snow falling from the murkily radiant dome of night down into the canyons of the city! Elsbeth leaned from the window of the room on the third floor back, and breathed deeply of the nostalgic, clean, sad smell of the snow, and laughed from a sheer exuberance of joy.

"What's so funny?" Sadie Miller called to her from the two burner gas stove where she had just put four potatoes on to boil. Sadie asked the question in a glad voice. Everything had turned out so wonderfully since their coming here to Mrs. Almquist's that neither she nor Elsbeth had ever needed to make a pretense of laughter.

"It's snowing!"

"Honest?"

And then they both went off into a gale of absurd mirth which nobody

could have understood but themselves.

The door opened and the immense Mrs. Almquist entered.

"What on earth are you two roaring about," she asked, beaming.

"Oh, we're just being silly," Elsbeth explained, out of breath. "I guess it's because it's New Year's Eve and you've been so darned good to us, Mrs. Almquist."

"Hmph! Good? It takes more than I've got before you can be good to anybody," she seated herself hazardingly upon a cane-bottomed chair. "A brown-stone front on West Eightieth ain't what it used to be. I remember the time when it meant something. But them days are gone. But I come up to tell you—a bunch of the old troupers are coming in for midnight supper tonight. They've been calling me up all afternoon. I thought maybe they'd forgotten all about me. But they don't forget. I'm still Aunt Min to them. But I don't know—there's going to be more than I can handle all by myself. Sadie oughtn't to be on her feet so much. I was wondering if Elsbeth—"

"Why, of course," Elsbeth said at

MORE EGGS IN 15 DAYS



or your money back

Pratt's Poultry Regulator sharpens appetite, tones up digestion and other bodily functions, contains "Trace Elements", nature's own health foods, often lacking in grains. 13

Pratt's POULTRY REGULATOR

The FASTEST SAFEST Headache Tablet

YOU CAN BUY

When pain strikes suddenly you need ASCO—the tablet which clears away Headaches speedily.

ASCO acts on ALL complex causes of nerve pain, because it contains five scientifically balanced ingredients . . .

ordinary tablets contain only one. ASCO is **PRE-ALKALIZED** and leaves no acidity and unpleasant after-effects. Heavy dosing is avoided for ONE ASCO TABLET IS A COMPLETE DOSE. Hardin's Tablets of ASCO are faster, safer, and more efficient. 12 Tablets 25c—Bottles (100) \$1.25

ASK FOR

ASCO



THE "CORRECTLY BALANCED" TABLET

ALSO FOR: Colds, Grippe, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sciatica, Toothache, Periodic Pains.

IN THE QUALITY TRADITION HUDSON'S BAY

SO DEPENDABLE
SO FULL FLAVOURED
SO DOWNRIGHT
GOOD



GCS

AT YOUR NEAREST GROCER

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention The Guide

**ALL NO
TASTE WASTE**

Burns' Spork

THE MEAT OF MANY USES

PLAN EARLY TO PLANT PLENTY.
Plan your Victory Garden now, and
order your seeds before shortages occur.

CELTUCE

A DISTINCTLY
NEW
VEGETABLE



Most desirable for every Canadian garden. Distinctly new; combining the uses and flavours of celery and lettuce. Raw Celtsuce is used like celery. Cooked Celtsuce has attractive appearance and pleasant mild flavour suggesting celery, lettuce, asparagus, broccoli, or summer squash. Ready for use in 90 days. Easily grown everywhere. We send complete directions for culture and use. Do not miss this valuable new vegetable.

Thousands of gardeners were delighted with the new Celtsuce in 1943. (Pkt 250 seeds 15¢) (2 pkts 25¢) (½ oz 70¢) (oz \$1.25) postpaid.

FREE — OUR BIG 1944 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK—Best Yet

31W

DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

ONE MAN HOLDS HOGS EASILY!

with **Dr. Rinehart's Handy Hog Holder**

Save Time Order Direct from this AD **Now**

Short of help — with hogs to ring, vaccinate, castrate, etc.? Here's your answer, now selling in thousands. One end for large hogs, one for pigs. Durable, good for a lifetime. **Send \$1.95 today**—post paid.

Dr. Rinehart's Handy Hog Holder
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YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

STOP taking Laxatives that go to Extremes!

Some laxatives are too strong—they weaken and upset you. Others are too mild—they just don't do you any good. But there's one that strikes a *happy medium*. And that's... **Ex-Lax!**

Ex-Lax is thoroughly effective—but it's kind and gentle, too. It won't upset you; won't make you feel bad later on. What's more, *Ex-Lax tastes good*—just like fine chocolate!... Only 15¢ or 35¢ a box.

EX-LAX strikes a "HAPPY MEDIUM!"

- not too strong!
- not too mild!
- it's just right!

Is Your Country Guide Late?

War-time labor shortages occasionally disrupt our printing and mailing schedule. Transportation in war-time is also uncertain. If your copy of *The Country Guide* is late, it is caused by conditions beyond our control.

once. "I'd be tickled to have something to do. It'll be fun!"

"That's just fine, then. I'm going to write Prissie Van der Water and tell her you're as nice a pair of girls as I've ever had in the house. I ought to thank her for sending you to me. I'd like to keep you both here for good."

"Who all is going to be at the party tonight?" Elsbeth asked.

"Well, there ain't no way of telling till they all get here. And it'll be five in the morning before they do, if it's anything like other years. They keep on coming all night. But I got three Virginia hams and with the baked beans and the macaroni and all, there ought to be enough to go round. Bert Mason—he's from the south, you know—he's always kidding me about the hams I have. Just his idea of comedy. But Edie Calahan phoned—you remember her, she used to do impersonations—she'll be here. It ain't so long, either—ten years, maybe, when Edie was going good. Then there's Trixie Bister. She was a toe dancer—acrobatic—and there wasn't anybody could touch her in nineteen-twenty. And then there'll be a couple who went big at the Abelard Roof, even during the depression. Diana and Joel—you must have heard about them. Ball-room dancers—big time—headliners on the old Orpheum. Now they come here for a New Year's feed! How times have changed! Not that they've ever been any different with me—the gang, I mean. Even in the old days they all used to drop in on me at New Year's."

DIANA and Joel, Elsbeth thought, startled. She and her mother used to look at the posed photographs of the famous dancing team in the magazines her mother smuggled into the house. They had been light and darkness then, striking each other in a dance that made the imagination reel. They had been... But now they were gone! Lost to the world that had once acclaimed them. Of course their going had nothing to do with her, Elsbeth Payson. It would be silly to think that way.

"Look, Mrs. Almquist," Sadie said, embarrassed. "Don't you think it'd be better if I stayed out of the way?"

"What are you talking about? There ain't anything luckier at New Year's than a woman that's going to have a baby. You come down and sit and talk with old Jerome Frobisher. He still thinks his profile can double for John Barrymore, the poor old dear! Now, you girls have your supper and get dressed pretty. Come down about eleven—earlier if you want to," she paused, rolling her eyes ruefully, and drew a letter from her bosom. "Land sakes, Elsbeth, I clean forgot. Here's a letter for you from that doctor friend of yours, I think, up in Bloomhill."

It was Frederick Stowell's third letter to Elsbeth. She took it, smiled at Mrs. Almquist hurriedly went out, and then looked at Sadie.

"Read your letter," Sadie said. "I'll set the table. You're all played out from practising the whole afternoon."

"No, I won't read it just now," Elsbeth said. "You go and lie down for a minute. You've got a big night ahead of you. I can fry the hamburger and read the letter at the same time."

There was a note in Elsbeth's voice which Sadie understood only too well. Elsbeth had expected the letter to be from Cecil Andrews, out in Pittsburgh. He had written her half a dozen times since she had come to New York, but the last letter had been before Christmas. Sadie thought it just as well now to go and lie down, although she felt no real need of it.

Elsbeth stabbed the potatoes with a fork, drained them, salted them, and shook them over the fire before she set them aside. She opened a small can of peas, dumped them into a sauce pan and put them to heat, the gas low. The next procedure, on the other burner, had to do with onions sliced into the breakfast bacon fat, and after two minutes the hamburger on top of the onions. This was New Year's Eve dinner in the room, third floor back, on West Eightieth Street, in a brown-stone house that had seen better days. And, this to Elsbeth Payson, of Bloomhill, was happiness, except that the letter in her pocket should have been from Cecil Andrews instead of from Doctor Frederick Stowell, of Bloomhill.

(To be continued)

"I owe my life to the RED CROSS"



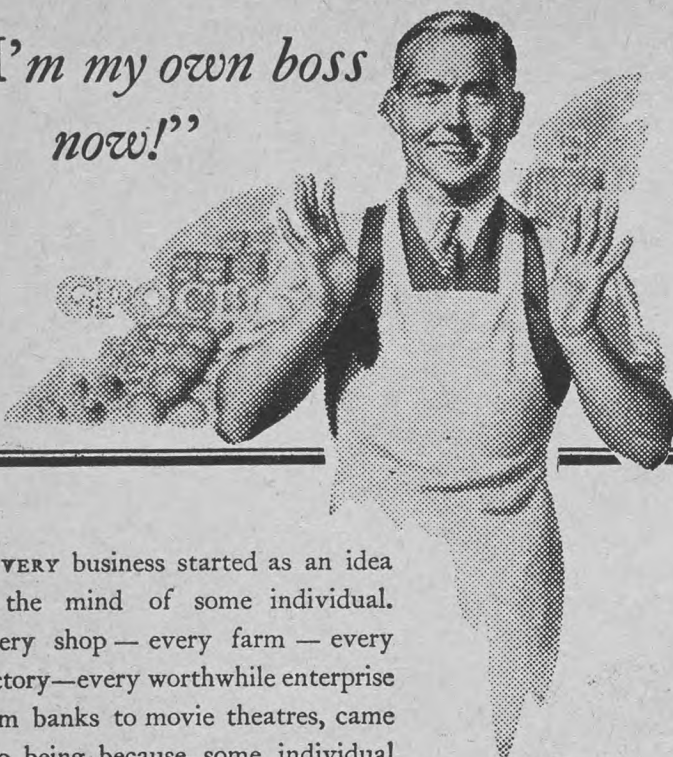
SUCH is the grateful testimony of countless fighting men who kept their "rendezvous with Death" and live to tell the tale. Every Red Cross triumph over death, wounds, disease and human agony is that in which you may take pride. *Because it is YOUR Red Cross.* Thus it is *you* who helps those in pain and peril.

Now as the dreadful carnage of war increases—as more famine-stricken countries are made accessible to *your* Red Cross, the need grows at terrific pace. So much money is needed to maintain a steady flow of parcels to prisoners of war, blood serum, medical supplies and dressings, surgical instruments, hospitals and hospital equipment, food and clothing, to name but a few of the demands on your Red Cross. Raise your sights—give **MORE—your** Red Cross needs your mercy dollars NOW!

CANADIAN RED + CROSS

The Need Grows as Victory Nears

*"I'm my own boss
now!"*



EVERY business started as an idea in the mind of some individual. Every shop—every farm—every factory—every worthwhile enterprise from banks to movie theatres, came into being because some individual had faith in an idea and the courage to back it.

Every Canadian has this right . . . the right to build his future in his own way—to go into business for himself if he chooses—and to reap the reward of his enterprise. So it has always been. That is the very essence of our free way of life, the solid foundation of our greatness as a nation.

What is PRIVATE ENTERPRISE?

It is the natural desire to make your own way, as far as your ability will take you; an instinct that has brought to this continent the highest standard of life enjoyed by any people on earth. It is the spirit of democracy on the march.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA



FARMS WANTED

The Director, The Veterans' Land Act, is interested in obtaining particulars of farms varying in size from a quarter section or more, with a high proportion under cultivation or arable, carrying productive soil and equipped with habitable buildings and a satisfactory water supply, favorably located in regard to markets, school, and social services.

Lands of the above type are required for the re-establishment of veterans of the Canadian Active Service Forces and the Director is prepared to purchase out-right for cash such lands as are found suitable for this purpose.

For the guidance of all owners of land who may be interested in this advertisement the following quotation from the Veterans' Land Act, 1942, is important:

No person, firm or corporation shall be entitled to charge or collect as against or from any other person, firm or corporation any fee or commission or advance of price for services rendered in the sale of any land made to the Director, whether for the finding or introducing of a buyer or otherwise.

PLEASE STATE SECTION, TOWNSHIP, RANGE, AND MERIDIAN

Address replies to the District Superintendent, The Veterans' Land Act for the province in which the land offered is situate, i.e.,

Manitoba—Dominion Public Bldg., Main and Water Sts., Winnipeg.

Saskatchewan—Room 611, Federal Building, Saskatoon.

Alberta—Blowey-Henry Bldg., 9901 Jasper Ave., Edmonton.

Do not burn or destroy this publication. When you are through with it, sell it or give it to a salvage organization. It is needed for victory.

WASTE FEED---

WASTE MONEY

Continued from page 9

12 or 13 per cent and may be composed almost entirely of common cereal grains. In the total absence of a legume from the roughage, however, the meal mixture should carry 15 or 16 per cent of protein, such as a meal mix composed of three parts of barley, two parts of oats and one part of linseed oil meal.

Indeed it is a great case which can be made for the legume roughages as home-grown balancers in livestock rationing. During the recent years of low prices for wheat, it was discovered that wheat is capable of wider use than most stockmen realized, especially if fed in dairy, beef or sheep rations in which some alfalfa or sweet clover was present.

Protein For Pigs

The pig feeder's protein problems are different, however. The fact is that pigs, unlike the other livestock about the barnyard, are omnivorous; in other words, pigs require feed of both vegetable and animal origin. The cereal grains, especially those low in fibre, will constitute the basis of pig rations, but cereal grains by themselves are not enough. They must be supplemented with something supplying more protein and certain mineral supplements. The dairy by-products, skim milk and buttermilk are tops among the pig supplements and fortunate is the pig feeder who has sufficient to allow the young animals about two or two-and-a-half pounds of milk for every pound of grain fed. The older pigs do not need so much.

Unfortunately, many feeders do not have the skim milk or buttermilk; and for them it is a matter of resorting to a meat product like tankage, or, better still, a mixed protein-mineral concentrate such as those being sold quite widely these days. Tankage, or fish meal, as a protein supplement has the advantage of simplicity, but there are nutritional advantages in a mixed supplement which includes tankage, fish meal, linseed oil meal, a little alfalfa meal and some ground limestone and salt. That is approximately how many of the commercial concentrates are constituted and there is the added advantage today that the limited supplies of tankage and fish meal will go farther and do more good in pig nutrition if used in this way. A good pig concentrate should include at least 25 per cent tankage or fish meal in order to ensure fairly substantial protein of animal origin. In the interests of wider use of available supplies of protein-rich supplements, commercial concentrates for pigs are today restricted to 35 per cent protein, but it is a point of the utmost importance that growers cannot at any time afford to feed cereal grains to pigs without some provision for suitable protein supplements. If at any time the proper supplements are scarce, or very expensive, one might justifiably feed them at lower levels in the grain, but at no time can they be omitted without loss of efficiency.

Nothing in the experimental records of recent years has changed our view that young pigs require the highest level of protein and it will take 10 or 12 per cent mixed concentrate to be a practical substitute for the optimum allowance for skim milk for weanling pigs. And in this connection it is not to be overlooked that muscle development in a bacon pig is pretty well determined in early life. This was ably shown by Hammond of Cambridge, and feeders, if they would produce the best in Wiltshire sides, should insist upon liberal and careful feeding up to the time the pig is four months old.

Minerals—Why They Are Necessary?

THERE has been a lot of loose talk about mineral feeds, and stockmen should seek the truth. Undoubtedly there are many examples of disorder and lowered efficiency because of some mineral deficiency, involving common salt, calcium or lime, phosphorus, iron, iodine and perhaps one or two others. But the list is not a long one, as the above will show. There are other mineral

substances needed by the animals, but these are supplied adequately in the simplest rations.

The need for common salt is well understood, but there are too many instances where thoughtlessness has resulted in "salt-hunger" and lowered vitality. Cattle, sheep and horses need the most salt and should have regular access to it. The pig's need is lower, but just as important. If the half pound or so is not placed in every 100 pounds of grain fed to the pigs, their digestion and utilization of feed must be adversely affected.

Most stockmen understand salt, but they are likely to seek more guidance about calcium and phosphorus, the two bonebuilders. There is more or less of rickets among our young and growing animals every winter season; there is tetany or convulsions among 10-weeks old pigs from time to time; there is bone chewing among cattle; there is "burnt-out" among milking cows now and again; and there are cases of serious bone fractures among nursing sows, that point to calcium and phosphorus failure. The practical and efficient feeder will avoid many of these conditions and perhaps secure a better degree of breeding efficiency, by supplying the thing that is needed. In pigs it is likely to be calcium and in cattle it is most likely phosphorus. In either case, the deficiency could be due to lack of vitamin D (the sunshine factor), without which the mineral matter cannot be absorbed from the intestine. The pig man should furnish close to 1 per cent of a good grade of ground limestone in the grain of growing pigs and sows which are not receiving an adequate allowance of skim milk, or properly constituted concentrate. Beef cattlemen can place bone meal or mono-calcium phosphate in hoppers in the field and dairymen may prefer to mix ground limestone, bone meal, or mono-calcium phosphate, and common salt and feed the mixture in the grain at 2 per cent.

Let nobody forget the vitamin which permits the use of the calcium and phosphorus. Nature will take care of the problem during the summer months, but in winter months when the sun is low, some fish liver oil will be needed for young pigs and perhaps other young animals. Only high-testing fish liver oils are now being sold and with an oil having a guarantee of 1500A, 200D, a daily allowance of one teaspoonful for each young pig seems adequate. The fish liver oil is not medicine; it is part of the feed.

To guard against heavy losses from anemia in winter and early spring pigs, thoughtful pig feeders now make a practice of having some dirt sods in storage and also a supply of iron sulphate. Both are cheap and a little care will be guarantee against that disorder which not only kills many pigs annually, but undoubtedly renders them less resistant to various forms of infection and illness. Fortunately, however, no other class of stock on the farm is likely to suffer from iron deficiency.

The Truth About Iodine

IODINE is one of the mineral elements which must be fed as a supplement. There is not enough of it in soil and water and feed in this inland area; and the only safe insurance against goitred lambs and hairless pigs at birth is the provision of some iodine to the pregnant females. The question raised time and again is this, "I am feeding iodized block salt; will that do?" The amount of potassium iodide placed in the commercially prepared salt is low; some of us think it is too low. Nevertheless, this level of .023 per cent might be adequate if the iodine does not evaporate from the salt and if the feeder uses the product over a big part of the year. It is too soon to be sure about the success of iodine "stabilizers" used by the manufacturers; and many stockmen do not use the iodized salt all year. The alternative is to dissolve one ounce of potassium iodide in a gallon of water and give each pregnant mare a tablespoonful on her feed, or in her water daily, and each sow a tablespoonful every second day. The sheepman may elect to dissolve two ounces of potassium iodide in a cup of water and sprinkle the liquid over 100 pounds of loose salt for the ewes.

The stockman is becoming vitamin

conscious. It is not necessary for him to remember a long list of funny names which identify the vitamins. It is important, however, that he realize the value of a certain amount of direct sunshine, or its equivalent in the form of fish liver oil. It is important, too, that he appreciate the special value of green forage, vitamin A and other good things if you like. From a vitamin standpoint, there is always merit in variety. The ration which embraces variety and some fresh feeds is not likely to result in vitamin deficiency.

By and large, vitamins A and D are likely to concern stockmen to the greatest degree and both are present in concentrated amounts in the fish liver oil to which reference has been made. Steps have been taken to ensure supplies of fish liver oil for use by Canadian farmers and during the long winter months, a small investment in such a supplement may prevent heavy losses. Not only will the food factors contained ensure more growth in young animals and better utilization of bone building minerals, but the A factor present can be of great value in increasing resistance to certain infections, especially respiratory infections.

In any effort to improve farm rations, the matter of water should not be overlooked. If not available in sufficient amounts, the work of digestion will be hampered most seriously and certain digestive disorders, like impaction, may follow.

Perhaps nothing in this article is more important than to recognize a strong relationship between good nutrition and health. Proper feeding, correct proportions of proteins, and provision of mineral substances and vitamins required, may well constitute one of the practical forms of "vaccination" against disorder and disease. There is not much of a case to be made for the regular feeding of laxatives like Glaubers salts, condition powders, flavoring materials, etc. Health and efficient production are not achieved that way. Good feeding consists of determining and providing the materials needed and avoiding substances which are useless or harmful.

A CREDIT UNION GOES TO TOWN

Continued from page 10

per cent, while interest on loans of \$500 or over is seven per cent.

The matter of interest rates is only one example of departure from customary procedure. Mr. Biladeau proudly informed me that, in its 5½ years of operation, the La Fleche Union had not lost a cent. I gathered, however, that in order to achieve this very satisfactory result, the members had learned one lesson and learned it very thoroughly. This was that though the La Fleche Credit Union belongs to its 544 mem-

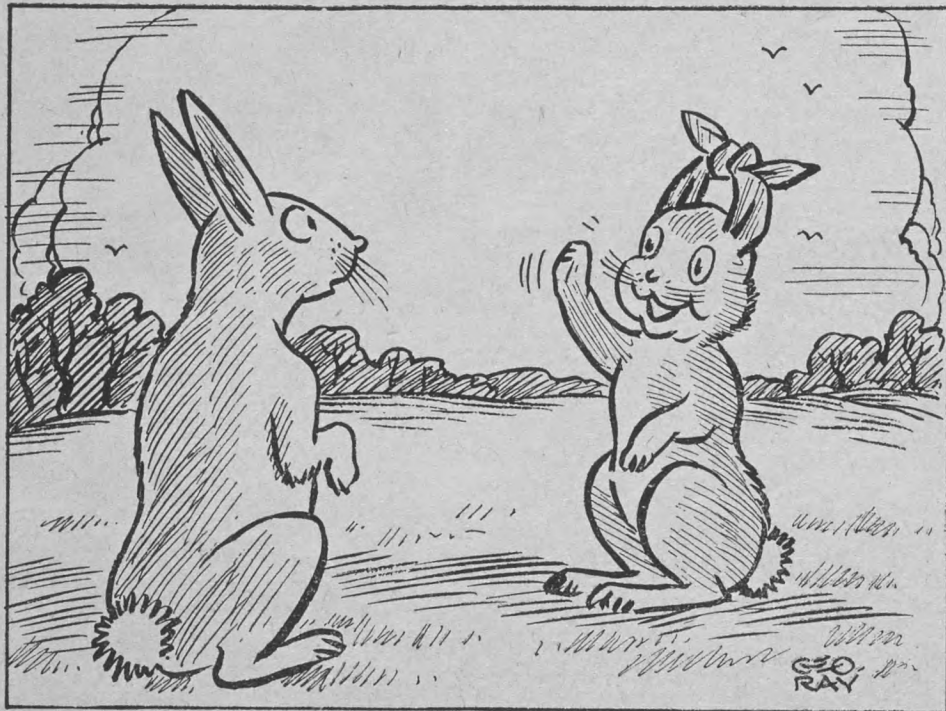
bers, and they can do as they like with it as long as they stay within the law governing the operation of co-operative societies, the important aspect of this freedom is that it carries a responsibility with it. If the organization belongs to the members, and they can do as they like with it, anything they may choose to do which is harmful to the society will be harmful to them. They will assuredly benefit from its successes, and just as certainly be harmed by its reverses.

The society has also experimented with cash withdrawals and transfers from one member to another, by means of a withdrawal slip which is non-negotiable and good only at the office of the Credit Union within thirty days of date. This unusual feature seems to have served a useful purpose thus far, but is regarded strictly in the nature of an experiment.

The society has also acted the part of the Good Samaritan to a valued member of the community, and at the same time served the interests of the community as a whole, by preserving a business which would otherwise have been closed up. Through the activities of the Credit Union, it was possible to satisfy the creditors, preserve the business for the community, and secure for the owner the safety of assets which would otherwise have been imperilled.

The La Fleche Credit Union is also interesting for the fact that a number of business men in the town have found it useful to become members, thus helping to draw a little tighter the bonds which should unite town and country. It is probably safe to say that only the extremists, who are either definitely opposed to, or over-enthusiastic as to the place which credit unions can take in the economic progress of the country, would undertake to place definite limits on the service which credit unions will ultimately be able to render. Further experiences will lead to the discarding of some ideas, and the further development of others.

It seems to me that the La Fleche Credit Union is a valuable illustration of the importance of education as to the real purposes and nature of the credit union. Its formation succeeded the meetings of a study club which began to function in 1937 and followed a course of study outlined by the University of Saskatchewan, in the form of a correspondence course of ten lessons. The value of this course lay naturally in the fact that the original members, having been well grounded in the fundamental principles of credit unions, were able to guide the early steps of the credit union safely and well. Equally important is the fact that Mr. Biladeau is not only an enthusiast in his work, but possesses the advantage of having had business experience. So many times, co-operative organizations, founded on little but enthusiasm, are unfortunate in their choice of managers or officials, and in the end the societies must be written off as experiments that failed.—H.S.F.



"Keeps my ears from flapping!"

Canadian Certified Seed Potatoes

ORDER AT ONCE

PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW, while supplies are still available. Seed potatoes are being withheld from export to meet the requirements of Canadian growers; but the demands from outside Canada are very strong and supplies not needed for planting in Canada should be released for export in March before the season in the U.S.A. is too far advanced for planting.

ORDER "CERTIFIED" for Table Stock Production. Larger crops are needed in 1944. Obtain a heavier yield from each acre by planting Canadian **Certified Seed Potatoes**.

ORDER "FOUNDATION" and "FOUNDATION A" for Certified Seed Production. All fields entered for certification in 1944 must be planted with either "**Foundation**" or "**Foundation A**" seed potatoes.

For lists of growers having "Certified", "Foundation A", or "Foundation" seed potatoes for sale, apply to the local District Inspector, Seed Potato Certification, or to the Plant Protection Division, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

DISTRICT INSPECTORS FOR

BRITISH COLUMBIA—Seed Potato Certification, 514 Federal Building, Vancouver, B.C.

QUEBEC—Seed Potato Certification, Post Office Building, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, P.Q.

SASKATCHEWAN and ALBERTA—Seed Potato Certification, 423 Post Office Building, Edmonton, Alta.

NEW BRUNSWICK—Seed Potato Certification, Customs Building, Fredericton, N.B.

MANITOBA—Plant Inspection Office, 722 Dominion Public Building, Winnipeg, Man.

NOVA SCOTIA—District Inspector, Dominion Experimental Station, Kentville, N.S.

ONTARIO—Seed Potato Certification, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—Seed Potato Certification, Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

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The Royal Bank of Canada Annual Meeting

Morris W. Wil on, President, says any degree of political freedom impossible under wholly planned economy.

The threat to the personal liberty of all Canadians, inherent in the plans of the socialists for the nationalization of Canadian industry, was emphasized by Morris W. Wilson, President of the Royal Bank of Canada, at the bank's Annual Meeting.

"We are being told by all the publicity methods revolutionary partisans can devise, that in order to win the peace we must change our entire economic system and launch out into new and untried paths, under new and inexperienced leaders," said Mr. Wilson. "The theorists and visionaries who preach these doctrines of an economic revolution may be thoroughly honest and sincere. But the fact remains that the principles they advocate can only lead, as a final and inevitable result, to a completely regimented economy. I am convinced that the menace of socialistic teaching is one which closely affects everyone in Canada in both his business and private life.

SOCIALIST MENACE

"These advocates of a new order have an astounding scheme, which will result in nothing less than complete regimentation of Canada. As you know, one of their principal objectives, and the first plank in their platform, is to nationalize the banks.

"Naturally, we are interested in preserving our business, in which so many shareholders have invested, and to which so many depositors have entrusted their savings. But it is as a citizen as well as a banker that I put before you some further considerations to which I hope you will give your earnest thought.

"The course of the socialist party in Canada has been charted for us in several books which make clear that nothing short of complete socialization of the means of production and finance will satisfy the party. That means domination of every phase of economic life, including agriculture, labour and capital. Therefore, because we all fall into one or other of the classes, it means domination of every individual.

"What would the socialists achieve by nationalization of the banks? Their book on social plan-

ning says that they will form one board of directors for the national bank monopoly instead of the ten boards which now operate the competitive chartered banks.

"Socialistic literature suggests that access to the books of the bank and a consequent rupture of the confidential relationship that now exists between bank and depositor, would be of inestimable value in determining taxation policies. But would this appeal to the depositor?

PRIVATE BANKING BEST

"Furthermore, as we are organized today, a prospective borrower may go from one bank to another if he fails to convince the first banker of his probity, ability and prospects; under the socialistic system, unless the prospective borrower could convince the state bank of the soundness of the project for which he sought to borrow money, and also that the transaction to be financed was in harmony with socialistic party objectives, he would be turned down and would have no other bank to look to for a loan. Do you think that such a system would assure the borrower of as fair treatment as he now receives?

"I believe the answer to these two questions, affecting depositors and borrowers, is a positive 'No.' On the contrary, history and experience lead us to expect that such a government monopoly of banking would lead to favouritism of party adherents. At the same time, we should witness a spread of that sterility of ideas and enterprise which tends to accompany every human activity that finds itself in a position of unchallengeable power."

Mr. Wilson suggested that it was not simply due to chance that banking the world over had continued in private hands, but that the people and the Governments had considered it advisable from every point of view that banking should be free of political and partisan influences. He reminded his audience that Canadian banks were already effectively controlled by the Bank of Canada and that further intervention by the government in the banking business would, in his belief, be superfluous and would not be welcomed by the majority who deal with the banks.

HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH

Continued from page 10

adhere to the one true God, ever expected even though he was a great poet, preacher and propagandist, that his exhortation might be applied 2,600 years later, to the Rolling Hills area. Nevertheless, there is an appropriateness which will be recognized by any one of the 150 farm families who have moved from many parts of Saskatchewan into this newly established, irrigated district.

They are just a few of the many Saskatchewan farm families, who, through the bitter years of drought and low prices, struggled to maintain an independent existence on land which, in many cases, should never have been opened up for settlement. It was land which was eventually turned into community pastures, through the belated but wise provision of the Canadian government, who established the P.F.R.A. in 1935. Many of them, if not all, represent those scores of thousands of farm families who were forced to be the recipients of relief in one form or another; relief which, for the province of Saskatchewan alone, since its inception in 1905, has amounted to over \$186,000,000. It is a striking fact, however, in a province so exclusively devoted to grain production, that during the first twenty or more years after 1905, total relief advances of all kinds had amounted to no more than \$13,000,000; while in one year alone in the disastrous thirties, the year 1937-38, relief amounted to \$47,816,000, or more than 25 per cent of the entire 34-year total to March, 1941.

It is not as easy as it might seem, in this vast prairie area, to locate unoccupied lands suitable for settlement, yet this was the task facing the P.F.R.A. organization when it was decided to build community pastures out of our less productive lands. Eventually, however, an arrangement was made between the P.F.R.A. and the Board of Trustees of the Eastern Irrigation District, in Alberta, whereby 25,000 acres, in addition to that already irrigated, would be provided with the necessary irrigation facilities, and P.F.R.A. funds sufficient to complete the irrigation works were provided.

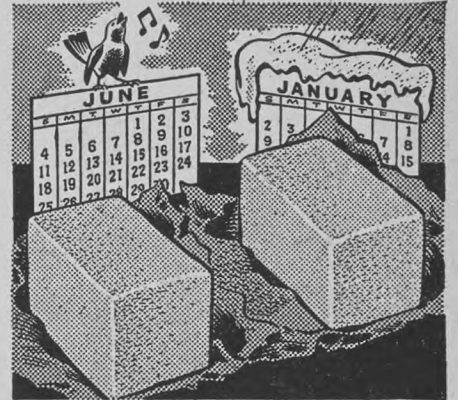
This area, incidentally, is a part of the large block of land between Calgary and Medicine Hat, selected in 1903 by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company as part of its land grant. It was to be, and parts of it were, developed for irrigation, the Company spending \$18,000,000 for irrigation works in the eastern and western sections. In 1935, the Eastern Irrigation District, comprising about 1,500,000 acres of land, of which 200,000 acres are irrigable, was transferred to the Board of Trustees of the E.I.D., the financial condition of which has improved since then, largely owing to a radical revision of land values, made possible by the conditions of transfer by the railway company.

The first of the hundred and fifty settlers reached the Rolling Hills area in the spring of 1939. Some of them, at least, had never seen an irrigation ditch before. They could bring nothing with them except such hope and ambition as remained after the ravages of struggle and disappointment had taken their toll. They had to learn a new way of farming. They had to erect buildings, gather together what livestock they could, and find out what sources of income were open to them in this new life upon which they were entering.

Any such radical scheme, involving large numbers of people, is bound to yield a few misfits. It is calculated that perhaps fifteen per cent of such people will not normally find themselves suited to the new conditions. In the Rolling Hills area, the percentage of misfits has been very much less than this; indeed, so much less that the number is negligible, making reasonable allowance for the fact that among those who eventually make it go, a few will be more enterprising and more successful than the rest, and some will catch on a little

more slowly than others. The fact remains that I could find or hear tell of only a negligible number of families who did not seem to be getting along at least reasonably well.

It has been hard, gruelling work, undoubtedly; but it was also hard, gruelling and disappointing work on the prairies when the rain didn't come, the seed was wasted, and the years ended, one after the other, with nothing to show for them. I talked with a number of men and visited a number of farms in the Rolling Hills area. I wanted to find out if there were failures, and I found that there were. But I partic-



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COUNTRY GUIDE PUZZLE CORNER

PRIZE WINNERS FOR DECEMBER

SENIOR CLUE WORD PUZZLE

Congratulations to: Mrs. Helen Dooley, Parkhill, 1, Ontario, and J. H. Halder, Pinkham, Sask., who sent in correct solutions and will share First and Second Prizes equally. Third and Fourth Prizes will be divided equally among the following who sent in solutions containing one error each: Mrs. C. Edwards, Delia, Alta.; Hubert H. Perkins, Camp 2, Princeton, B.C.; *Elsie Parker, 73 Bartholomew St., Brockville, Ont.; W. R. Conner, Deloraine, Man.; W. Dronick, Oyama, B.C.; D. E. Muir, South Slovan, B.C.

*Double Prizemoney.

CORRECT SOLUTION

Across

1, geraniums; 8, R.A.; 10, ego; 11, nitrates; 15, map; 17, to; 18, tendon; 19, rave; 20, hem; 21, atop; 24, slur; 28, at; 29, pellet; 32, obtain; 34, saint; 35, transit; 38, la; 40, Greece; 41, R.A.; 42, nee; 44, R.A.; 46, St.; 47, Ron; 49, Spanish; 52, oh; 54, alpaca; 55, necessity; 59, snow; 60, mutton; 61, sod.

Down

1, gem; 2, repaint; 3, A.G.; 4, notes; 5, un; 6, miter; 7, stem; 8, Reno; 9, as; 12, R.N.; 13, Ada; 14, totalitarian; 16, art; 20, hut; 22, putter; 23, broil; 25, lantern; 26, mess; 27, manger; 30, lair; 31, en; 33, hacks; 36, red; 37, N.E.; 39, anthem; 43, pal; 45, asco; 46, son; 48, oast; 50, pays; 51, hawk; 53, tin; 56, cu.; 57, et; 58, so.

JUNIOR CLUE WORD PUZZLE

Congratulations to the following who sent in correct solutions and will share First, Second and Third Prizes equally: Albert Gurney, Sandwick, B.C.; Birdene Husband, Wawota, Sask.; Margaret Newsted, New Norway, Alta.; L. Emery, Rosewood, Man.; Grace McNally, Bruce, Alta.

CORRECT SOLUTION

Across

1, peer; 4, mussy; 8, ant; 10, so; 11, globose; 12, al.; 13, ain; 14, roll; 16, N.S.; 18, at; 19, tentmaker; 25, stoop; 26, re; 27, into; 30, sooty; 32, revenue.

Down

1, pagan; 2, enlist; 3, Eton; 5, user; 6, so; 7, yell; 9, tomato; 12, alter; 15, oak; 17, into; 20, ester; 21, mouse; 22, A.P.; 23, rely; 24, ring; 28, no; 29, you; 31, on.

ularly wanted to find out what it had been possible for any one family to do since the spring of 1939, in improving their position, by steady application and reasonably good luck.

I found a satisfactory example on the farm of A. W. Larsen. Originally Mr. Larsen was a contractor in Moose Jaw, but for nearly 30 years, prior to 1939, he had farmed at Robsart. This 30-year experience was not a happy one, since it yielded only five reasonably good crops. Though the family were never on relief, it required all of their ingenuity to keep away from it. A small irrigation scheme made the growing of some green feed possible, and therefore the feeding of some livestock. The raising of mink was also another expedient resorted to, and it was this sideline that provided the few dollars in cash (substantially less than \$400) which the family were able to bring with them to the Rolling Hills area when they came with the first settlers in the spring of 1939. They also counted among their assets at that time, a full line of implements, practically worn out.

It was Mrs. Larsen with whom I talked, but I soon found that she was a full partner in the enterprise. It was she who, during the summer months when the fields were being irrigated from four o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, looked after the livestock so that her husband could spend a full day in the field. She was enthusiastic about what they had been able to accomplish in four short years, as compared with the 30 years that had gone before. She was emphatic, too, that the move had been made to Rolling Hills for the sake of the children, because it was unthinkable that the younger members of the family should be called upon to go through the experiences which had beset their parents.

The Larsens have developed three principal sources of revenue: Hogs, cattle, and alfalfa seed. No grain is sold from the farm, and 500 young roosters are maintained, largely for home use.

I was anxious to obtain some measure of the progress which had been made in four years. The buildings were obviously temporary, but such as they were they had been provided since 1939. Livestock numbered 150 pure-bred Yorkshire pigs, and 14 cattle. Water rates (\$1.60 per acre per year) were paid up. Lumber for a modest new house was lying on the ground, paid for; and in addition, new machinery, consisting of a new drill, a land leveller, a binder, and a \$1,450 tractor had been purchased and paid for. To top it all, I was invited to look inside the family bankbook, and the amount which faced me was at least twice as much as I had expected.

It is probably true to say that a settled scheme of diversified crops and livestock has not yet been developed in

the Rolling Hills area. I saw, for example, vegetable seed crops being grown under government contract; and seed crops of various kinds seem to be a distinct possibility. Some alfalfa is also being grown, and, as settlers are able to build up around them the necessary equipment and the spare cash, they can turn their attention to other crops and other sources of income not now open to them. One cannot picture, with any accuracy, the Rolling Hills area ten or twenty years from now, but I do not think anyone should be surprised to see it develop into a district of attractive, comfortable homes surrounded by trees and ample fruit and vegetable gardens. To date, at least, the establishment of this settlement seems to have been a success.—H.S.F.

THE HEIR OF THE U.F.O.

Continued from page 8

way. An agricultural committee has been set up by the new Ontario government to enquire into the condition of Ontario agriculture. Without a dissenting vote the Federation convention endorsed the principle of the commodity levy and asked the Commission of enquiry to make a study of the problem of financial support for commodity groups, "with a view to placing the principal commodities under the Farm Products Control Act, with the necessary revisions to the Farm Products Control Act, so that the extension of the commodity group may be proceeded with as quickly as possible." That would mean that a percentage of the market price of a commodity would be deducted and turned in to the office of the commodity group.

It all means that the Ontario farmers are moving rapidly in the direction of a complete organization of Ontario agriculture on a commodity group marketing basis, in which a compulsory levy on the market price of each commodity

will be made to finance the marketing associations.

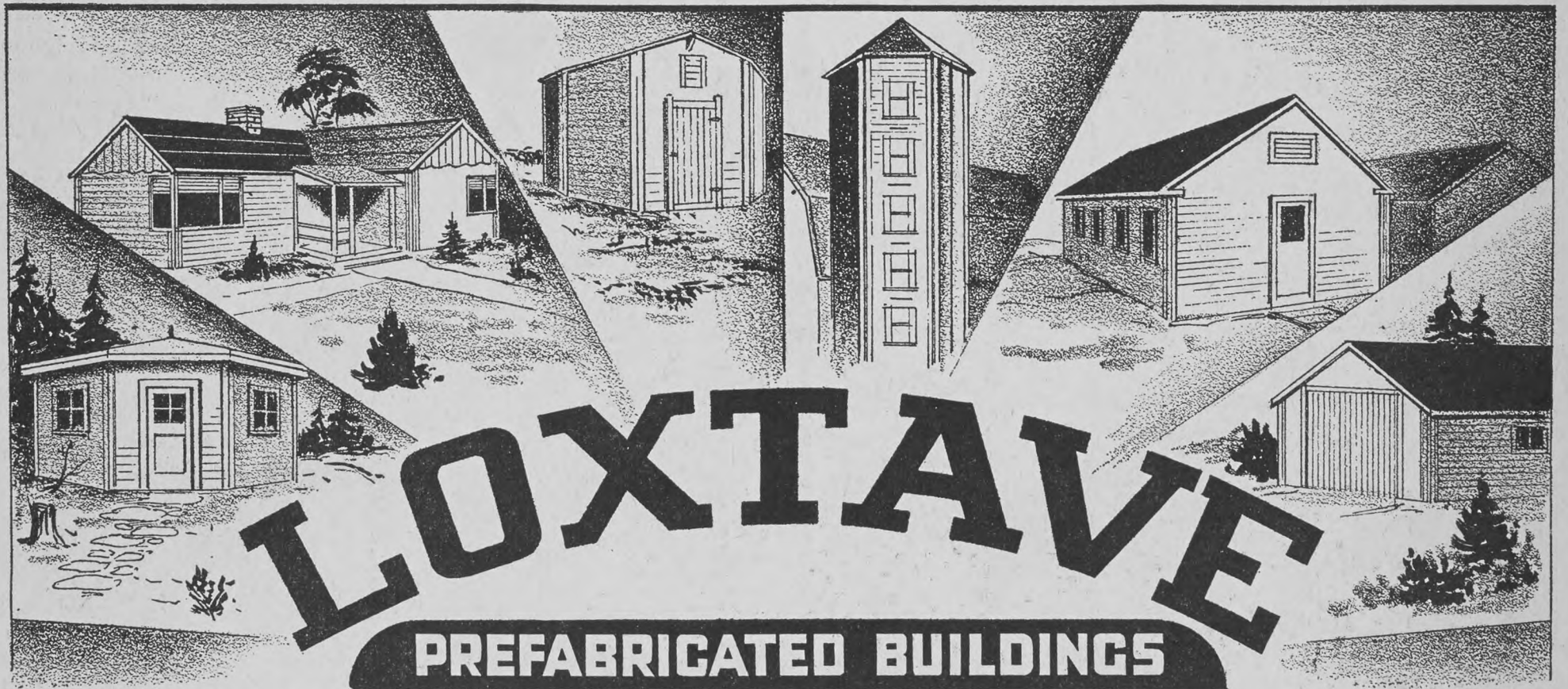
It might be interjected here that the Drew government in Ontario is taking agriculture seriously. One of its first acts was to appoint the commission which has been referred to. The Union Stockyards in Toronto will be taken over. Plans for constructing a terminal warehouse for fruit and vegetables in Toronto immediately after the war are under consideration. The provincial federation is wholeheartedly behind these moves.

There are various lines of activity within the federation. It has a Farm Radio Forum Committee which has now set up a separate office. A farmer, Ralph Staples, devotes part of his time to it as secretary. There is a Health Committee, working on a municipal doctor plan and assisting the Canadian Federation of Agriculture in the study of a National Health Insurance Plan. It had a hog producers committee, which has now branched out on its own as a commodity group. In the feed situation it assisted

in collecting orders and turning them over to the farmers co-operative, which gave it \$1,500 for the service. These are a few of its special activities.

All the variegated groups, in which the Ontario farmers, in their multitudinous activities, just naturally came together, presented a conglomerate picture which had neither plan nor pattern. Yet they are all parts of one whole. The Ontario Federation represents them as a whole. As you contemplate it, you begin to see the plan and pattern. The member organizations are the provincial or other inter-county groups, most of them commodity groups concerned primarily with marketing; and the county federations, which now number 36. Each group and county federation has the right to appoint one director, and a substitute director to act in his absence, to the board of directors of the provincial federation. The board of directors, which is a large body and met only twice last year, elects an executive committee immediately after each annual convention. Each member organization is asked to appoint one director and two voting delegates to attend the provincial annual meeting. They are also asked to name one woman and one young person under 30 years of age, to attend. Representatives of farm forum groups, junior farmer organizations or any other people interested can attend the convention but do not vote.

In its early days I attended several U.F.O. conventions. For one day I sat in on the O.F.A. convention in January. There was a marked difference. There wasn't as much heat as in the old U.F.O. conventions, but there was more light. This new organization is not a protest movement. It is more of a business movement. The officers and delegates talked more like business farmers. They were genuinely practical, working out business plans for the betterment of their industry. Maybe some of the old fire-eaters would not have liked it, if their shades had been there, but the movement they started has passed into history. This was the heir, the young fellow, in action.



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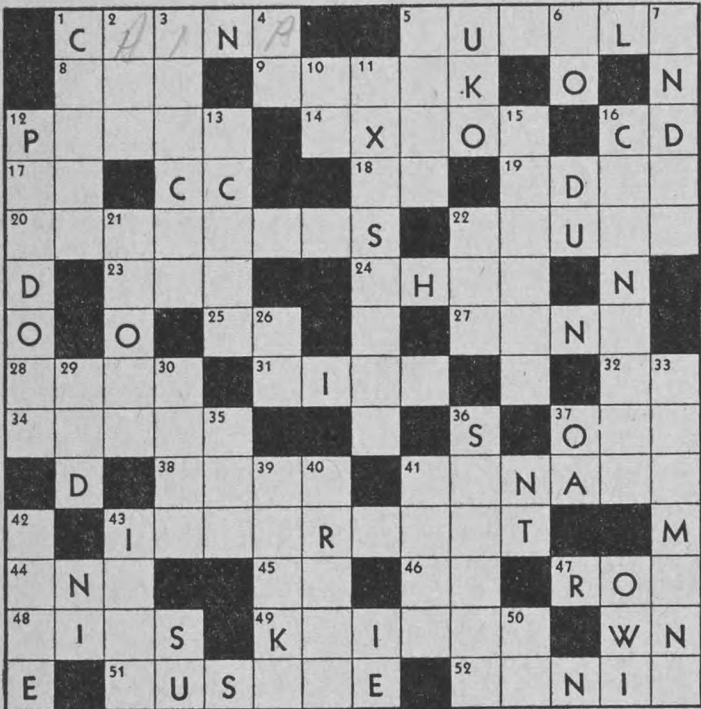
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COUNTRY GUIDE PUZZLE CORNER

All puzzles must be mailed by February 29, 1944. Prize winners will be notified by mail as soon as the contests are judged. Correct solutions and prize winners' names will be published in the April issue. Prizes will be awarded to the contestants who send in the correct or nearest correct solutions. In the event of ties, prizemoney will be divided equally among tying contestants. The judges' decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding these contests. Individuals who have won two prizes in these puzzles since January, 1942, will automatically be excluded from further prize lists.

SENIOR PUZZLE



To The Country Guide, Winnipeg, Canada.
I agree to abide by the judges' decision.

Name

P.O.

Box or R.R. No. Prov.
(Please print name and address)

☐ If prizemoney will be accepted in War Savings Stamps, check here.

PRIZES

- 1st—\$10 or \$20
- 2nd—\$5.00 or \$10
- 3rd—\$2.50 or \$5.00
- 4th—\$2.50 or \$5.00

Double Prizemoney if prize-winning solution is accompanied by a subscription.

ACROSS

1, Country in Eastern Asia; 5, progress rapidly; 8, receipt (abbr.); 9, shatter; 12, capital city of old France; 14, praise; 17, indefinite article; 18, part of the verb "to be"; 19, not occupied; 20, asserts as a fact; 22, ten-armed fish like an octopus; 23, female of the domestic fowl; 24, personal pronoun, used in solemn or poetical style; 25, thank you (baby talk); 27, sound, as of a bell; 28, small cot with high enclosing sides, for a child; 31, silver may be found here; 32, indefinite pronoun; 34, Scriptures of the Mohammedans; 37, unit; 38, stout cord made of strands of fiber; 41, direct or administrative affairs; 43, interfere with the course of; 44, girl's name; 45, for example (Latin abbreviation); 46, Spanish (abbr.); 47, king (French); 48, token of affection; 49, head of the old German Empire; 51, scuffle with; 52, variation of "reneege," as in card playing.

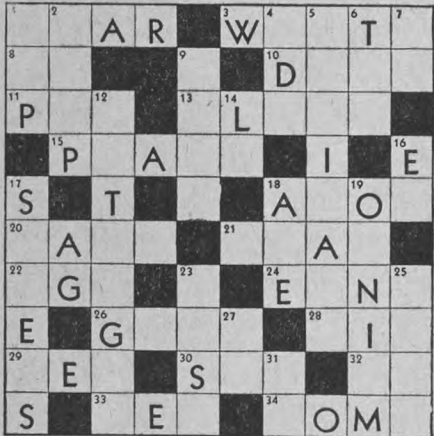
DOWN

1, tall wading bird; 2, feminine personal pronoun; 3, ice formed by the freezing of dripping water; 4, Able-Bodied Seaman (abbr.); 5, covering for the head (pl.); 6, towards; 7, concluded; 10, regarding (abbr.); 11, having its occurrence in present time; 12, small enclosure adjoining a stable; 13, scarcely sufficient; 15, fluid substance; 16, adhering closely; 21, company of singers, esp. in church service; 22, earth; 26, part of the verb "to be"; 29, straight, slender stick; 30, building used for keeping horses, hay, etc.; 33, overflowing; 35, expressing negation; 36, member of an army corps of engineers; 39, peers slyly at; 40, potential energy (physics); 41, state of confusion; 42, term often used in connection with photography; 43, instant (abbr.); 50, same as 10 down.

RULES—One solution will be accepted from each home. Two solutions will be accepted if entry is accompanied by a subscription (50c or \$1.00—your own or a friend's) to The Country Guide. The subscription **MUST** be paid for by the person who is to receive the subscription—subscriptions paid for by someone other than the recipient will be cancelled. When sending in a subscription with your entry please note the following details ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER and enclose it with your entry: Name, address, box or rural route number, amount enclosed. Non-subscribers' entries must be accompanied by a subscription to The Country Guide.

JUNIOR PUZZLE

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PRIZES

- First \$5.00
- Second 3.00
- Third 2.00

To The Country Guide, Winnipeg, Man.
I agree to abide by the judges' decision.

Name

P.O.

Box or R.R. No. Prov. Age.
(Please print name and address)

☐ If prizemoney will be accepted in War Savings Stamps, check here.

ACROSS

1, former title of emperor of Russia; 3, stays in readiness; 8, into; 10, to fall, as very small quantities of liquid; 11, god of flocks and pastures (mythology); 13, warning of danger; 15, musical instrument; 18, smallest particle of an element; 20, common animal of hunting sport; 21, minute measure of weight; 22, self; 24, volcanic mountain in Sicily; 26, of forbidding aspect; 28, one (German); 29, golfing term; 30, ocean; 32, indefinite article (French); 33, fabric of twine, used for catching fish, birds, etc.; 34, large, heavy book.

DOWN

1, top point; 2, cracking noise; 4, girl's name; 5, provoke; 6, boy's name; 7, Service Police (abbr.); 9, group of persons acting together for a common purpose; 12, colorless gas present in the air in quantity; 14, behold; 16, printer's measure; 17, paper is usually in this form (pl.); 18, part of the verb "to be"; 19, all, as one's ... (Latin); 23, cloud rising from the earth; 25, girl's name; 27, personal pronoun; 31, near.

For prizewinners in December issue see page 42.

A Quarter-Hour With Books

IN these days when democracy is such a vital force in moving the people of many nations to rise up against the evils of tyranny and dictatorships, it is a useful thing to read something of the past, especially of those similar movements and revolutions which led to our present conceptions of freedom and justice and liberty. Often these gleams of the past can be obtained profitably through the pages of historical novels since novels of this type are not only entertaining but they generally represent months, if not years of careful historical research, in order that the fictional characters may be properly integrated with those characters and evidence that are factual, and have become merged in the long stream of history. **THE SHADOW AND THE GLORY**, by John Jennings (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.25), is a pre-revolution page from American history. The new book tells a story of David Ferguson, young son of a member of the New Hampshire Legislature, who, while still sixteen, becomes involved in the political upheaval of the day and is drawn into the war of the revolution. The book covers the period from 1774 to 1777 and is of particular interest at this time also, because of the comparison it permits between warfare now and 170 years ago.



THERE are many thousands of persons engaged in this global war who are having experiences which would provide material for very interesting books. Unfortunately, most people are handicapped by lack of ability to put their experiences in readable form. In **BURMA SURGEON**, by Lieut.-Col. Gordon S. Seagrave (Norton, \$3.75), we have one of the outstanding books of 1943. Dr. Seagrave was a medical missionary in Burma for many years before the war. His father and grandfather before him were also missionaries. After the Japanese began to penetrate into China, and particularly after Pearl Harbor resulted in the development of a real war in the Pacific, the war came closer and closer to him and to his work. Situated close to the Burma Road, and having in the meantime established a first-class hospital with several smaller outlying hospitals, and a competent well-trained staff of nurses, the author's skill with diseases in that part of the country immediately became of great value to Chinese and American military commanders. The fact that Dr. Seagrave has a very real ability to write of his experiences, makes of this book a fascinating combination of travel, war and humor; a rare combination indeed and one which has given "Burma Surgeon" a well-deserved popularity.

THERE was a time when nearly everyone, both young and old, was entirely familiar with the old-fashioned country dances. There are fads in dancing, as well as other things, and in recent years country dances have shown signs of coming back again. **SWING YOUR PARTNERS**, by Gurward Maddacks (Oxford, \$1.25), is a guide to modern country dancing, including many variations of the Square dance, and devoting attention also to the Circle dance and the Quadrille dance. Those interested will find this little volume well illustrated, and containing also a plentiful supply of information bearing on the art of calling and an explanation of the various patterns of the different dances. The book also contains a section on the music incidental to country dancing, including a list of phonograph records, and a list of other books on the subject.

THE BRADSHAW OF HARNISS, by Joseph C. Lincoln (Appleton, \$3.00), is the most recent of at least forty novels by this popular author. Many thousands of people have read one or more of these witty and entertaining stories, nearly all of which centre about the home-loving and sea-loving people of the small towns and villages which appear and reappear in the Lincoln stories. This new novel is about Bradshaws, a general store in Harniss that has existed for one hundred years, and which depends now on Zenas Bradshaw, nearing seventy, and his grandson, Mark, who is crazy about flying. Before war comes to the United States, Mark has enlisted as an Air Cadet, leaving his grandfather to carry on in disappointment, but at the same time with understanding. Emily Thacher, daughter of the town's first-ranking isolationist, and Betsy Lemon, Zenas' housekeeper, are the third and fourth most important characters. It is not necessary to say much more about a Lincoln novel, except that few people ever turn away from one of them in disappointment.

MANY useful books have been published in connection with farm livestock. A very new and informative little book, **THE FARMER'S ANIMALS**, by Frank H. Garner (Cambridge, \$1.50) has recently come from England. It is a small volume of only 99 pages, written especially about English conditions; and would be especially useful to people in towns and cities, as well as young people on the farm, who, as a result of wartime dependence on agriculture for food, have been taking keener interest in agriculture as a primary food industry.

THERE have been many books written on the care and breeding of poultry. It is natural that this should be so because perhaps more people are personally interested in poultry of various kinds, both on the farms and in smaller towns and villages, than in any other type of agricultural production. A new poultry book that has come to hand **CHICKEN RAISING MADE EASY**, by Paul W. Chapman (Macmillan, \$2.00), which is outstanding for its 16 pages of drawings illustrating the life history of poultry insects and diseases, poultry house construction, many items of poultry equipment, birds of different types and sizes, and the development of the chick inside the egg. The book is designed to assist efficient egg production either in the home, or in commercial poultry establishments. It deals at length with breeding, feeding and management for egg production, and carries a well planned chapter on the control of parasites and diseases.

THE COUNTRYWOMAN

Humility

By MARCELLE HOOE ALEXANDER

There was a time when faith began to slip,
When I had lost all that I had to lose
(Or so it seemed to me)—I lost my job,
My house.

I had no home, no food, no shoes.
Then suddenly I felt myself ashamed!

For I, who talked of shoes,
Then chanced to meet
Upon the busy highway of my life
A man

Who had no feet!

—from Outstanding Contemporary Poets for 1939.

... There is no happiness

Sure to the grasp, but sorrow and grief are sure.
Yet we persist, and persisting manifest
That joy is in the struggle, that we can build
Tall towers of small sharp stones that cut our feet:
From towers such as these the world looks large,
And strangely beautiful, yes and strangely sweet
And still to be desired.

By CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE—from book,
"Each to the Other."

Sugar For Home Canning

UNDER the present wartime system of rationing of sugar, we have become accustomed to thinking much earlier about the season's home canning plans. Just as this page is ready for the printers an official release has come from the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, Ottawa. It follows:

"Sugar for 1944 home canning will be made available through ten spare 'F' coupons in Ration Book No. 3 now being used by consumers. Consumers will thus be provided with a standard allotment of ten pounds of sugar per person for home canning purposes but householders wanting to do more canning than this quantity will provide, will of course be able to supplement this amount by using their preserve coupons for the purchase of sugar.

"Provision has been made in the plan for those households which depend chiefly upon the purchase of honey, maple syrup and commercially packed jams and jellies. To meet their needs the special sugar coupons will be exchangeable for preserves coupons upon application to local ration boards at the rate of one 'F' coupon for one preserves coupon.

"Housewives will not have to apply to their local ration boards to obtain canning sugar for the coming season. The coupons they will use are already in the ration books, which they now have, although the first of these coupons will not become valid for canning sugar until June 1.

"The special sugar coupons are the 'F' coupons numbered one to ten, each being valid for the purchase of one pound of sugar. The half-pound sugar alternative of preserves coupons is to be continued so that the maximum amount of sugar which any householder may obtain for canning will be 23 pounds per person if all of the 26 preserves coupons becoming valid in 1944 were used to purchase sugar rather than preserves.

"'F' coupons numbered one to five will become valid about June 1, while the remainder will be valid for use about the end of July."

Sugar Facts Reviewed

THE fruit crop, during 1943, was the saddest in Canada's food picture. What with an extraordinarily poor season, shortage of help and a low per capita allowance for canning just about every conceivable problem came up for review. Some even found place in the discussions of the House of Commons.

The fact is that there were many more applicants than had been anticipated. Applications for canning sugar amounted to more than double the available supply. The Ration Board proceeded to make an allocation to each territory covered by local ration boards, of which there are now some 500 in Canada. The allocation was based on the amount applied for in each area, not on the population figure. The amount allowed per applicant was left in the hands of the local ration board.

In some areas it was deemed appropriate to draw distinction between urban and rural applicants, while in other areas a standard allocation was considered more appropriate. In 1943 approximately 100,000,000 pounds of sugar were allocated for

Some matters of interest which centre on business in Ottawa

by
AMY J. ROE

home canning, which worked out on a basis of 11.34 pounds per applicant.

In 1942 sugar used for home canning in Canada amounted to 106,179,000 pounds. In reply to questions asked on the floor of The House of Commons in June last, the following points of interest were brought out: In the calendar year 1942 approximately 898,821,003 pounds of sugar were consumed in Canada.

Of this amount 25.5 per cent was produced in Canada and 74.5 per cent was imported. The average yearly production of beet sugar does not exceed 20 per cent of the annual consumption.

The consumption of sugar by industrial users has been restricted since July, 1942, the general quota for the manufacturers of soft drinks and candy not being more than 70 per cent of the quantity used in the corresponding quarter of 1941, although this quota is subject to adjustment at the discretion of the administrator in the case of hardship. Allocation for wine making is on a somewhat different basis, because usage in this industry relates to the crop rather than to the calendar year. Of the total 12,077,275 pounds of sugar used in 1942, 5,368,552 pounds were used in connection with the final processing of the 1941 grapes. The allocation of the 1942 crop was based on a somewhat less than 70 per cent of the average grape tonnage of the three preceding years.

In 1941 the amount of sugar used by commercial firms for the manufacture of soft drinks was 91,724,810 pounds; for candy 65,489,836 pounds and for wine 12,962,988 pounds (raw sugar).

In 1942 the amount of sugar used by commercial firms for the manufacture of soft drinks was 73,075,217 pounds; for candy 51,222,345 pounds and for wine 12,077,275 pounds (raw sugar). The Wartime Prices and Trade Board has gathered the information respecting the amount of sugar used by commercial firms since 1941. Prior to that year, estimates were made by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and are not on a comparable basis.

No statistics are available respecting the amount of sugar used by housewives for canning purposes during the years 1938 to 1941 inclusive.

Canning Complaints

FOLLOWING last season's home canning, there have been complaints of food spoiling because of poor quality rubber rings and faulty jars. The matter was the subject of study by the Manitoba Home Economics Association.

After receiving many reports and making checks on method, a resolution was drawn up and forwarded to departments of government at Ottawa concerned and to leading women's organizations throughout the Dominion.

The points raised were: that the quality of rubber rings for home canning is inferior due to (1) lack of elasticity, (2) lack

of strength as they break easily before use, (3) being too thin for adequate sealing and (4) the presence of a heavy odor which impregnated the food.

The top edge of some newly manufactured glass jars is rough and uneven. As a result of these imperfections, quantities of home canning have spoiled, even though done by expert canners, who have had successful canning experience over a period of years. This happening at a time when there is more need than ever for increased home preservation of food is deplorable.

The explanation afforded is to the effect that the whole matter of rings and jars is in the hands of the National Research Council for study. A report is expected, shortly. The matter is being given serious consideration. The complaints have varied in different parts of the country. Two years ago when the switch-over to part crude rubber and part re-worked rubber was made, a grey-colored ring was produced for sealers. There have been variations in quality. Now all complaints about rubber rings are being turned over to the rubber controller.

The matter of some rusting of metal jar rings is explained by the fact that, due to the scarcity of zinc, some tin was used last year to meet the estimated large demand. This is not likely to recur. At least one shipment was known to contain defective jars. Steps are being taken to prevent further faulty jars being made.

Notes By The Way

A REQUEST that a woman cognizant of rural problems and acceptable to rural women, be appointed to the Consumer's Branch of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, was made by the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada at their thirteenth biennial



Scenes at various collective farms in Russia.

Top: Mealtime at a farm's kindergarten.

Centre: Woman using electric iron with power from the farm's own electric station.

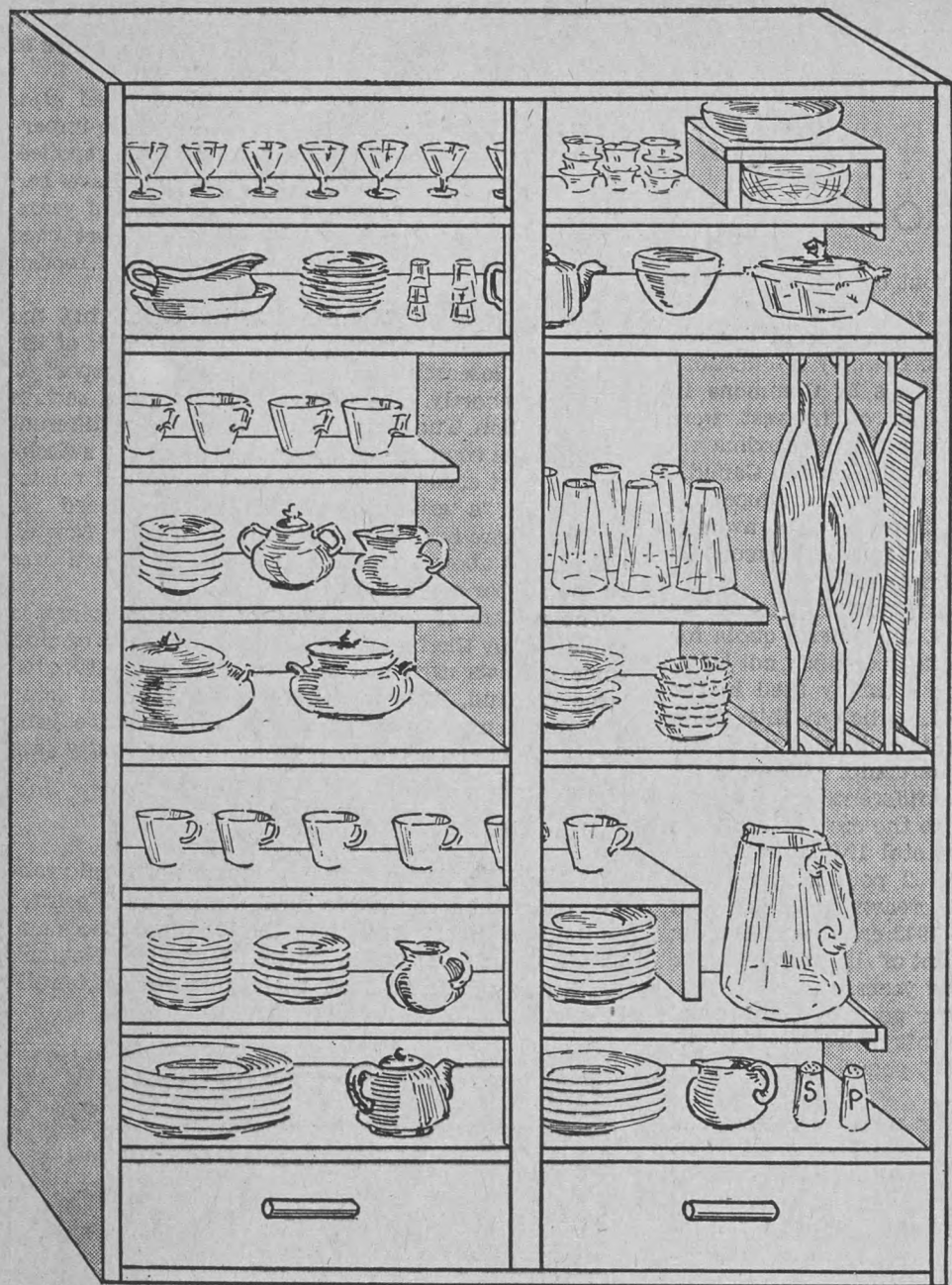
Lower: Collective laundries relieve farm housewives of much drudgery.

board meeting in Toronto last June. It was also asked that the F.W.I.C. be permitted to submit names for consideration of such an appointment. A recent news release from Ottawa announces that Mrs. Cameron Dow of Port Daniel West, Quebec, will serve as rural advisor on the Consumers' Branch of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. Mrs. Dow is the newly elected president of the F.W.I.C. Her membership in the Women's Institutes dates back for 21 years.

Better School Lunches is the title of a timely six-page bulletin just published by the Extension Service of the Manitoba Department of Agriculture. The "why" and "how" of well balanced, hot lunches for the school child is set forth in an interesting and direct manner by its authors; Ruth Wilson and Maxine Black. A number of easy-to-prepare recipes are furnished. The bulletin is for free distribution in Manitoba.

Dr. L. B. Pett, Director of Nutrition Services, Department of Pensions and Health, Ottawa, reports a steady and growing interest in the Score Sheet which is used by teachers and others interested in nutrition to discover how well or ill Canadians are being fed. Copies are furnished free upon application to Ottawa and would make interesting studies for women's organizations.

POINTERS ON CUPBOARDS



[Illustrated by Walter J. Wedlock.]

THE old adage "A place for everything and everything in its place" is a good theme for kitchen planning. Savings in time, energy and patience are made if you know just where to lay your hands on an article, when you want it. Precious minutes, some confusion and possibly a few breakages may be saved when you are able to pick up a cup, bowl or plate without having to move several other articles to get at it.

In these days of shortage of help and extra tasks for the homemaker, inside the house and out, any device that will save steps, time or equipment is worthy of consideration. The Country Guide plans to present a number of ideas for labor-savers. This month cupboards for dishes and for pots and pans are under review. They may be small matters but are of great importance in the kitchen worker's day.

Many kitchens have been built with little or no thought for the convenience of the woman who works in them. Like Topsy they "just grew." With a little study and some planning many improvements could be made. You may have to wait some time for

the kitchen of your dreams, fitted with model, well-placed cabinets, but in the meantime it may be well worth your while to undertake a reconstruction job on the kitchen you already have. With the help of the handy man of the house during the winter months some alterations might be made.

The location of a cupboard is an important matter. If your cupboards are portable and not built in, they might be placed to better advantage. If they are fixed in place, you may have to group other working units in line with them. When you give the matter

thought, you may be able to find good spots in which to set new and better cupboards.

The ideal arrangement for most people, is to work from right to left, starting with the ice-box, or corresponding storage place for foods, whether that be pantry, cupboard or dumb waiter. Then comes the working surface, where preparation, mixing or beating is done. Above or near this table or other surface should be the cupboard that holds supplies and possibly some of the utensils and equipment you need for baking. The sink or dish-washing centre on the left

Consider cupboard arrangement and the storage of articles as a means of saving time and energy

is the natural place to put the dirty dishes, as you finish with them. The stove should be near these work centres and the cupboard holding the equipment most often used at the stove, near it.

As dishes are washed and dried, a cupboard above the draining board or beside it, facilitates putting them away, without having to take unnecessary steps. If your dish cupboard is placed so as to be convenient to the dining table for table setting and at some distance from where the dishes are dried, have a kitchen wagon or small table on casters and take all the dishes in one load to the cupboard. Directions will be furnished later for the making of such a service wagon. The ideal arrangement, of course, is to have the dish cupboard built so that doors of it open on two sides, one set into the kitchen and the other set of doors into the dining room.

THE most common fault of dish cupboards is poor spacing of shelves to accommodate the articles which are to be stored there. Widely spaced shelves can be improved by the addition of narrow shelves in between to take care of cups, saucers and other small pieces, while dinner plates and other large pieces may be stored on the original shelves. Different sized plates stored on separate shelves is a much better arrangement than to have to lift down two stacks of plates to get at the large dinner plates. Sometimes it is more satisfactory not to have these shelves extend across the full width of a cupboard, but, instead, to leave space at one end for tall pieces such as a pitcher or coffee percolator.

The narrow shelves, which are added need only be as wide as the widest dish to be placed on them. When revamping a cupboard, plan the space according to the dishes you have or which you expect to have in the near future. One and one-half or two inches clearance space should be allowed above the dishes to enable one to lift them easily.

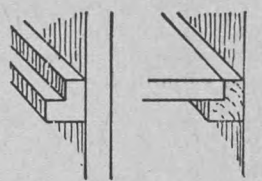
Extra shelves may be added by means of cleats, as shown in the illustration; by removable bench or step shelves, which are very easily made and which of course should be fixed firmly in place. They may prove to be the solution to your problem. Upright sections for platters and cake plates make it easier to grasp them, than if they are piled one on top of another, or stood against the back of the cupboard behind a pile of other dishes.

By planning your cupboard so that all the dishes you use day-by-day are stored there and can be reached without much

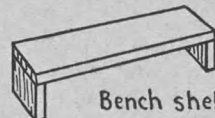
bending or stretching, you are making your own work easier for yourself. The business of putting dishes away and of setting the table can be done with the minimum of effort. If you have very high or very low shelves, use them for holding articles which are seldom in demand. When it comes to reaching those out-of-the-way shelves see that you have a good firm ladder to stand on and take no chances of a nasty tumble. We will have more to say about a kitchen ladder-stool for just such purpose.

A cutlery drawer divided into sections, to hold each type of piece, is a great convenience. It saves sorting through all the others to find the piece you want. It prevents silverware from unnecessary wear and

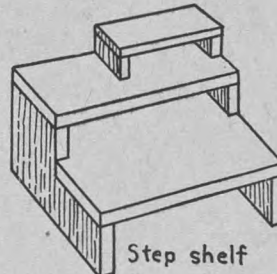
scratching which comes from too much contact with other pieces. If the partitions are removable, cleaning the drawer will be much easier. Finish the bottom of the drawer with an easily washed finish such as washable paint, enamel,



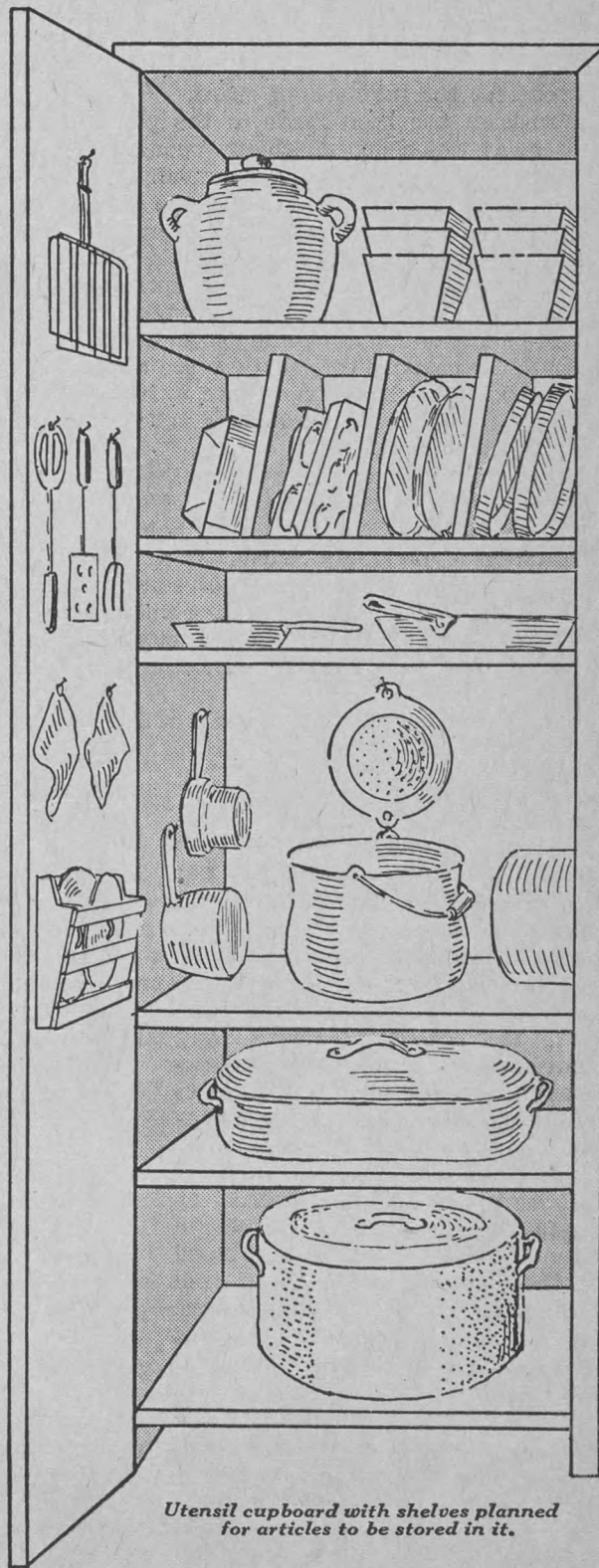
use of cleats for extra shelves



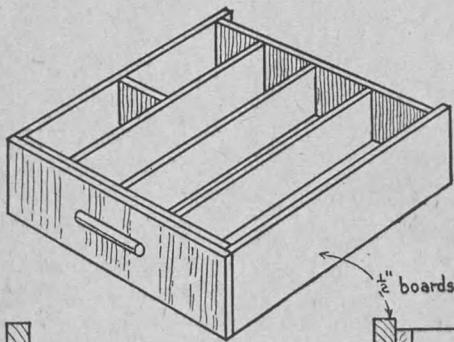
Bench shelf



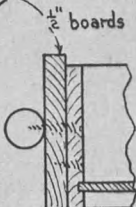
Step shelf



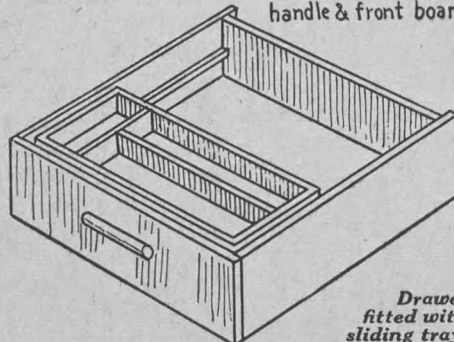
Utensil cupboard with shelves planned for articles to be stored in it.



Broom handle drawer & door pulls



Detail of fastening handle & front board



Drawer fitted with sliding tray.

spar varnish or a piece of linoleum. For best silverware, pockets made of soft material such as blue flannelette, felt or velvet help maintain the bright, smooth surface.

Cupboard drawers may be too deep or too large. Why not make two shallow drawers out of one that is too deep or too wide. Then you will be able to find the pieces wanted quickly and you can separate the every-day articles from those kept for special use, the smaller pieces from the large pieces. Another way to remedy a too-deep drawer is to put a sliding tray in it, as illustrated. The tray will of course be only half the size of the drawer, so that it can be pushed back and forward, or from side to side as the case may be. The tray, if used for silverware may be partitioned as described above. The space underneath may be used for other small equipment or for tea towels.

Drawer pulls are important both from the standpoint of use and appearance. If some are missing from a cupboard you may purchase a new set from a smallware store or make your own. They should be firm to the grasp and not too small in size. You can make drawer pulls easily from three- or four-inch lengths of a broom handle or a piece of quarter-round. Fasten these handles to the drawer by screws put through from the inside. A little glue added as they are attached keeps them neatly to the drawer. The quarter round should be grooved on the underside so that it may be easily gripped.

CUPBOARDS for pots and pans should be located as close to the range as possible in order to save steps. A small space in the wall or in a corner near the stove may be used for a floor-to-ceiling cupboard. If the cupboard has to be in the centre of the room then probably it will have to be kept at range height so as not to shut off light. If the kitchen is very large, space can be taken off a wall for a long cupboard. A utensil cupboard should not be too deep but should be planned in size and shelving to accommodate the pieces which are to be kept in it. Again, it is better to

have things ready to hand and quick to see than it is to have to move some articles in order to find others.

Having utensils under cover gives the kitchen a neater appearance. It is also a labor-saving practice because they are thus kept free of dust and smoke in the air. Metals are precious these days. Pots and pans that are "cluttered" against each other or carelessly jammed into each other are apt to be bent, dented or warped.

STUDY utensil cupboard space. Perhaps there are areas of wall or door that might be utilized for extra hooks for small utensils such as potato masher, meat fork, ladles, large spoons or oven cloths. These articles are so much easier to reach if each has its own hook. Lids, pie tins and other shallow pieces like muffin tins may be stored between upright sections.

Racks placed on the door may be used to accommodate flat articles such as lids, pie tins, or even packaged goods such as cereals, tea, or seasonings. If the door is utilized for hanging articles or racks, arrange the hooks so that articles hung will not interfere with the shelves or the contents of the cupboard. A rack on the door should be shorter than the width of the door and placed so that it comes within the spacing of the shelves. Shelves made narrower than the depth of the cupboard will permit use of deeper racks for bulky pieces. When placing racks, one above the other, space must be allowed for convenience in removing articles. Try the arrangement of your supplies, before installing a rack, to determine this space. Fasten the racks to the door securely with screws.

When you really think about it, you will surprise yourself at what you can do to make over old and inconvenient cupboards and the space you will find to add new ones. The arrangement of equipment is dictated by the work done in your kitchen. If you trace what happens in your kitchen every day, you will know where to place your equipment.

In England Now

By JOAN L. FAWCETT

Monday, November 29, 1943. If anyone had told us in the far off days of 1939, that we should see five Christmases of war, I think we should have condemned them as incurable pessimists; and yet we are coming to the fifth. It hardly seems possible that so much time has gone, and yet those days when you could plan ahead quite confidently seem dim and unreal. You knew quite definitely who could come and stay and when; and where you could buy a doll for one child and a train for another; and it was only a question of how big you wanted your turkey and your Christmas tree, not whether you could get one at all. Looking back now though, it seems a little as though it was a rather pointless time of rushing around, which led nowhere except to a little pleasure in which not everyone would join, for there are always some ungenerous souls who will not enjoy Christmas. It was all too easy to be really savored as we savor such things now we have learnt to know their worth. And then too we had the unemployed always dimly in the background.

The great hope, and constant topic of conversation, in England just now, as I expect it is all over the world, is that we should not slip back after this war is over into the same mad scramble for existence, which we knew before. In other words, "let's know where we are going and why." This is the big question, after the actual war, on many tongues and in many more minds. Let us hope we shall all try to answer it

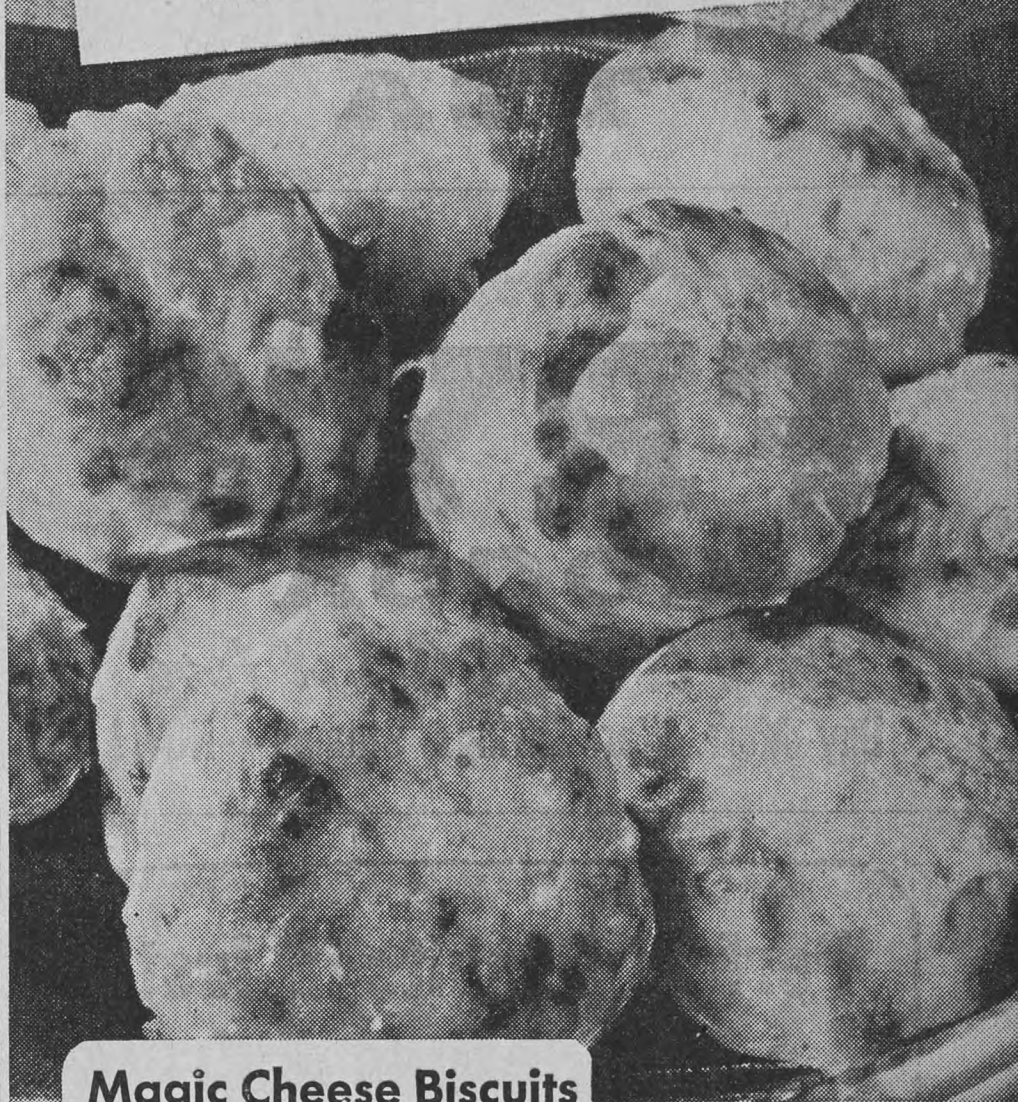
and do not just drift back into unthinking apathy when the world is in a state of so called peace again.

As I see it, there are going to be a lot of people who are going to miss the war when it is over. It sounds a hard and perhaps cynical thing to say but for many people it has been a wonderful release from uselessness and fancied inferiority. Take for instance all the ardent overworked, middle-aged women that you now meet everywhere. Once they had nothing to do but order their maids about and pass the time by dressing, eating and playing bridge; now they do the bulk of their own work and put every ounce of spare time and energy into doing the thousand and one odd jobs of the war machine—helping bombed-outs, making and dispatching comforts for the troops, running service canteens and savings groups, staffing rest-centres and day nurseries. Then there are the young girls, who in peace time have no need to work so they keep themselves busy with their pleasures, now they are eager and efficient members of the services with all the sense of worth that gives them.

I don't mean that any of these people want the war to go on, far from it, only the really unhappy few who have made a mess of things and dare not face the reckoning-up want that, but these others are going to be looking about for something to fill the gap that will be left. It won't be easy or surely desirable that they should settle

Turn to page 53

No BUTTER needed inside or outside!



Magic Cheese Biscuits

ARE PERFECT BY THEMSELVES

1½ cups flour	6 tbsps. grated cheese
2 tspns. Magic Baking Powder	⅔ cup milk
¼ tspn. salt	1 tbspn. shortening

(When half-baked, place square of cheese on top of biscuits for extra flavor).

Sift dry ingredients together; cut in shortening until mixed; mix in cheese lightly; add milk slowly, just enough to hold dough together. Roll out on floured board to about ½-inch thick; cut with small biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven (475°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 12.

A LITTLE THING like a butter shortage needn't put a crimp in your biscuit-baking schedule. Not with Magic to help you make hot cheese biscuit treats that are so melty-rich, so luscious—they don't need any butter at all!

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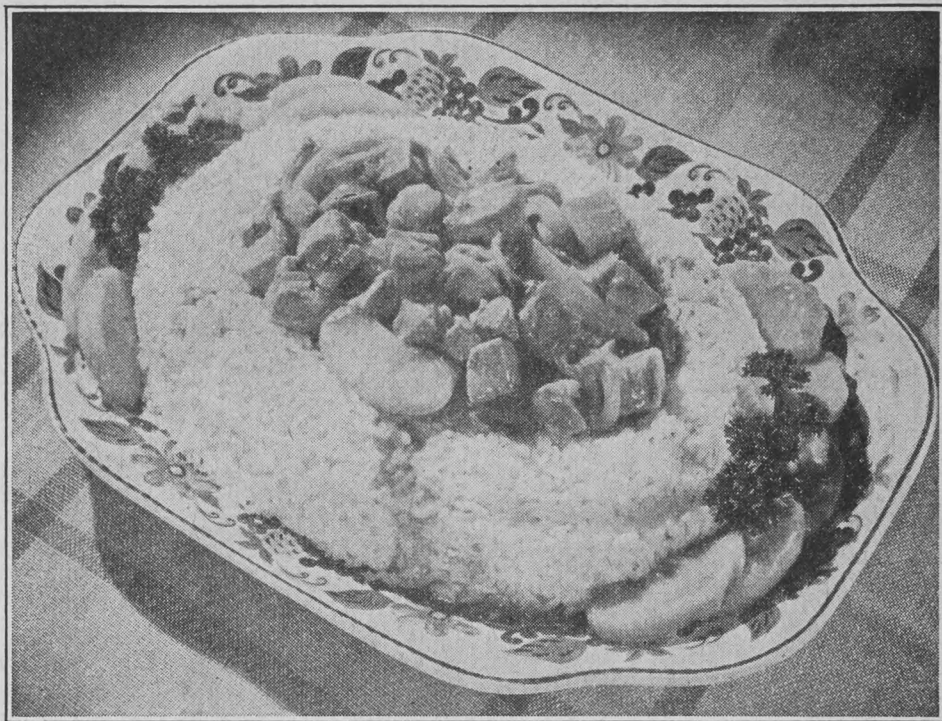
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Stews Are Standbys

Hearty and flavorful dishes that are ideal cold weather fare

By MARJORIE J. GUILFORD



Curried veal on rice, is an attractive tasty part of dinner or supper.

WHEN hungry folk come in from outdoors on a cold, blustery day with the exclamation "Mm, that smells good!" even a stranger in the house could be pretty sure that there is to be a stew for dinner. Rich and flavorful, they make one of our best standbys for satisfying, health-giving meals. They are economical too, and nearly always the necessary ingredients are close at hand in the farm kitchen.

Meat should be cut into even cubes or squares, vegetables into pieces large enough that they will retain their identity and flavor. For rich flavor, roll the meat cubes in flour and brown in drippings first of all. Add just enough water to cover. Cook slowly and gently, and add vegetables just long enough before serving that they will be tender.

Experiment with seasonings until they are to your own and the family's liking. A clove or two, a bay leaf, a little Worcestershire sauce, a slice of onion or tablespoon of ketchup will give just the extra lift needed.

Beef Stew with Dumplings

2 lb. beef	¼ tsp. pepper
1 T. shortening	1 c. water
1 large onion, chopped	1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ tsp. salt	2 c. canned tomatoes
¼ tsp. celery salt	1 c. diced carrots
¼ tsp. thyme leaves	

Cut the beef in 1-inch squares and brown in a hot frying pan. Cook the onion in the melted shortening until soft and add to the browned beef. Add the water, seasonings and the tomatoes. Cover and cook over low heat until the meat is tender (about 2 hours). Add carrots during last half hour of cooking.

To make dumplings:

1 c. sifted flour	½ tsp. poultry seasoning
1 tsp. baking powder	½ c. milk
¼ tsp. salt	

Blend together the flour, baking powder, poultry seasoning and salt. Add milk gradually and stir until well mixed. Remove some of the gravy if it covers the meat, drop the dough by spoonfuls on to the boiling stew. Cover and cook at simmering point without removing the cover for 15 minutes. Test dumplings with a cake tester before removing. Serves 6.

Beef Kidney Stew

2 beef kidneys	2 c. diced carrot
2 T. fat	1 c. canned tomatoes
½ tsp. paprika	1 tsp. salt
2 c. hot water	1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ c. sliced onion	

Soak kidneys in cold water for one hour. Drain and scald with boiling water. Using scissors, cut away the tubes

and membrane. Sprinkle well with ½ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons flour. Add to hot fat in pan, add paprika and saute until brown. Add water, onion and carrots, cover and cook slowly for 30 minutes. Add tomatoes, rest of the salt and Worcestershire sauce. Cook another 10 minutes. Thicken with flour and water paste. Serve surrounded with hot green peas and garnished with strips of pimento.

Curried Veal on Rice

1½ c. finely chopped apples	1½ c. milk
1 minced onion	2 lbs. cooked, cubed veal
3 T. lard	2 c. rice, cooked in 4 qts. water, and
1½ tsp. curry powder	1 tsp. salt
4 T. flour	
1½ c. veal stock	

Fry apples and onion in lard for three minutes. Stir in curry powder and flour, add veal stock and milk and stir until mixture thickens. Season to suit taste. Add veal, simmer till heated through, about 10 minutes. Meanwhile cook rice, drain, rinse with hot water and pack into oiled ring mold. Turn on to hot platter and fill centre with curried veal. Serves 6 or 7.

Quick Beef Stew

1 lb. hamburger	1 c. diced, cooked vegetables
2 T. fat	Salt and pepper to taste
2 T. flour	
1 c. tomato juice	

Brown meat in hot fat. Add flour and brown slightly. Add tomato juice, vegetables, salt and pepper to taste. Cook, stirring constantly 15 minutes.

Curried Lamb

2 lbs. lamb shoulder, cut in 1 inch sq.	½ c. canned tomato
1 T. shortening	½ c. chopped green pepper
2 T. flour	½ T. curry powder
1 medium onion, chopped	1 c. stock
1 apple, peeled and chopped	½ tsp. chili powder
	1 tsp. salt
	1 slice lemon

Melt the shortening in a frying pan, add the lamb, and brown on all sides. Add the remaining ingredients. Cover and allow to cook over low heat for from 45 to 60 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve with boiled rice. Serves 6.

Spanish Stew

2 lbs. veal shoulder	1 c. diced celery
2 onions	2 c. water
1 c. uncooked spaghetti, broken in pieces	2 c. tomato juice
	Seasonings

Wipe veal, remove fat, cut meat into 1½ inch cubes. Roll in flour. Brown meat and onion in fat, taken from meat. Add water. Bring to boiling point and simmer ½ hour. Add remaining ingredients. Season. Simmer one hour longer. Thicken with a paste made of flour and water.

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Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

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Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. No cooking is needed—anyone can do it. (Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.)

Then put 2½ ounces of Pinex (obtained from any druggist) into a 16-oz. bottle, and add your syrup. This gives you 16 ounces of really excellent cough relief—about four times as much for your money. Tastes fine, and never spoils.

You can feel this home mixture taking right hold of a cough. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and helps clear the air passages. Eases soreness and difficult breathing, and lets you sleep. Once tried, you'll swear by it.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, a most reliable soothing agent for throat and bronchial membranes. If not satisfied, your money will be refunded.

On the Level

Careful measuring means better baking

SUCCESS in baking, so important these days, when not a scrap of any food material should be wasted, depends in large part, on accurate measurements. True, there are a few people who, through long years of practice and familiarity with their recipes can turn out first class products by what seems to be pure guess work. But for the average person, and even for those "born cooks," when they are trying out a new recipe, we would say measure, and measure accurately. It takes the chance out of baking, and if the recipe is a reliable one, enables you to turn out a satisfactory product time after time.

Today, recipes in cook books and magazines are based on a set of standardized measurements. Proper equipment for these measurements consists of: a standard measuring cup divided by ridges on one side into thirds, and on the other side into fourths; a standard tablespoon that holds one-sixteenth of a cup; and a standard teaspoon that holds one-third of a tablespoon. These latter two usually come in sets, with half- and quarter-teaspoons also attached. A well-balanced set of scales is also a necessity. A quart measure, marked into four divisions, each holding one cup, is a convenience. A set consisting of one cup, one-half cup, one-quarter cup, and one-third cup pieces simplifies the measuring of these fractions.

IN measuring dry ingredients, the cup or spoon should be filled to overflowing, then levelled off with the straight edge of a knife or spatula. To accurately measure a half tablespoon or half teaspoon, fill and level the spoon, then divide the material in half lengthwise from handle to tip, thus allowing for any variation in the shape of the bowl of the spoon. Flour should always be sifted before measuring. The reason for this is the tendency of flour to "fluff up" on being sifted, so that it increases in volume, sometimes as much as one-quarter or one-half cup to a cup. After sifting the flour, pile it lightly back into the cup, with a spoon or scoop, being careful not to pack it down with the spoon or by jarring the cup against the table.

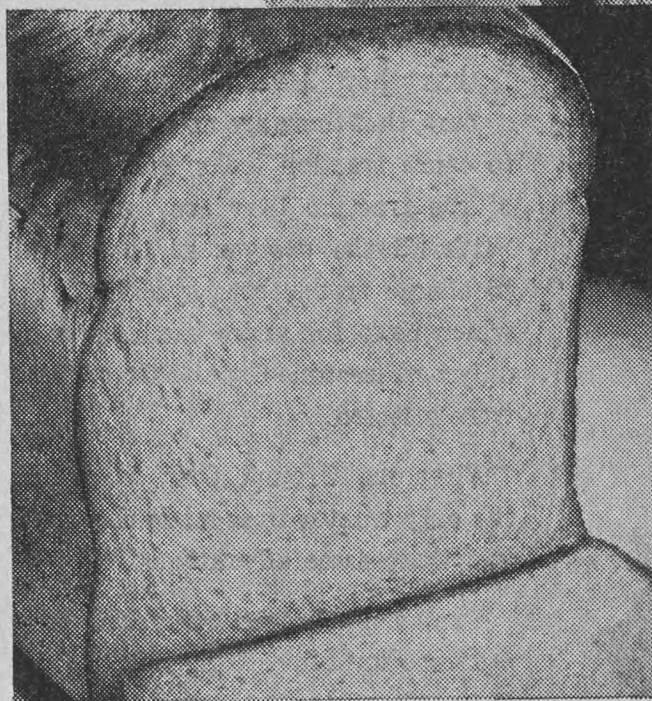
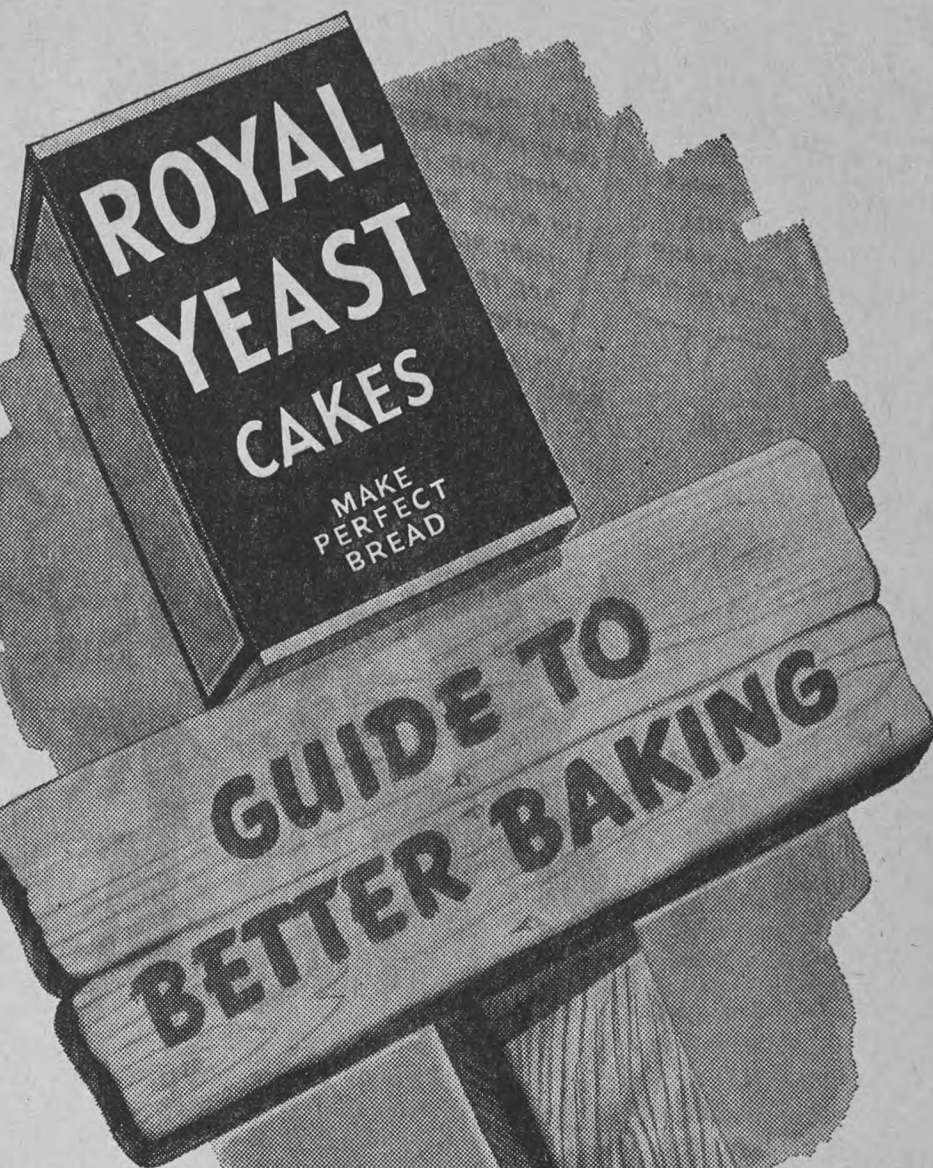
One of the simplest and most accurate ways to measure solid fat is by displacement of water. To measure one-half cup, fill the cup half-full of water, then drop in pieces of the shortening, pushing them under the water until the latter reaches the cupful mark. To measure small amounts of fat, pack into a measuring spoon and level off with a knife or spatula. Butter or shortening in pound prints may be measured by the division of the print, one-half pound equalling one cup.

In measuring liquids of course, the thing to remember is that the cup should be placed on a level surface, so that the contents will not slant.

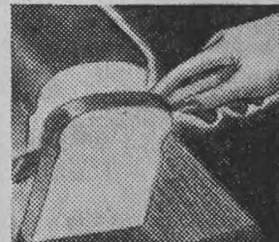
Syrup, molasses or honey should be poured from the container, or from another spoon into the measure. If the measuring spoon is dipped into the sticky liquid, a large quantity of it will cling to the under side, and you may get twice as much as you need.



Use a knife to level ingredients.



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Please send me free 2 cakes of Royal Yeast and the Royal Yeast Bake Book.

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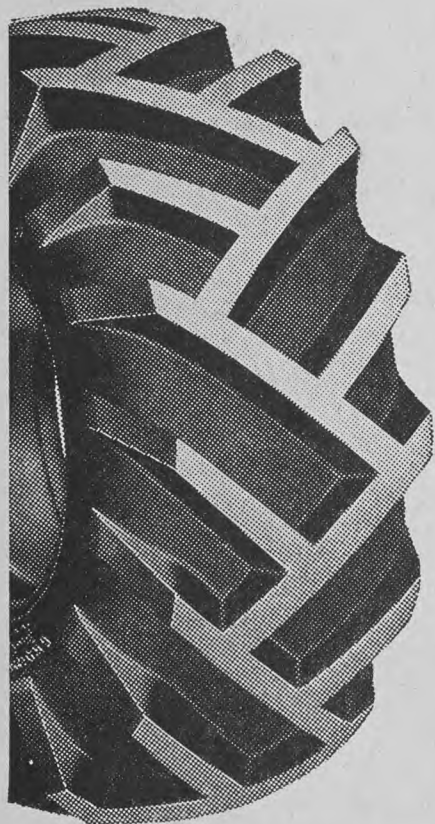
Next

time you see a military vehicle, look at the tires! You will find that they have braced traction bars, that there are no open centres to cause traction leaks and that all of the traction bars are connected. With all the designs in the world to choose from, these specifications, which have for years been featured only by Firestone Ground Grip Tires, were selected.

Firestone Ground Grip Tires are the only tractor tires made that give you these same advantages.

The triple-braced traction bars continue unbroken from side to side. You get up to 215 extra inches of traction bar length per tractor. That means greater drawbar pull, less fuel used and more work done faster.

Order your new tractor equipped with Firestone Ground Grip Tires. And if you need new tires on your present tractor, your Firestone Dealer will help you make out your application for a tire rationing certificate.



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GROUND GRIP TIRES

The U.F.W.A. Meet

Activities for the Past Year Reflected in Reports and Speeches

By MARJORIE K. STILES

THE United Farm Women of Alberta reported an increase in membership for 1943 at their annual convention held in Calgary during the third week of January—paid up members total 1,505. About 90 delegates were registered, but the convention hall was filled to capacity throughout the four day convention, with visiting U.F.W.A. members.

"No organization may rest upon its record of achievements," warned Mrs. Winnifred Ross, Millet, president, in her annual report to the convention. "This war has brought many difficulties and new responsibilities and it is up to the farm women to say what part our organization shall play in solving these problems."

She expressed the view that education of public opinion is essential in preparing for postwar reconstruction; that study groups in the locals of United Farm Women, the first step in this direction, is already achieved. Their 1944 program of study calls attention to the Marsh Report for Canada; Postwar Reconstruction in Alberta; the effect on Agriculture of the United Nations Food Conference at Hot Springs.

Mrs. Ross said nowhere in social reconstruction plans did she find mention of the position of women! This would appear another opportunity for the United Farm Women to go on record on a principle of justice.

Col. Alex Walker, Dominion President of the Canadian Legion, spoke in favor of a resolution before the convention, to inaugurate a new department to co-ordinate all departments of veterans rehabilitation. At the present time a soldier returning to civilian life would find he must deal with several departments. The motion requesting the Soldiers Rehabilitation Department be set up, was carried unanimously.

Vera Richards MacDonald, Director of the Extension Service of the Alberta Department of Agriculture, said the department had provided 465 demonstrations this past summer, which was an increase of 200 over the previous year. During the summer Miss Anderson, had been placed at Stettler, as the first District Home Economist in the province. Her territory is similar to that of a district agriculturist. She works in co-ordination with the Health Unit and is available for demonstrations, etc. Being permanently situated she is in a better position to assist needs in her district. Mrs. MacDonald hoped the department would be able to place four more Home Economists in Alberta this year. She said their requests for leaflets and correspondence courses in home-making had also doubled this last year. A motion was passed by the convention requesting the government to place dis-

trict Home Economists when possible. Dr. H. Siemens of the Lamont Health Unit said they were encountering a great amount of malnutrition. He urged farm women to make nutrition one of their chief concerns and to put into practice proper eating habits. In the Lamont district a demonstration was organized in nutrition.

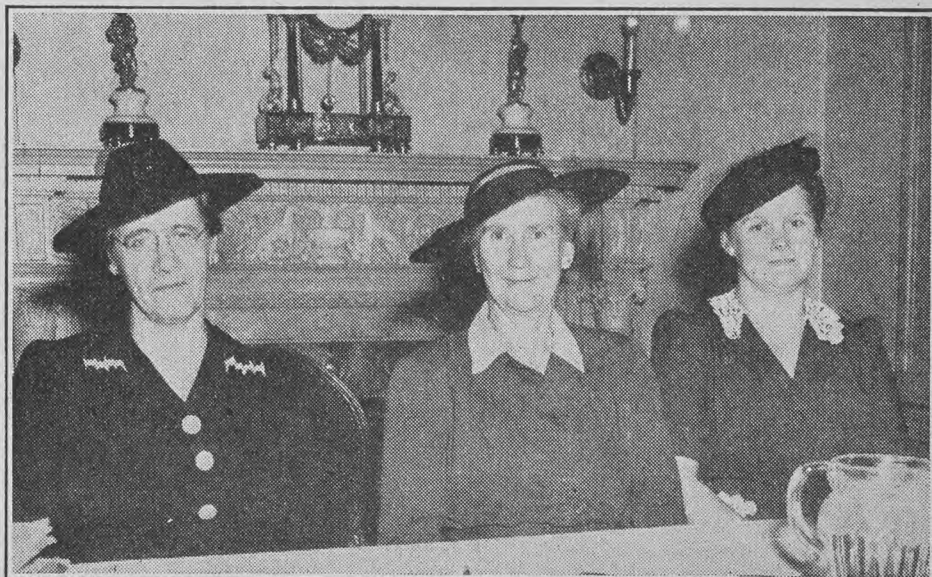
Mrs. Flint, Director for Peace River, gave a report on the Lake Saskatoon Community Life Conference, conducted by the Department of Extension, University of Alberta. These rural conferences held in various parts of the province have displaced the Olds Community Conference since the restriction of travel. Donald Cameron and his staff and Professor Dykhuizen, Professor of Philosophy, were the lecturers.

Resolutions were passed requesting province-wide health units, free dental care, and inspection for abortion fever, when possible, having in mind the present war conditions.

Donald Cameron, Director Extension Department of the University of Alberta, speaking on Whither Agriculture said after the last war, four out of five soldiers went on the land, in this war only one out of five signifies this intention. Unsatisfactory economic and living conditions on farms were to blame. He said the welfare of Agriculture depends on a new conception of international trade, and in this way every farmer has a personal stake in the Peace Treaty. In his magnificent contribution of producing food the farmer has earned the right to have his voice heard at the peace table. Mr. Cameron said that there were 200,000 farm homes on the prairie without bath facilities.

A motion requesting that after the war, the government make available to farm families, the plumbing and housing fixtures from the soldier, air force and prisoner-of-war camps, was discussed favorably and at length, but was referred to the resolutions committee for redrafting. Motions were passed asking that pint jars be again available; and that pickle jars, etc., have tops suitable for continuous use.

In the report on war work Mrs. Ray Carter stated that \$2,149.20 was dispensed by U.F.W.A. through the United Nations relief funds, and the special U.F.W.A. project for 1942, the Prisoner of War Fund of \$505.40. Besides this a total of 2,530 articles were made for the Red Cross and 274 for war charities. Besides this all locals worked through their own communities sending parcels to soldiers and girls from their own community. Mrs. Carter recalled that it was from the United Farm Women of Alberta that the first request for a blood plasma bank had been made in Alberta.



Executive officers U.F.W.A. 1944: Left to right, Mrs. M. E. Lowe, Mrs. Winnifred Ross, president, Miss Molly Copeland.

COW BRAND SODA

*cleans teeth
safely
economically*

Being pure Bicarbonate of Soda, Cow Brand Baking Soda is ideal for regular use in keeping teeth clean and mouth healthy. It's thrifty too... a package gives many weeks of brushings and costs just a few cents.

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- 1 Just pour a little into the palm of the hand.
- 2 Moisten tooth brush.
- 3 Pick up Cow Brand Baking Soda on moistened brush, as much as it will hold.
- 4 Brush upper teeth downward and lower teeth upward, not crosswise.
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AND FOR ARTIFICIAL TEETH TOO

Cleaning the plates with Cow Brand Baking Soda and water removes stains and food particles. Putting into a solution of Baking Soda and water overnight will keep the dentures clean and sweet.

FREE FOLDERS—describing medicinal uses and giving new Cow Brand Sugar-Saving recipes from our own test kitchens will be sent for the coupon below.

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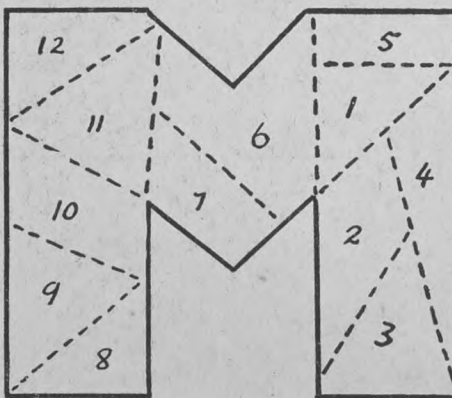
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FEEDING SUPPLEMENTS



Brenda Joyce follows the correct rouge outline

Salt-Water Bathing

By LORETTA MILLER

NOW you don't need an ocean to get all the benefits of salt-water bathing right in your home. A bathtub or a large basin, some salt, some water and a large coarse-textured washcloth will furnish you with an ideal all-year-round bathing rite. An eye-bathing cup or a few pads of cotton, a small basin, a glass and a toothbrush will bring extra beauty dividends from the use of salt.

First, if you want to take a tub-bath and make it as beneficial as bathing in ocean water, use a thermometer for testing the temperature of the water. To simulate summer ocean bathing the bath water should be from 62 to 72 degrees. If you are over 50 years of age and believe that bath water should be blood temperature, approximately 98 to 100 degrees is advisable.

For the average bathtub of water, dissolve one box, or about one pound and a half of regular salt in the tub of water. Then step into the briny water and honestly relax. Remain in the water for from 15 to 30 minutes. This will allow ample time to cleanse and purify, and permit freer activity of the nearly seven million pores of the body. Be sure that the salt water reaches and bathes all of your body. Use a large, rough washcloth and dash and rub the salt water over your back, shoulders and chest.

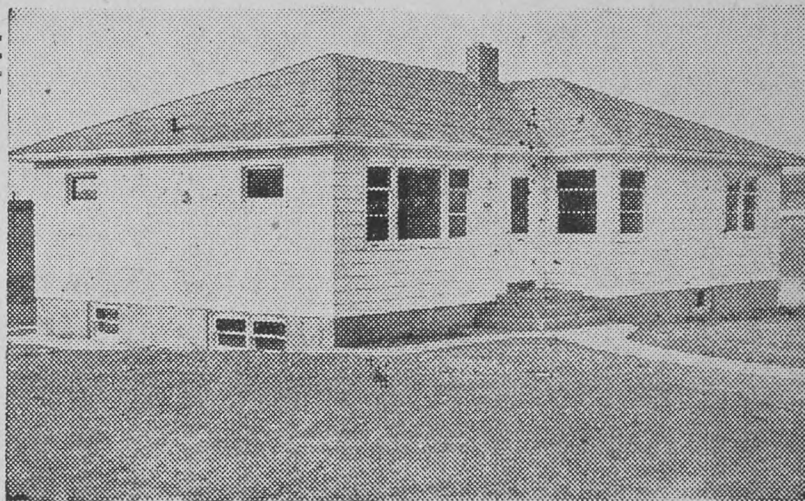
Saturate your washcloth with salt water, perhaps pour a little extra salt on a slightly wrung out washcloth and rub it vigorously over your body. When we realize that our circulatory system is responsible for the health and well-being of every cell in our body, we will undoubtedly give more attention to improved circulation. Good circulation brings nourishment and life to all of these cells and helps keep them alive and youthful. Remember this when you follow today's suggestions and every time you apply "treatment" to your scalp, face or body.

The next step of this routine is up to each of you. You may either rinse off the briny water with clear water and rub on more salt. Or, if you're looking for extra dividends in the way of pep, let the salt water dry on your skin. Then, moisten your hands with water, take up a little salt, and rub it briskly over your feet, the calves of your legs, thighs, chests and arms. Then use a dry towel for dusting excess salt from your skin.

Take as many salt-water baths each week as you wish. Because the vigorous rubbing involved in this type of bathing stirs up circulation and makes one feel better, the hair, eyes and skin honestly look brighter and more youthful.

If, for any reason, you do not want to take a tub bath, let me tell you about

Before March 11th



Someone will own this New, Completely Furnished \$12,000 Calgary Bungalow

LIVE IN IT!

RETIRE TO IT!

RENT OR SELL IT!

IT COULD BE YOURS!

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Contribute

Has 7 spacious rooms, model kitchen with range, refrigerator and nook. Also games room, double garage. Is air-conditioned, equipped with controlled heat and automatic hot-water.

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VICTORY! FOOD, GOOD FOOD,
IS ESSENTIAL FOR CANADA'S
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MORE BREAD, BETTER BREAD —
BREAD MADE WITH

Lallemand's Yeast

PURE-FULL STRENGTH-6 CAKES IN EACH PACKAGE



• Good cooks everywhere are saying that Lallemand's Yeast makes better bread. We will be glad to send you FREE 2 sample cakes and a Recipe Leaflet to help you discover Lallemand's fine quality. Write, giving your name and address, to the Lallemand Yeast Company, Winnipeg.

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ITALIAN BALM
IN THE STORES**

**AM I EVER GLAD!
NO OTHER LOTION
HELPS MY HANDS
LIKE CAMPANA'S BALM...
IT KEEPS THEM SOFT AND
SMOOTH ALL THE TIME**

"Nothing Better for the Hands"

SAY THOUSANDS OF BEAUTY-WISE WOMEN!

This famous Campana's Balm has been making skin smooth, soft and lovely for over sixty years. Beauty-wise women say they can always depend upon it. In spite of extra war-time work Campana's Italian Balm protects and beautifies hands. Busy women need it now, more than ever. A drop or two does for both hands. Lasts a long time. . . **35¢**

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Through three major wars and six national depressions "R. G. & B." have maintained and solidified their business leadership. Now as the fourth major conflict faces us, we meet it with determination to plow the same straight furrow—to see it through on the same sound principals.

Establish your business on the open market by using illustrated letterheads showing Pedigree Livestock, Seed Grain, etc. Use engravings of your private design to illustrate Butter Wraps, Egg and Honey Cartons, etc. Write us your requirements.



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LARGEST PRINTING PLATE MAKERS IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA

**IN THE FLAVOR SEALED
"FLAV-O-TAINER"**

NABOB
Coffee

the sponge-salt-water bath. Use a large basin—large enough to hold three or four quarts of water—filled with hot, cold or lukewarm water. To this add one pound of salt. Wring out a large washcloth or small bath towel in this strong solution of salt water and hang the towel up to dry. Wring out another cloth or towel and give yourself a brisk rubdown. Then again wring out the cloth or towel you just used, in the solution and hang it up to dry. Prepare as many of these washcloths or towels as you wish. Then in the morning, or anytime you wish, simply rub one of the salt-saturated washcloths or towels over your body. This type of bathing is cleansing and is especially good for winter bathing when the house is drafty or when hot water is at a premium.

Salt has long been considered a splendid "tonic" for aiding in the firming of contours of face and throat. As an aid toward making or keeping contours of face, underchin and throat firm, do this: Dissolve one-fourth cup of salt in a basin containing two and a half or three quarts of ice-cold water. After thoroughly cleansing your skin, dash this chilled briny solution over the lower portion of your face, your throat and underchin for from three to five minutes. Let any remaining salt dry on your skin, then dust it off with a dry cloth or towel. This measure is best followed at night just before retiring and is especially recommended to those who have oily skin. If your skin is already dry, and the salt seems to cause a tingling or itching, smooth on a little lubricating cream before going to bed.

A DRY salt bath is, indeed, a healthful method of stirring up circulation and does wonders toward removing muscular kinks after too much or too strenuous exercise. As an after-skiing relaxer, I sincerely suggest a dry salt-rub. Be generous with the salt rub over the muscles that seem to be troubled. Rub firmly and briskly. Then, either rinse off the salt with clear water, or let the salt remain on your skin, or dust it off with a dry towel.

Have you ever tried bathing your eyes with a solution of salt water? It's remarkable how dull eyes take on new brightness and how quickly tired eyes are refreshed with a salt-bath. A splendid solution is made this way: Boil one pint of water for fifteen minutes. Then measure out one-half pint and to this add one level teaspoon of salt. (Boiling purifies the water but because a goodly amount of it evaporates into steam, it is necessary to start with more than the amount called for in this formula.) Let the salt-solution cool then pour it into a bottle and keep it ready to use.

To bathe the eyes, a regular eye-bathing cup is preferable. Pour some of the lotion into the cup, place the cup over the eye and tilt the head back and blink the eye several times. Then take fresh solution and bathe the other eye in the same way. It's well to bathe the eyes after exposure to cold and sun glare on snow, or after being out in the dust and wind. Bathing removes small particles of dust from the eyes, in addition to actually refreshing the eyes. Be sure to keep your eye-lotion covered when not in use. Also, see that your eye-cup is clean when you use it.

Salt has long been known as an excellent dentifrice. It may be used plain, or it may be mixed with an equal amount of baking soda. It neutralizes mouth-acids, helps remove tartar from the teeth and aids in keeping the teeth in good color. A teaspoon of salt dissolved in half a glass of water makes an excellent mouth wash. Use it after brushing your teeth.

BRONCHITIS DEFENSE

BEGINS AT HOME WITH

Vapo-Cresolene

● Let Vapo-Cresolene bring quick soothing relief and make restful sleep possible. Its penetrating vapors act directly, making breathing easier. Dependable—effective—successful for over 60 years. Relieves paroxysms of whooping cough and spasmodic croup and coughs due to bronchial irritations and colds. Lamp style vaporizer. Directions enclosed. At drug stores everywhere.



For Free Descriptive Booklet, Write to:
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**The one subject
about which
no woman
should live in
doubt!**

**Continuous action for hours
with safe new way in
feminine hygiene!**

No woman should be denied the facts . . . the up-to-date facts about feminine hygiene! Your married happiness, your health and well-being may be at stake, unless you know the truth!

Unfortunately, many women who think they know have only half knowledge . . . and still depend on old-fashioned or dangerous information! They rely on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can so easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today, modern well-informed women everywhere have turned to Zonitors—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white greaseless suppositories which spread a protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. They deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically, and give continuous medication for hours!

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. So convenient; no apparatus, nothing to mix. At all druggists.

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Zonitors



IN ENGLAND NOW

Continued from page 47

down into a life of idleness again. With the coming of the fifth and we hope the last Christmas of the war, it makes us think of all this and wonder. I know the answer for myself and it is surely the answer for us all, if only people will see it, it makes sense of all lives, all endeavor, for the middle-aged as well as for the young, and for the unhappy too, it is Christianity. Let us hope the Church is ready and able to seize this great opportunity.

That is the big thought in England now but the little things are very pressing too: what present to get for Aunt Jane now that the usual handkerchief or bedroom slippers are ruled out by the coupon question; what to get for the children instead of toys, for these are few, of poor quality and very expensive. The answer all round should of course be Savings Stamps and although we do substitute these to a very large extent for presents to grown-ups, we shouldn't be human if we didn't feel it wouldn't be quite Christmas without some little thing in paper and string for our nearest and dearest. The only thing is to substitute amusingness or usefulness for solid worth and beauty. It is wonderful what you can do if you try hard and long enough. We have managed somehow to find the stuff to make three plum puddings and six pounds of mincemeat, so with that and the promise of a turkey from the fishmonger, we are looking forward to an almost pre-war Christmas dinner.

Wednesday, December 1, 1943. A meeting this morning to discuss the Christmas party for the Prisoners of War Relatives Association. It is to be held in the Town Hall on December 16, and is to consist of a "Bring and Buy Stall," two Red Cross films, and Tea. The "Bring and Buy," is always alarmingly popular and needs many strong saleswoman if there is any quantity of clothes brought. The Red Cross films are excellent and bring home to us all as nothing but visual things can, the deep distress of those who are facing the war at close quarters day after day. We did it here during the blitz time and of course our bomber pilots do it still but it is surprising how easily

we others forget the sting of it. The days can slip by so easily to the busy relatives here at home, while for the prisoner or the wounded man they drag interminably. Our imaginations need so much to be constantly roused, as I hope these films will rouse them. The local Red Cross detachment is both finding and serving the tea, which is an enormous help for it literally does mean finding the tea these days. We are anxious to get the subscribers to the Agricultural Penny a Week fund to come along too, for their pennies all go towards the prisoners' parcels.

Thursday, December 2, 1943. The Husband rang up this evening. He is coming home on leave this week. What fun! And I was glad to know too that he was back at his base camp. He had been away on some scheme, of course where or why I do not know.

I went by train today, to our nearest big town, twenty-eight miles away, to try and finish my Christmas shopping. It was a bleak, wintry day and as I picked my way along a narrow path that leads across a wide open space of charred rubble and mud, where two big stores used to be in pre-blitz days, I thought of Berlin and wondered what kind of Christmas the people there could possibly be looking forward to. Night after night we hear the 'planes go over and return in the early morning and know that another German town has had a far worse bombing than we have ever known—and after all what we got was no joke. It began to rain and so I sheltered for a few minutes with two soldiers in the shell of a burnt out shop. It was in a street that I knew well, for in peace days my husband had "managed" a wine and spirit merchants business that had its offices just opposite to where I now stood. Now there is nothing left to show that there ever was a building there except a tank of static water where the cellars were. I watched the rain splashing into the still surface of the water and tried to realize that I had stood so very often on that spot, before other Christmas days, beside a blazing fire, laughing with him and with friends over the purchase of cigars and wines for someone's Christmas present. Someday I expect it will all be built up again and then we shall find it difficult to remember either the old place or this interim of desolation.

"Hold Everything" Bag



Design No. 684.

Need a handy carry-all bag to hold your knitting, your shopping or "just things"? Then make one of these sturdy monkscloth bags with the quickly-worked, colorful cross stitch embroidery and you will be happy as a lark. Worked in red, blue, green and brown it is a pretty combination with the natural-colored monkscloth. The wooden frame measures about 13 inches across. Stamped bag is Design No. 684, price 75 cents. Frames are 75 cents the pair. Threads are 20 cents. Address orders to Needlework Department, The Country Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

**-AND JUST THINK!
THE CHILDREN HAD
FEWER COLDS!
SHORTER COLDS!**



**WITH SO MANY
DOCTORS GONE TO
WAR EVERY MOTHER
SHOULD PUT VICKS
PLAN TO WORK—
INCLUDING ME!**

**Reports of Clinically-Supervised Tests Among 2650 Children
Reveal Important Results. Home-Guide Now Ready for You to Use:**

Mother, it's your wartime duty to help the doctors remaining at home by doing all you can to avoid sickness—to do all you can to get your family through the winter with fewer colds and shorter colds. And Vicks Scientists have developed a Plan that should help you. In large winter tests

made under clinical supervision, reports show children who followed this Vicks Plan had fewer colds . . . shorter colds . . . 50% less sickness from colds. An important record! Of course, Vicks Plan may do less for you—or it may do even more! But at a time like this, it is certainly worth trying.

BRIEFLY HERE'S WHAT YOU DO



1. Observe a Few Simple Health Rules... Live normally. Avoid excesses. Drink plenty of water. Keep elimination regular. Get needed rest and sleep. Avoid crowds and people who have colds.



2. When a Cold Threatens... At the first warning sign—first sniffle or sneeze—use Vicks Va-tro-nol as directed. If used in time, a few drops of this specialized medication up each nostril aid nature's own defenses against colds—help prevent many colds from developing . . . clinic-tested VICKS VA-TRO-NOL.



3. If a Cold Should Develop... Some colds slip by all precautions. When one does, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its grand double-action starts to work at once and keeps on working for hours—invites restful, comforting sleep. And often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone....clinic-tested VICKS VAPORUB.

**PUT VICKS PLAN
TO WORK IN YOUR HOME TODAY**

NOTE: Full details of Vicks Plan in your package of Vicks . . . If the miserable symptoms of a cold are not relieved promptly—or if more serious trouble seems to threaten—call in your family doctor right away.



5 VITAMINS
IN ONE TINY TABLET

5 Vital**Vitamins:**

A, B₁, C, D
and
Riboflavin
Plus Iron,
Phosphorus
and Calcium
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A full
month's
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Let Diamond Dye colours bring out the full beauty of your handicraft work. Select from sixteen lovely colours that can be used in various combinations to give many artistic colour effects. Diamond Dyes have been used by three generations of handicraft workers with a successful record for giving bright, permanent and lovely colours in textile dyeing.



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SIMPLE
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DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL



**SNEEZING?
CHECK THAT
COLD!**

Get effective, fast relief with Grove's Cold Tablets. They contain EIGHT ACTIVE, cold-relieving ingredients carefully blended for an effective multiple medicine—an internal treatment that goes right to work on the trouble. These eight active agents check a cold quickly and decisively because they work in these FOUR IMPORTANT WAYS: 1. Act as a gentle laxative. 2. Combat cold germs in your system. 3. Relieve headache and grippy feeling. 4. Help tone up the system. This four-way relief checks a cold almost immediately. Get Grove's Cold Tablets today. The genuine comes in a white box.

For extra economy
get large size

**GROVE'S
COLD TABLETS**

February Fashions



No. 2627—The lines of this princess dress are trim and smooth. Designed for sizes 12, 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 39-inch material.

No. 3638—A simple pleated dress for the pre-school tot. Designed for sizes 6 months, 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Size 2 requires 1 1/2 yards 35-inch material with 1/4 yard contrasting and 1 1/2 yards ruffling.



No. 3644—Lines that are soft and flattering for the larger figure. Designed for size 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch material.



No. 3637—Smooth lines in a schoolgirl jumper. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards 35-inch material for jumper and 1 3/8 yards 35-inch material for short-sleeved blouse.

No. 3617—A graceful lace-trimmed nightie, with matching bed jacket. Designed for size 12, 14, and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires, for gown, 3 3/8 yards 39-inch material with 2 1/4 yards lace edging; for jacket, 1 7/8 yards 39-inch and 2 1/4 yards lace.

No. 3682—Slim fitting basque frock. Designed for sizes 12, 14, and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards 35-inch material, 1/2 yard contrasting for collar and 3 1/8 yards ruffling.



No. 2027—Pretty dress for school or play. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 7/8 yards 35-inch material with 1/4 yard contrasting and 2 1/2 yards rick rack.

Patterns 15 cents.

New Spring Fashion Book, 15 cents.

Address order to The Pattern Department, The Country Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

Be sure to state correct size and number of pattern wanted.

WINNERS! MARSHALL-WELLS' RANGE NAME CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. Joe Lansdell, Box 187,
Yellow Grass, Sask.

SECOND PRIZE

Mrs. Frances Huck, Prospect
Lake, P.O., V.I., B.C.

THIRD PRIZE—Annie L. McDonald,
Salvador, Sask.

FOURTH PRIZE—Mrs. Roy Songhurst,
Rouleau, Sask.

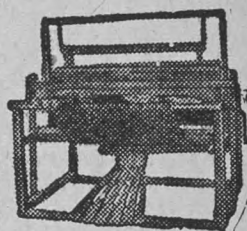
FIFTH PRIZE—Mrs. Russell Haley,
Cremona, Alta.

The Judges were: K. D. Ewart, Advertising
Manager of The Country Guide; H. Saul, Ad-
vertising Manager of the Winnipeg Free Press,
and G. Gaetz, Manager of Radio Station CKRC,
Winnipeg.

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throughout Canada go
our sincere thanks and
appreciation for the co-
operation shown during
1943.

Inevitable changes have grad-
ually been made in our Mail
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try's war effort has been
redoubled, many items which
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fining restrictions have been
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been unavoidably held up.

It is your understanding of
these conditions which has
done much to lighten the dif-
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Farm homes in wartime.

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EATON'S

THE COUNTRY BOY AND GIRL

Merton Mouse's Valentine

By MARY GRANNAN.

"MERTON," said Mollie Mouse coyly to her little grey coated friend Merton, "do you know what day this is?"

"Sure," said Merton. "It's . . . say I don't believe I do know. It's not Sunday though, is it, because the church bell didn't ring and the church bell always rings on Sunday."

"Merton, I don't mean days like Sunday or Saturday anyway. I mean, do you know what special day it is? Special like Christmas?" said Mollie.

Merton now looked much perplexed. "Is there another Christmas this year maybe?"

"Of course not, Merton," said Mollie. "And you just stop trying to be funny. You know very well what day it is too. You know very well it's Valentine's Day and you're just trying to get out of getting a valentine for me. Well see if I care! And all right for you, Merton Mouse. I know who will give me a valentine. And I guess you know too."

"You mean Danny Deermouse, don't you Mollie?" asked an anxious Merton.

"Yes I do. Danny'll give me a valentine. He's likely getting me one this very minute. And I just think I'll go and see him this very minute too. So goodbye," said Mollie.

"Wait Mollie . . . wait," cried Merton. "I'll give you a valentine." But Mollie was out of hearing. It was a good thing she was too, because to tell you the truth of the matter, Merton didn't know what a valentine was. He'd never even heard tell of a valentine or of Valentine's Day until Mollie had told him about it.

"Oh dear," said Merton to himself. "How can I give her a valentine when I don't even know what a valentine is. But I'll have to find out. Danny Deermouse must have found out somewhere and I guess if Danny Deermouse can find out what a valentine is, I can too." So Merton took his very life in his hands and went up the cellar steps and right into the kitchen.

He knew, Merton did, that the cat slept in the kitchen. He knew too that the cat would like to have him just as much as he'd like to have a valentine for Mollie. But he'd made up his mind . . . in spite of the danger, to ask the cat to help him. The cat knew about things. She got around. He found himself a safe corner near the waterpipe where the cat could not get in her claws in case she was in an unhelpful mood.

"Kitty," called Merton. "Kitty." The cat woke suddenly. "Who's that?" she called. "Who's calling me?"

"I am," said Merton Mouse weakly. "Kitty, I'm in a fix . . . an awful fix? Kitty, do you think maybe you could forget, just for tonight, that you'd like to catch me, and help me instead? You're the only one I know to ask this question of. Danny Deermouse knows but I can't ask him because he's already getting one for Mollie and he wouldn't tell."

The cat was so interested in this queer request that told her nothing of what Merton wanted, that she just couldn't have touched that mouse even if she'd wanted to. She had to find out what was worrying Merton first.

"All right, Merton," she said, "I'll help you out. What seems to be the matter?"

"Well," said Merton. "This is Valentine's day."

"I know that," said the cat.

"Oh, I knew you would," said Merton gratefully. "I knew you'd know. Do you know what it means . . . You see, Kitty, I don't know what Valentine's day is or what it means or what a valentine is. And Mollie went away cross at me because I wasn't getting her one, Kitty, and I didn't know what to get her. So that's what I've come to ask you."

The cat looked at Merton. "Well Merton, upon my word," she said. "You are a brave little mouse. You'd risk your life coming to me, just in the hope of getting a valentine for Mollie."

"She's a nice Mouse, Kitty. I just love her. But I still don't know what Valentine's day is."

The cat smiled. "I think you know better than any little mouse in the world.

HOW would you rate on a quiz about our flag?

You know, of course, that it is called the Union Jack, and that its colors are red, white and blue. But do you know the story of the crosses? Do you know how it should be flown, and the ways in which it must not be used?

The Union Jack is the national flag of the British Empire. The design is made up of the St. George's cross of England, St. Andrew's cross of Scotland, and St. Patrick's cross of Ireland. St. George's cross is red on a white ground, and it was the official flag of England until 1605. In that year, King James was king of England, as well as of Scotland, and St. Andrew's white diagonal cross on a blue ground was added, forming the Union Jack of the two nations. Then in 1801, union was made with Ireland, and the diagonal red cross of St. Patrick, on a white ground, was added, over the white cross of St. Andrew, and the Union Jack as we know it today was completed.

If you look at the flag you will see that the white part of St. Andrew's cross is wider on one side of the narrower St. Patrick's cross, than on the other. When hanging the flag, this widest part should always be uppermost, next to the staff. If reversed, it is a signal of distress. The flag should always be raised after sunrise, and lowered before sunset. It should never be allowed to fall or trail on the ground. You know, of course, that a flag flying at half mast is a symbol of mourning. The flag should be run up to the top of the pole, then lowered to a distance equal to its own width. When lowering it again, run it up to the full height of the staff, then lower it.

The flag should never be used as a covering for a table, chair, lounge or where anything can be placed upon it. The one exception is as an altar covering where only the Bible is placed upon it. If used in decoration, the flag should be used only as the central part of the decoration, with bunting or cloth for draping. It should never be placed lower than a person seated. Nor should it ever be used as part of a costume.

During the ceremony of hoisting or lowering the flag, or when it is carried past in a parade, all persons should stand at attention, those in uniform giving the salute, while all other male British subjects should raise their hats.

Be proud of the Union Jack! It stands for freedom and liberty!

Mary Sue

Make A Weather Station

HOW warm was it yesterday? Will it rain tomorrow? Is the weather behaving itself?

Such questions as these are on everyone's lips almost daily.

You can build and operate a weather station of your own and become quite a local expert on weather conditions. Not only is it interesting work but it is one of the most educational of hobbies too, for you will learn a great deal about the skies, winds, clouds, and rainfall for any given period.

The first step is to find a suitable location for your observatory. A shed roof is best since your readings must be made quite out in the open. A raised platform built in a yard would answer the purpose. If using a shed, build a level platform on the roof on which to set your weather instruments and of course, you will need a ladder leading up to the observatory.

For temperature readings you require a thermometer. Attach the instrument to a piece of wire and suspend it from a crossbar three or four feet above the shed roof. In this position it will not be affected by sun reflection from the roof and it will give you a truer reading. You have no doubt heard people complaining that the "official" temperatures are too low in summer and too high in winter because they do not correspond with the "back door" readings. This is because the official temperatures are unaffected by sun, wind and other conditions. As a result, they are the only true recordings.

To get "in the shade" readings construct a wooden box about two feet square mounted on solid two by four legs. Cut several small holes no larger than one inch in diameter on the top of the cover and around the sides. This will permit of good ventilation. In fact, it is only necessary to have three sides to your thermometer hood providing the sun never swings around so that it shines directly on the thermometer.

For wind direction and velocity a "wind sock" is best. This is simply a cloth cone shaped like a dunce's cap about a foot in diameter at the mast end and three feet long. It should be securely tied to a flag pole so that the open end is nine inches from the mast. The advantages of a wind sock over a weather-vane is that the direction of the wind can be read for miles around. These are used on all flying training stations. A good idea of the strength of the wind is given by the angle at which the wind sock flies.

Precipitation recordings are important. You can fix up an accurate rain gauge by setting a cylindrical glass vessel with a flat bottom between



After A Snowfall

By AUDREY McKIM

I'm an explorer,
A road builder too,
And when I explore
I make a road for you.

You can come after,
And know where I go—
For all of my footprints
Leave paths in the snow!

wooden cleats to prevent it from being blown off. After a rain, measure the fall by holding a ruler upright against the side of the gauge. The rule should be divided into tenths of inches, or, if you use one graduated into sixteenths, you can prepare a conversion scale. Rainfall less than one-tenth of an inch is described as a "trace." After each reading empty the glass vessel and set it back on the block again.

If you can procure a barometer which will give you the air pressure you can consider your weather station well-equipped.

And here you must remember that a great many factors enter into an accurate forecasting of weather conditions. The chief points you must know are: Steady barometer, no change; rapidly rising barometer, air getting heavier and unsettled weather in prospect; rapidly falling barometer, most likely wind and stormy weather. A fall after very dry, hot weather points to rain.

You may learn to forecast pretty accurately in three ways. First, read all you can about this work in text books and reference books. Next, if you are fortunate enough to be near a weather bureau station, pay a visit to the meteorologist and ask to be shown his instruments and charts.

Most important of all, you must observe for yourself and keep a detailed record of your observations. Keep a carefully written "log" in your note book.

After a few weeks of constant and faithful observation you will have developed a good ability to predict weather conditions. Check your predictions with the actual outcome, and when you are wrong try to discover the cause.

Interest yourself in observing sunsets and sunrises, cloud variations, frosts, fog, wind, hail, rain, snow, and dew conditions. Know how to distinguish between such things as rain clouds and mists, and between clearing winds and winds likely to bring rain.

Start your own weather station without delay. The experience will prove invaluable in the future—Walter King.

Prizewinners—December Coloring Contest

1, Willie H. Nowosad, Horod, Man.; 2, Emily Burtney, Vonda, Sask.; 3, George P. Hohol, Endeavour, Sask. Honorable mention: Verna Penner, Morris, Man.; Kwong Jung, Vancouver, B.C.; Gladys Neumann, St. Jean Baptiste, Man.; Mary Ziomek, Hatherleigh, Sask.; Robert Foster, Rivers, Man.; Janet Oakes, Ensign, Alta.

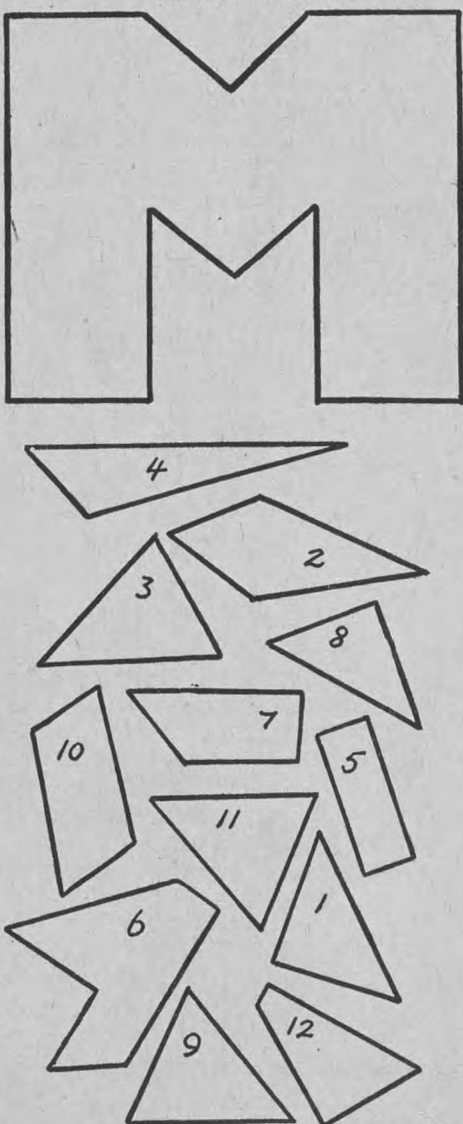
Valentine's Day, Merton, is a day when you tell people that you love them. You send little pictures and love notes to them, so they'll know just how much. The best kind of a valentine is the kind you make yourself Merton. So if I were you, do you know what I'd do? I'd go into the pantry here, and I'd get a piece of cheese. I'll watch so nobody comes and then I'd nibble out a cheese heart and I'd write "Molly I love you" on it. I think that would be the nicest valentine a mouse could get," said the cat.

Mollie thought so too. The cat laughed that night when she got a valentine too. Her valentine read:

Cheese is good,
Mollie's pretty,
I think you are
A good kind kitty.

—From "GUESS."

The Broken M



This "M" is all broken up. Can you put it together again? The correct way to do it is shown on page 51.

PURE-BRED BREEDERS' DIRECTORY

Cost: \$3.00 per line for 6 months;
\$6.00 per year.

The livestock breeders listed below advertise to supply good stock at reasonable prices. They will gladly send particulars on request.

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Highland Stock Farm, Chas. C. Matthews,
Calgary, Alta.

Chas. Elliott, R.R. 2, South Edmonton, Alta.
Cathro and Anderson, R.R.4, Calgary. Accr.

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use Franklin Mixed Bacterin. Full information on these two diseases and other common livestock ailments will be found in a new 1944 O. M. Franklin booklet. Write for a copy to

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DRI-KIL KILLS LICE ON CATTLE, HOGS and horses, lice and nits on poultry, ticks on sheep. Prices, delivered: two-pound tin, 85c; ten-pound tin, \$3.90; 25-pound drum, \$7.75. Sask. customers add 2% Education Tax. Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Limited, Regina. 2-2

SPAVIN — CURB — RINGBONE: OVER-come lameness with Fleming's Spavin Remedies. Spavin Liquid is used for Bog Spavin, Splint, Curb, Wind Galls, Stifle Lameness, etc. Use the Spavin Paste for old-established cases of chronic lameness caused by Ringbone, Sidebone and Bone Spavin. Either preparation \$2.50 each, or 2 for \$4.50. Fleming Brothers Limited, 420 Wellington West, Toronto.

SWEENEY. — OUR SWEENEY BLISTER brings back the shrunken muscles. Simple to apply. Work during treatment. \$1.35. All Fleming's Remedies sold with money-back guarantee. Fleming's Vest Pocket Veterinary Adviser tells simple, inexpensive home treatments for sick animals. Price 10c. Advice given Free. Fleming Brothers Limited, 420 Wellington West, Toronto.

HEAVES, LAMENESS, COUGHS. — HEAVES, Rough Coat, Stocking Up, Indigestion, General Debility and Coughs overcome with Fleming's Tonic Heave Powders. One month's treatment \$1.35. Fleming Brothers Limited, 420 Wellington West, Toronto.

LUMP JAW. — DO NOT KILL YOUR ANI-mals because they have Lump Jaw. Treat them with Fleming's Lump Jaw Remedy. Simple and easy to apply. Results guaranteed. \$2.75 bottle. Fleming Brothers Limited, 420 Wellington West, Toronto.

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INCORPORATED 2nd MAY, 1670

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REGULATIONS—All advertisements must be classified under the heading which applies most closely to the article advertised. All orders for Classified Advertising must be accompanied by cash. Advertisements for this page must reach us before the 30th of publication in the next month's issue.

COMMERCIAL CLASSIFIED DISPLAY—\$18.20 per inch flat. Ads. limited to one column in width and must not exceed six inches in depth. Combination condensed display permits one or two display lines in 10 point (\$2.60 for each display line per issue), balance set 6 point solid at 15c per word.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO THE COUNTRY GUIDE, WINNIPEG, MAN.

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our many customers for their orders. We are now booked up between March 1 and June 1. Place your order at once for February or June shipments. Prices on request.

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547 Logan Ave. Winnipeg, Man.

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February, 1944.

The Country Guide,
Winnipeg, Man.

From the items numbered I have selected the following in which I am interested in the literature, etc., offered.

Name.....

P.O.....

Prov.....

Numbers.....

Please print plainly.



Straight from the GRASS ROOTS

IT is over 40 years since we began to take the Nor'-West Farmer. I have a copy on my desk now dated January 20, 1900. Our nearest town and railroad in those days was Prince Albert, 54 miles away. That old copy was brought by dog team at that time of the year from Prince Albert to our post office, the Hudson's Bay Post at Fort A La Carn.—J. J. Dover, Kinistino, Sask.

ACCORDING to Fred Sedore of Goodwin, Alberta, threshing these days is play compared to the good old days. He recalls one outfit that he worked on that had 22 stook teams and the fields were so rough and hilly that the separator had to be set on one side of a hill, the engine on the other side and the belt ran through a badger hole. "Believe me, it took some maneuvering to get set just right," says Fred.—Vera Franks.



LOOKING over your column in the December issue I notice the explanation of C. J. Coughlin as to why Shoal Lake consists of three small lakes instead of one big one. I have never been anywhere near Shoal Lake, but according to Mr. Coughlin's explanation, Shoal Lake should consist of four small lakes. When he had his car pulled out of the lake, he had the ice of the lake adhering to it. This ice broke off into three big chunks, which accounts for the three lakes, but Mr. Coughlin does not tell us what happened to the original part of the lake, for surely there must have been some water left behind, which would give us the fourth lake. There must be a mistake somewhere. Either that or the big piece of ice broke only into two big chunks. Which is it, or is it neither one? It is a good thing that gas wasn't rationed in those days, otherwise Shoal Lake might have been found today some place in Saskatchewan, or even in Alberta.—John Sabadaska, Carvel, Alta.

ONE method of saving ammunition while duck hunting has been described by Keyhole in his column in the Coronation Review. "Walt Jensen's gun clicked at the critical time, indicating no more shells. So Walt ups and throws gravel in the duck's face so that it cannot see where it is going. In the course of its wild gyrations it goes right over Walt's head. Then Walt reaches up and catches it by the feet, thereby conserving the ammunition which he didn't have."



I WAS interested to read in your Straight From the Grass Roots page about Tin Can Island, or Niuafoou, its official name. Tin Can Island got its name from a method of receiving its mail, which as you say is sealed in a biscuit tin, thrown overboard from the mail steamer and picked up by the swimming mailman. However, he does not go out for it in an outrigger canoe as you say, but swims about three-quarters of a mile supported by light poles from the fau tree.

A schooldays friend of mine in England, Mr. Charles Stuart Ramsay, is the manager of a copra trading station on the island and is the originator of the tin can mail. He conceived the idea because for six months of the year the sea is so rough that it is impossible to launch

any kind of a boat. In 1933, during a slump in the copra trade, my old friend left the island and obtained a position with the Los Angeles Steamship Company, as assistant cruise director on a South Seas exploration cruise. I have a letter from him which he personally swam out with, carrying the out-going mail and returning with the ingoing mail. Mr. Ramsay later returned to his old job on the Island, and as far as I know is still there.—F. W. Barrett, Bin-scarth, Manitoba.

THERE is a little fishing community called Burrill's Camp, in northern Manitoba, which never sees a Red Cross collector. "No campaign to raise funds is staged there," says the Swan River Star. "But these people are fully conscious of what war means. Mr. Burrill himself is a veteran of the last war and has seen many of his men leave to join the armed forces. Recently they sent a further contribution of \$150 to the Red Cross. Even the children are war-conscious and a year or so ago saved up their pennies to buy a parcel for a young man from their camp who was taken prisoner at Dieppe." There are only half a dozen or so women in Burrill's camp, but they will put on a tea and have just as good a time and raise as much money as they do in lots of places many times its size.

LADY saved, villain foiled," says the Riverhurst Weekly Courier, and then tells this one: "While doing his chores one morning, our local auctioneer, W. R. Nichol, noticed a coyote about 150 yards away watching the buildings. There was nothing unusual about this, but sad to say the animal had one of his hens in its mouth. Wilbert gave a yell of horror in the tone he usually saves for some sacrilegious wretch who bids two dollars on a \$125 cow, and starts his dogs after him. The coyote dropped the hen and ran for the cooee. Now Wilbert has some Scottish blood and—well a freshly killed hen has only one obvious use, so he started out to get her with visions of chicken and dumplings in his mind. But he met her walking home, a little bit ruffled and flustered, but still carrying on. Ten minutes later she had rejoined the other hens and was singing 'Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?'"



HOW many have heard of incidents in which roosters have attacked children? Such an incident occurred near Wadena, where little four-year-old Leonora Hubick entered a neighbor's yard where she was immediately attacked by an enraged rooster. "Screaming as she ran," says the Wadena News, "she attracted the attention of her mother and a neighbor who hastened to her rescue. Before they reached her, however, the rooster had knocked her to the ground and was trying to get at her face. Fortunately for the child, she kept her face covered and although badly scratched she was not badly injured."

Now that the days are so short, just why didn't they put some daylight in the cold storage lockers last summer when there was so much of it to spare?

THE Treherne Times heard of a hollyhock that was cut down last summer and it was so tall that when it came crashing down to earth they found snow on the top-most leaves.



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FEBRUARY, 1944

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12. Mouth Hygiene.
13. Getting Ready for a Permanent.
14. Use and Care of Hair Brushes.
15. How to Choose Toilet Soap.

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